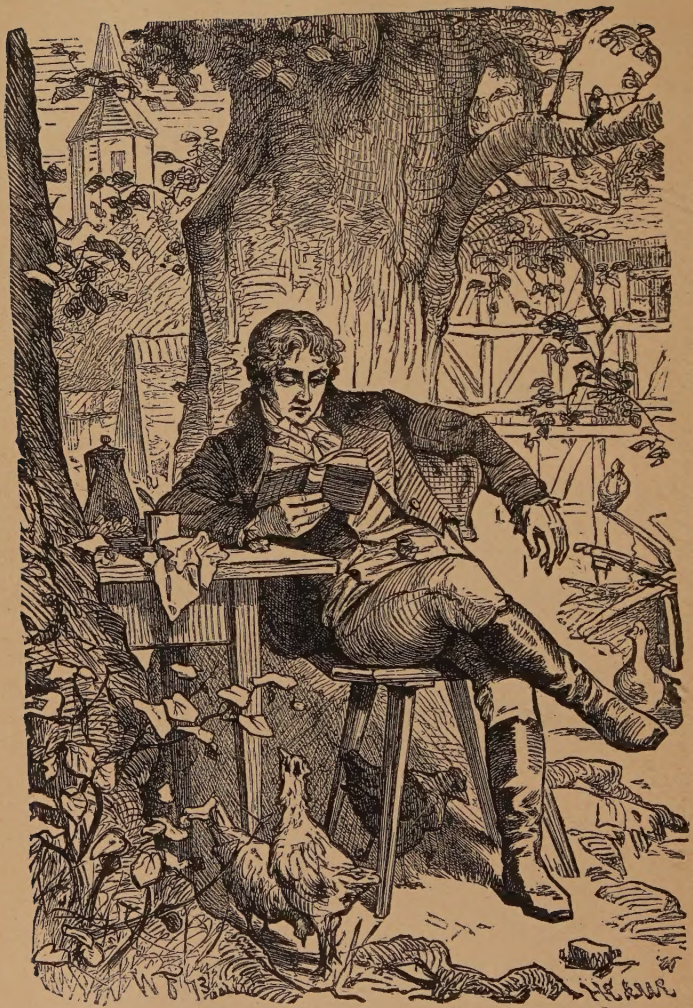

THE

SORROWS OF WERTHER;

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES;

AND

A Novelette.

BY GOETHE.

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THE SORROWS OF YOUNG WERTHER.

I HAVE carefully collected whatever I have been able to learn of the story of poor Werther, and here present it to you, knowing that you will thank me for it. To his spirit and character you cannot refuse your admiration and love: to his fate you will not deny your tears.

And thou, good soul, who sufferest the same distress as he endured once, draw comfort from his sorrows; and let this little book be thy friend, if, owing to fortune or through thine own fault, thou canst not find a dearer companion.

BOOK I.

MAY 4.

How happy I am that I am gone! My dear friend, what a thing is the heart of man! To leave you, from whom I have been inseparable, whom I love so dearly, and yet to feel happy! I know you will forgive me. Have not other attachments been specially appointed by fate to torment a head like mine? Poor Leonora! and yet I was not to blame. Was it my fault, that, whilst the peculiar charms of her sister afforded me an agreeable entertainment, a passion for me was engendered in her feeble heart? And yet am I wholly blameless? Did I not encourage her emotions? Did I not feel charmed at those truly genuine expressions of nature, which, though but little mirthful in reality, so often amused us? Did I not — but oh! what is man, that he dares so to accuse himself? My dear friend, I promise you I will improve; I will no longer, as has ever been my habit, continue to ruminate on every petty vexation which fortune may dispense; I will enjoy the present, and the past shall be for

me the past. No doubt you are right, my best of friends, there would be far less suffering amongst mankind, if men — and God knows why they are so fashioned — did not employ their imaginations so assiduously in recalling the memory of past sorrow, instead of bearing their present lot with equanimity.

Be kind enough to inform my mother that I shall attend to her business to the best of my ability, and shall give her the earliest information about it. I have seen my aunt, and find that she is very far from being the disagreeable person our friends allege her to be. She is a lively, cheerful woman, with the best of hearts. I explained to her my mother's wrongs with regard to that part of her portion which has been withheld from her. She told me the motives and reasons of her own conduct, and the terms on which she is willing to give up the whole, and to do more than we have asked. In short, I cannot write further upon this subject at present; only assure my mother that all will go on well. And I have again observed, my dear friend, in this trifling affair, that misunderstandings and neglect occasion more mischief in the world than even malice and wickedness. At all events, the two latter are of less frequent occurrence.

In other respects I am very well off here. Solitude in this terrestrial paradise is a genial balm to my mind, and the young spring cheers with its bounteous promises my oftentimes misgiving heart. Every tree, every bush, is full of flowers; and one might wish himself transformed into a butterfly, to float about in this ocean of perfume, and find his whole existence in it.

The town itself is disagreeable; but then, all around, you find an inexpressible beauty of nature. This induced the late Count M—— to lay out a garden on one of the sloping hills which here intersect each other with the most charming variety, and form the most lovely valleys. The garden is simple; and it is easy to perceive, even upon your first entrance, that the plan was not designed by a scientific gardener, but by a man who wished to give himself up here to the enjoyment of his own sensitive heart. Many a tear have I already shed to the memory of its departed master in a summer-house which is now reduced to ruins, but was his favorite resort, and now is mine. I shall soon be master of the place. The gardener has become attached to me within the last few days, and he will lose nothing thereby.

May 10.

A wonderful serenity has taken possession of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was created for the bliss of souls like mine. I am so happy, my dear friend, so absorbed in the exquisite sense of mere tranquil existence, that I neglect my talents. I should be incapable of drawing a single stroke at the present moment; and yet I feel that I never was a greater artist than now. When, while the lovely valley teems with vapor around me, and the meridian sun strikes the upper surface of the impenetrable foliage of my trees, and but a few stray gleams steal into the inner sanctuary, I throw myself down among the tall grass by the trickling stream; and, as I lie close to the earth, a thousand unknown plants are noticed by me: when I hear the buzz of the little world among the stalks, and grow familiar with the countless indescribable forms of the insects and flies, then I feel the presence of the Almighty, who formed us in his own image, and the breath of that universal love which bears and sustains us, as it floats around us in an eternity of bliss; and then, my friend, when darkness overspreads my eyes, and heaven and earth seem to dwell in my soul and absorb its power, like the form of a beloved mistress, — then I often think with longing, Oh, would I could describe these conceptions, could impress upon paper all that is living so full and warm within me, that it might be the mirror of my soul, as my soul is the mirror of the infinite God! O my friend — but it is too much for my strength — I sink under the weight of the splendor of these visions!

May 12.

I know not whether some deceitful spirits haunt this spot, or whether it be the warm, celestial fancy in my own heart which makes every thing around me seem like paradise. In front of the house is a fountain, — a fountain to which I am bound by a charm like Melusina and her sisters. Descending a gentle slope, you come to an arch, where, some twenty steps lower down, water of the clearest crystal gushes from the marble rock. The narrow wall which encloses it above, the tall trees which encircle the spot, and the coolness of the place itself, — every thing imparts a pleasant but sublime impression. Not a day passes on which I do not spend an hour there. The young maidens come from the town to fetch

water, — innocent and necessary employment, and formerly the occupation of the daughters of kings. As I take my rest there, the idea of the old patriarchal life is awakened around me. I see them, our old ancestors, how they formed their friendships and contracted alliances at the fountain-side; and I feel how fountains and streams were guarded by beneficent spirits. He who is a stranger to these sensations has never really enjoyed cool repose at the side of a fountain after the fatigue of a weary summer day.

MAY 13.

You ask if you shall send me books. My dear friend, I beseech you, for the love of God, relieve me from such a yoke! I need no more to be guided, agitated, heated. My heart ferments sufficiently of itself. I want strains to lull me, and I find them to perfection in my Homer. Often do I strive to allay the burning fever of my blood; and you have never witnessed any thing so unsteady, so uncertain, as my heart. But need I confess this to you, my dear friend, who have so often endured the anguish of witnessing my sudden transitions from sorrow to immoderate joy, and from sweet melancholy to violent passions? I treat my poor heart like a sick child, and gratify its every fancy. Do not mention this again: there are people who would censure me for it.

MAY 15.

The common people of the place know me already, and love me, particularly the children. When at first I associated with them, and inquired in a friendly tone about their various trifles, some fancied that I wished to ridicule them, and turned from me in exceeding ill-humor. I did not allow that circumstance to grieve me: I only felt most keenly what I have often before observed. Persons who can claim a certain rank keep themselves coldly aloof from the common people, as though they feared to lose their importance by the contact; whilst wanton idlers, and such as are prone to bad joking, affect to descend to their level, only to make the poor people feel their impertinence all the more keenly.

I know very well that we are not all equal, nor can be so; but it is my opinion that he who avoids the common people, in order not to lose their respect, is as much to blame as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

The other day I went to the fountain, and found a young

servant-girl, who had set her pitcher on the lowest step, and looked round to see if one of her companions was approaching to place it on her head. I ran down, and looked at her. "Shall I help you, pretty lass?" said I. She blushed deeply. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed "No ceremony!" I replied. She adjusted her head-gear, and I helped her. She thanked me, and ascended the steps.

MAY 17.

I have made all sorts of acquaintances, but have as yet found no society. I know not what attraction I possess for the people, so many of them like me, and attach themselves to me; and then I feel sorry when the road we pursue together goes only a short distance. If you inquire what the people are like here, I must answer, "The same as everywhere." The human race is but a monotonous affair. Most of them labor the greater part of their time for mere subsistence; and the scanty portion of freedom which remains to them so troubles them that they use every exertion to get rid of it. Oh, the destiny of man!

But they are a right good sort of people. If I occasionally forget myself, and take part in the innocent pleasures which are not yet forbidden to the peasantry, and enjoy myself, for instance, with genuine freedom and sincerity, round a well-covered table, or arrange an excursion or a dance opportunely, and so forth, all this produces a good effect upon my disposition; only I must forget that there lie dormant within me so many other qualities which moulder uselessly, and which I am obliged to keep carefully concealed. Ah! this thought affects my spirits fearfully. And yet to be misunderstood is the fate of the like of us.

Alas, that the friend of my youth is gone! Alas, that I ever knew her! I might say to myself, "You are a dreamer to seek what is not to be found here below." But she has been mine. I have possessed that heart, that noble soul, in whose presence I seemed to be more than I really was, because I was all that I could be. Good heavens! did then a single power of my soul remain unexercised? In her presence could I not display, to its full extent, that mysterious feeling with which my heart embraces nature? Was not our intercourse a perpetual web of the finest emotions, of the keenest wit, the varieties of which, even in their very eccentricity, bore the stamp of genius? Alas! the few years by which she was my senior brought her to the grave before

me. Never can I forget her firm mind or her heavenly patience.

A few days ago I met a certain young V——, a frank, open fellow, with a most pleasing countenance. He has just left the university, does not deem himself overwise, but believes he knows more than other people. He has worked hard, as I can perceive from many circumstances, and, in short, possesses a large stock of information. When he heard that I am drawing a good deal, and that I know Greek (two wonderful things for this part of the country), he came to see me, and displayed his whole store of learning, from Batteaux to Wood, from De Piles to Winkelmann: he assured me he had read through the first part of Sultzer's theory, and also possessed a manuscript of Heyne's work on the study of the antique. I allowed it all to pass.

I have become acquainted, also, with a very worthy person, the district judge, a frank and open-hearted man. I am told it is a most delightful thing to see him in the midst of his children, of whom he has nine. His eldest daughter especially is highly spoken of. He has invited me to go and see him, and I intend to do so on the first opportunity. He lives at one of the royal hunting-lodges, which can be reached from here in an hour and a half by walking, and which he obtained leave to inhabit after the loss of his wife, as it is so painful to him to reside in town and at the court.

There have also come in my way a few other originals of a questionable sort, who are in all respects undesirable, and most intolerable in their demonstrations of friendship. Good-by. This letter will please you: it is quite historical.

May 22.

That the life of man is but a dream, many a man has surmised heretofore; and I, too, am everywhere pursued by this feeling. When I consider the narrow limits within which our active and inquiring faculties are confined; when I see how all our energies are wasted in providing for mere necessities, which again have no further end than to prolong a wretched existence; and then that all our satisfaction concerning certain subjects of investigation ends in nothing better than a passive resignation, whilst we amuse ourselves painting our prison-walls with bright figures and brilliant landscapes, — when I consider all this, Wilhelm, I am silent. I examine my own being, and find there a world, but a world rather of imagination and dim desires, than of distinctness

and living power. Then every thing swims before my senses, and I smile and dream while pursuing my way through the world.

All learned professors and doctors are agreed that children do not comprehend the cause of their desires; but that the grown-up should wander about this earth like children, without knowing whence they come, or whither they go, influenced as little by fixed motives, but guided like them by biscuits, sugar-plums, and the rod, — this is what nobody is willing to acknowledge; and yet I think it is palpable.

I know what you will say in reply; for I am ready to admit that they are happiest, who, like children, amuse themselves with their playthings, dress and undress their dolls, and attentively watch the cupboard, where mamma has locked up her sweet things, and, when at last they get a delicious morsel, eat it greedily, and exclaim, "More!" These are certainly happy beings; but others also are objects of envy, who dignify their paltry employments, and sometimes even their passions, with pompous titles, representing them to mankind as gigantic achievements performed for their welfare and glory. But the man who humbly acknowledges the vanity of all this, who observes with what pleasure the thriving citizen converts his little garden into a paradise, and how patiently even the poor man pursues his weary way under his burden, and how all wish equally to behold the light of the sun a little longer, — yes, such a man is at peace, and creates his own world within himself; and he is also happy, because he is a man. And then, however limited his sphere, he still preserves in his bosom the sweet feeling of liberty, and knows that he can quit his prison whenever he likes.

May 26.

You know of old my ways of settling anywhere, of selecting a little cottage in some cosey spot, and of putting up in it with every inconvenience. Here, too, I have discovered such a snug, comfortable place, which possesses peculiar charms for me.

About a league from the town is a place called Walheim.[1] It is delightfully situated on the side of a hill; and, by proceeding along one of the footpaths which lead out of the village, you can have a view of the whole valley. A good

[1] The reader need not take the trouble to look for the place thus designated. We have found it necessary to change the names given in the original.

old woman lives there, who keeps a small inn. She sells wine, beer, and coffee, and is cheerful and pleasant notwithstanding her age. The chief charm of this spot consists in two linden-trees, spreading their enormous branches over the little green before the church, which is entirely surrounded by peasants' cottages, barns, and homesteads. I have seldom seen a place so retired and peaceable; and there often have my table and chair brought out from the little inn, and drink my coffee there, and read my Homer. Accident brought me to the spot one fine afternoon, and I found it perfectly deserted. Everybody was in the fields except a little boy about four years of age, who was sitting on the ground, and held between his knees a child about six months old: he pressed it to his bosom with both arms, which thus formed a sort of arm-chair; and, notwithstanding the liveliness which sparkled in its black eyes, it remained perfectly still. The sight charmed me. I sat down upon a plough opposite, and sketched with great delight this little picture of brotherly tenderness. I added the neighboring hedge, the barn-door, and some broken cart-wheels, just as they happened to lie; and I found in about an hour that I had made a very correct and interesting drawing, without putting in the slightest thing of my own. This confirmed me in my resolution of adhering, for the future, entirely to nature. She alone is inexhaustible, and capable of forming the greatest masters. Much may be alleged in favor of rules, as much may be likewise advanced in favor of the laws of society: an artist formed upon them will never produce any thing absolutely bad or disgusting; as a man who observes the laws, and obeys decorum, can never be an absolutely intolerable neighbor, nor a decided villain: but yet, say what you will of rules, they destroy the genuine feeling of nature, as well as its true expression. Do not tell me "that this is too hard, that they only restrain and prune superfluous branches, etc." My good friend, I will illustrate this by an analogy. These things resemble love. A warm-hearted youth becomes strongly attached to a maiden: he spends every hour of the day in her company, wears out his health, and lavishes his fortune, to afford continual proof that he is wholly devoted to her. Then comes a man of the world, a man of place and respectability, and addresses him thus: "My good young friend, love is natural; but you must love within bounds. Divide your time: devote a portion to business, and give the hours of recreation to your mistress. Calculate

your fortune; and out of the superfluity you may make her a present, only not too often, — on her birthday, and such occasions." Pursuing this advice, he may become a useful member of society, and I should advise every prince to give him an appointment; but it is all up with his love, and with his genius if he be an artist. O my friend! why is it that the torrent of genius so seldom bursts forth, so seldom rolls in full-flowing stream, overwhelming your astounded soul? Because, on either side of this stream, cold and respectable persons have taken up their abodes, and, forsooth, their summer-houses and tulip-beds would suffer from the torrent; wherefore they dig trenches, and raise embankments betimes, in order to avert the impending danger.

MAY 27.

I find I have fallen into raptures, declamation, and similes, and have forgotten, in consequence, to tell you what became of the children. Absorbed in my artistic contemplations, which I briefly described in my letter of yesterday, I continued sitting on the plough for two hours. Towards evening a young woman, with a basket on her arm, came running towards the children, who had not moved all that time. She exclaimed from a distance, "You are a good boy, Philip!" She gave me greeting: I returned it, rose, and approached her. I inquired if she were the mother of those pretty children. "Yes," she said; and, giving the eldest a piece of bread, she took the little one in her arms and kissed it with a mother's tenderness. "I left my child in Philip's care," she said, "whilst I went into the town with my eldest boy to buy some wheaten bread, some sugar, and an earthen pot." I saw the various articles in the basket, from which the cover had fallen. "I shall make some broth to-night for my little Hans (which was the name of the youngest): that wild fellow, the big one, broke my pot yesterday, whilst he was scrambling with Philip for what remained of the contents." I inquired for the eldest; and she had scarcely time to tell me that he was driving a couple of geese home from the meadow, when he ran up, and handed Philip an osier-twig. I talked a little longer with the woman, and found that she was the daughter of the schoolmaster, and that her husband was gone on a journey into Switzerland for some money a relation had left him. "They wanted to cheat him," she said, "and would not answer his letters; so he is gone there himself. I hope he has met with no acci-

dent, as I have heard nothing of him since his departure." I left the woman with regret, giving each of the children a kreutzer, with an additional one for the youngest, to buy some wheaten bread for his broth when she went to town next; and so we parted.

I assure you, my dear friend, when my thoughts are all in tumult, the sight of such a creature as this tranquillizes my disturbed mind. She moves in a happy thoughtlessness within the confined circle of her existence; she supplies her wants from day to day; and, when she sees the leaves fall, they raise no other idea in her mind than that winter is approaching.

Since that time I have gone out there frequently. The children have become quite familiar with me; and each gets a lump of sugar when I drink my coffee, and they share my milk and bread and butter in the evening. They always receive their kreutzer on Sundays, for the good woman has orders to give it to them when I do not go there after evening service.

They are quite at home with me, tell me every thing; and I am particularly amused with observing their tempers, and the simplicity of their behavior, when some of the other village children are assembled with them.

It has given me a deal of trouble to satisfy the anxiety of the mother, lest (as she says) "they should inconvenience the gentleman."

MAY 30.

What I have lately said of painting is equally true with respect to poetry. It is only necessary for us to know what is really excellent, and venture to give it expression; and that is saying much in few words. To-day I have had a scene, which, if literally related, would make the most beautiful idyl in the world. But why should I talk of poetry and scenes and idyls? Can we never take pleasure in nature without having recourse to art?

If you expect any thing grand or magnificent from this introduction, you will be sadly mistaken. It relates merely to a peasant-lad, who has excited in me the warmest interest. As usual, I shall tell my story badly; and you, as usual, will think me extravagant. It is Walheim once more — always Walheim — which produces these wonderful phenomena.

A party had assembled outside the house under the linden-trees, to drink coffee. The company did not exactly

please me; and, under one pretext or another, I lingered behind.

A peasant came from an adjoining house, and set to work arranging some part of the same plough which I had lately sketched. His appearance pleased me; and I spoke to him, inquired about his circumstances, made his acquaintance, and, as is my wont with persons of that class, was soon admitted into his confidence. He said he was in the service of a young widow, who set great store by him. He spoke so much of his mistress, and praised her so extravagantly, that I could soon see he was desperately in love with her. "She is no longer young," he said: "and she was treated so badly by her former husband that she does not mean to marry again." From his account it was so evident what incomparable charms she possessed for him, and how ardently he wished she would select him to extinguish the recollection of her first husband's misconduct, that I should have to repeat his own words in order to describe the depth of the poor fellow's attachment, truth, and devotion. It would, in fact, require the gifts of a great poet to convey the expression of his features, the harmony of his voice, and the heavenly fire of his eye. No words can portray the tenderness of his every movement and of every feature: no effort of mine could do justice to the scene. His alarm lest I should misconceive his position with regard to his mistress, or question the propriety of her conduct, touched me particularly. The charming manner with which he described her form and person, which, without possessing the graces of youth, won and attached him to her, is inexpressible, and must be left to the imagination. I have never in my life witnessed or fancied or conceived the possibility of such intense devotion, such ardent affections, united with so much purity. Do not blame me if I say that the recollection of this innocence and truth is deeply impressed upon my very soul; that this picture of fidelity and tenderness haunts me everywhere; and that my own heart, as though enkindled by the flame, glows and burns within me.

I mean now to try and see her as soon as I can: or perhaps, on second thoughts, I had better not; it is better I should behold her through the eyes of her lover. To my sight, perhaps, she would not appear as she now stands before me; and why should I destroy so sweet a picture?

JUNE 16.

"Why do I not write to you?" You lay claim to learning, and ask such a question. You should have guessed that I am well — that is to say — in a word, I have made an acquaintance who has won my heart: I have — I know not.

To give you a regular account of the manner in which I have become acquainted with the most amiable of women would be a difficult task. I am a happy and contented mortal, but a poor historian.

An angel! Nonsense! Everybody so describes his mistress; and yet I find it impossible to tell you how perfect she is, or why she is so perfect: suffice it to say she has captivated all my senses.

So much simplicity with so much understanding — so mild, and yet so resolute — a mind so placid, and a life so active.

But all this is ugly balderdash, which expresses not a single character nor feature. Some other time — but no, not some other time, now, this very instant, will I tell you all about it. Now or never. Well, between ourselves, since I commenced my letter, I have been three times on the point of throwing down my pen, of ordering my horse, and riding out. And yet I vowed this morning that I would not ride to-day, and yet every moment I am rushing to the window to see how high the sun is.

. . . . . .

I could not restrain myself — go to her I must. I have just returned, Wilhelm; and whilst I am taking supper I will write to you. What a delight it was for my soul to see her in the midst of her dear, beautiful children, — eight brothers and sisters!

But, if I proceed thus, you will be no wiser at the end of my letter than you were at the beginning. Attend, then, and I will compel myself to give you the details.

I mentioned to you the other day that I had become acquainted with S——, the district judge, and that he had invited me to go and visit him in his retirement, or rather in his little kingdom. But I neglected going, and perhaps should never have gone, if chance had not discovered to me the treasure which lay concealed in that retired spot. Some of our young people had proposed giving a ball in the country, at which I consented to be present. I offered my hand for the evening to a pretty and agreeable, but rather commonplace, sort of girl from the immediate neighborhood; and

it was agreed that I should engage a carriage, and call upon Charlotte, with my partner and her aunt, to convey them to the ball. My companion informed me, as we drove along through the park to the hunting-lodge, that I should make the acquaintance of a very charming young lady. "Take care," added the aunt, "that you do not lose your heart."—"Why?" said I. "Because she is already engaged to a very worthy man," she replied, "who is gone to settle his affairs upon the death of his father, and will succeed to a very considerable inheritance." This information possessed no interest for me. When we arrived at the gate, the sun was setting behind the tops of the mountains. The atmosphere was heavy; and the ladies expressed their fears of an approaching storm, as masses of low black clouds were gathering in the horizon. I relieved their anxieties by pretending to be weather-wise, although I myself had some apprehensions lest our pleasure should be interrupted.

I alighted; and a maid came to the door, and requested us to wait a moment for her mistress. I walked across the court to a well-built house, and, ascending the flight of steps in front, opened the door, and saw before me the most charming spectacle I had ever witnessed. Six children, from eleven to two years old, were running about the hall, and surrounding a lady of middle height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribbons. She was holding a rye loaf in her hand, and was cutting slices for the little ones all round, in proportion to their age and appetite. She performed her task in a graceful and affectionate manner; each claimant awaiting his turn with outstretched hands, and boisterously shouting his thanks. Some of them ran away at once, to enjoy their evening meal; whilst others, of a gentler disposition, retired to the courtyard to see the strangers, and to survey the carriage in which their Charlotte was to drive away. "Pray forgive me for giving you the trouble to come for me, and for keeping the ladies waiting: but dressing, and arranging some household duties before I leave, had made me forget my children's supper; and they do not like to take it from any one but me." I uttered some indifferent compliment: but my whole soul was absorbed by her air, her voice, her manner; and I had scarcely recovered myself when she ran into her room to fetch her gloves and fan. The young ones threw inquiring glances at me from a distance; whilst I approached the youngest, a most delicious little creature. He drew back; and Charlotte, enter

ing at the very moment, said, "Louis, shake hands with your cousin." The little fellow obeyed willingly; and I could not resist giving him a hearty kiss, notwithstanding his rather dirty face. "Cousin," said I to Charlotte, as I handed her down, "do you think I deserve the happiness of being related to you?" She replied, with a ready smile, "Oh! I have such a number of cousins, that I should be sorry if you were the most undeserving of them." In taking leave, she desired her next sister, Sophy, a girl about eleven years old, to take great care of the children, and to say good-by to papa for her when he came home from his ride. She enjoined to the little ones to obey their sister Sophy as they would herself, upon which some promised that they would; but a little fair-haired girl, about six years old, looked discontented, and said, "But Sophy is not you, Charlotte; and we like you best." The two eldest boys had clambered up the carriage; and, at my request, she permitted them to accompany us a little way through the forest, upon their promising to sit very still, and hold fast.

We were hardly seated, and the ladies had scarcely exchanged compliments, making the usual remarks upon each other's dress, and upon the company they expected to meet, when Charlotte stopped the carriage, and made her brothers get down. They insisted upon kissing her hands once more; which the eldest did with all the tenderness of a youth of fifteen, but the other in a lighter and more careless manner. She desired them again to give her love to the children, and we drove off.

The aunt inquired of Charlotte whether she had finished the book she had last sent her. "No," said Charlotte; "I did not like it: you can have it again. And the one before was not much better." I was surprised, upon asking the title, to hear that it was[1] ——. I found penetration and character in every thing she said: every expression seemed to brighten her features with new charms, — with new rays of genius, — which unfolded by degrees, as she felt herself understood.

"When I was younger," she observed, "I loved nothing so much as romances. Nothing could equal my delight when, on some holiday, I could settle down quietly in a corner, and enter with my whole heart and soul into the joys or sorrows

[1] We feel obliged to suppress the passage in the letter, to prevent any one from feeling aggrieved; although no author need pay much attention to the opinion of a mere girl, or that of an unsteady young man.

of some fictitious Leonora. I do not deny that they even possess some charms for me yet. But I read so seldom, that I prefer books suited exactly to my taste. And I like those authors best whose scenes describe my own situation in life, — and the friends who are about me, whose stories touch me with interest, from resembling my own homely existence, — which, without being absolutely paradise, is, on the whole, a source of indescribable happiness."

I endeavored to conceal the emotion which these words occasioned, but it was of slight avail; for, when she had expressed so truly her opinion of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and of other works, the names of which I omit,[1] I could no longer contain myself, but gave full utterance to what I thought of it: and it was not until Charlotte had addressed herself to the two other ladies, that I remembered their presence, and observed them sitting mute with astonishment. The aunt looked at me several times with an air of raillery, which, however, I did not at all mind.

We talked of the pleasures of dancing. "If it is a fault to love it," said Charlotte, "I am ready to confess that I prize it above all other amusements. If any thing disturbs me, I go to the piano, play an air to which I have danced, and all goes right again directly."

You, who know me, can fancy how steadfastly I gazed upon her rich dark eyes during these remarks, how my very soul gloated over her warm lips and fresh, glowing cheeks, how I became quite lost in the delightful meaning of her words, so much so, that I scarcely heard the actual expressions. In short, I alighted from the carriage like a person in a dream, and was so lost to the dim world around me, that I scarcely heard the music which resounded from the illuminated ball-room.

The two Messrs. Andran and a certain N. N. (I cannot trouble myself with the names), who were the aunt's and Charlotte's partners, received us at the carriage-door, and took possession of their ladies, whilst I followed with mine.

We commenced with a minuet. I led out one lady after another, and precisely those who were the most disagreeable could not bring themselves to leave off. Charlotte and her partner began an English country dance, and you must imagine my delight when it was their turn to dance the figure

[1] Though the names are omitted, yet the authors mentioned deserve Charlotte's approbation, and will feel it in their hearts when they read this passage. It concerns no other person.

with us. You should see Charlotte dance. She dances with her whole heart and soul: her figure is all harmony, elegance, and grace, as if she were conscious of nothing else, and had no other thought or feeling; and, doubtless, for the moment, every other sensation is extinct.

She was engaged for the second country dance, but promised me the third, and assured me, with the most agreeable freedom, that she was very fond of waltzing. "It is the custom here," she said, "for the previous partners to waltz together; but my partner is an indifferent waltzer, and will feel delighted if I save him the trouble. Your partner is not allowed to waltz, and, indeed, is equally incapable: but I observed during the country dance that you waltz well; so, if you will waltz with me, I beg you would propose it to my partner, and I will propose it to yours." We agreed, and it was arranged that our partners should mutually entertain each other.

We set off, and, at first, delighted ourselves with the usual graceful motions of the arms. With what grace, with what ease, she moved! When the waltz commenced, and the dancers whirled round each other in the giddy maze, there was some confusion, owing to the incapacity of some of the dancers. We judiciously remained still, allowing the others to weary themselves; and, when the awkward dancers had withdrawn, we joined in, and kept it up famously together with one other couple, — Andran and his partner. Never did I dance more lightly. I felt myself more than mortal, holding this loveliest of creatures in my arms, flying with her as rapidly as the wind, till I lost sight of every other object; and O Wilhelm, I vowed at that moment, that a maiden whom I loved, or for whom I felt the slightest attachment, never, never should waltz with any one else but with me, if I went to perdition for it! — you will understand this.

We took a few turns in the room to recover our breath. Charlotte sat down, and felt refreshed by partaking of some oranges which I had had secured, — the only ones that had been left; but at every slice which, from politeness, she offered to her neighbors, I felt as though a dagger went through my heart.

We were the second couple in the third country dance. As we were going down (and Heaven knows with what ecstasy I gazed at her arms and eyes, beaming with the sweetest feeling of pure and genuine enjoyment), we passed a lady whom I had noticed for her charming expression of counte-

nance; although she was no longer young. She looked at Charlotte with a smile, then, holding up her finger in a threatening attitude, repeated twice in a very significant tone of voice the name of "Albert."

"Who is Albert," said I to Charlotte, "if it is not impertinent to ask?" She was about to answer, when we were obliged to separate, in order to execute a figure in the dance; and, as we crossed over again in front of each other, I perceived she looked somewhat pensive. "Why need I conceal it from you?" she said, as she gave me her hand for the promenade. "Albert is a worthy man, to whom I am engaged." Now, there was nothing new to me in this (for the girls had told me of it on the way); but it was so far new that I had not thought of it in connection with her whom, in so short a time, I had learned to prize so highly. Enough, I became confused, got out in the figure, and occasioned general confusion; so that it required all Charlotte's presence of mind to set me right by pulling and pushing me into my proper place.

The dance was not yet finished when the lightning which had for some time been seen in the horizon, and which I had asserted to proceed entirely from heat, grew more violent; and the thunder was heard above the music. When any distress or terror surprises us in the midst of our amusements, it naturally makes a deeper impression than at other times, either because the contrast makes us more keenly susceptible, or rather perhaps because our senses are then more open to impressions, and the shock is consequently stronger. To this cause I must ascribe the fright and shrieks of the ladies. One sagaciously sat down in a corner with her back to the window, and held her fingers to her ears; a second knelt down before her, and hid her face in her lap; a third threw herself between them, and embraced her sister with a thousand tears; some insisted on going home; others, unconscious of their actions, wanted sufficient presence of mind to repress the impertinence of their young partners, who sought to direct to themselves those sighs which the lips of our agitated beauties intended for heaven. Some of the gentlemen had gone down stairs to smoke a quiet cigar, and the rest of the company gladly embraced a happy suggestion of the hostess to retire into another room which was provided with shutters and curtains. We had hardly got there, when Charlotte placed the chairs in a circle; and, when the company had sat down in compliance with her request, she forthwith proposed a round game.

I noticed some of the company prepare their mouths and draw themselves up at the prospect of some agreeable forfeit. "Let us play at counting," said Charlotte. "Now, pay attention: I shall go round the circle from right to left; and each person is to count, one after the other, the number that comes to him, and must count fast; whoever stops or mistakes is to have a box on the ear, and so on, till we have counted a thousand." It was delightful to see the fun. She went round the circle with upraised arm. "One," said the first; "two," the second; "three," the third; and so on, till Charlotte went faster and faster. One made a mistake, instantly a box on the ear; and, amid the laughter that ensued, came another box; and so on, faster and faster. I myself came in for two. I fancied they were harder than the rest, and felt quite delighted. A general laughter and confusion put an end to the game long before we had counted as far as a thousand. The party broke up into little separate knots: the storm had ceased, and I followed Charlotte into the ball-room. On the way she said, "The game banished their fears of the storm." I could make no reply. "I myself," she continued, "was as much frightened as any of them; but by affecting courage, to keep up the spirits of the others, I forgot my apprehensions." We went to the window. It was still thundering at a distance: a soft rain was pouring down over the country, and filled the air around us with delicious odors. Charlotte leaned forward on her arm; her eyes wandered over the scene; she raised them to the sky, and then turned them upon me; they were moistened with tears; she placed her hand on mine and said, "Klopstock!" at once I remembered the magnificent ode which was in her thoughts: I felt oppressed with the weight of my sensations, and sank under them. It was more than I could bear. I bent over her hand, kissed it in a stream of delicious tears, and again looked up to her eyes. Divine Klopstock! why didst thou not see thy apotheosis in those eyes? And thy name, so often profaned, would that I never heard it repeated!

JUNE 19.

I no longer remember where I stopped in my narrative: I only know it was two in the morning when I went to bed; and if you had been with me, that I might have talked instead of writing to you, I should, in all probability, have kept you up till daylight.

I think I have not yet related what happened as we rode home from the ball, nor have I time to tell you now. It was a most magnificent sunrise: the whole country was refreshed, and the rain fell drop by drop from the trees in the forest. Our companions were asleep. Charlotte asked me if I did not wish to sleep also, and begged of me not to make any ceremony on her account. Looking steadfastly at her, I answered, "As long as I see those eyes open, there is no fear of my falling asleep." We both continued awake till we reached her door. The maid opened it softly, and assured her, in answer to her inquiries, that her father and the children were well, and still sleeping. I left her, asking permission to visit her in the course of the day. She consented, and I went; and, since that time, sun, moon, and stars may pursue their course: I know not whether it is day or night; the whole world is nothing to me.

JUNE 21.

My days are as happy as those reserved by God for his elect; and, whatever be my fate hereafter, I can never say that I have not tasted joy, — the purest joy of life. You know Walheim. I am now completely settled there. In that spot I am only half a league from Charlotte; and there I enjoy myself, and taste all the pleasure which can fall to the lot of man.

Little did I imagine, when I selected Walheim for my pedestrian excursions, that all heaven lay so near it. How often in my wanderings from the hill-side or from the meadows across the river, have I beheld this hunting-lodge, which now contains within it all the joy of my heart!

I have often, my dear Wilhelm, reflected on the eagerness men feel to wander and make new discoveries, and upon that secret impulse which afterwards inclines them to return to their narrow circle, conform to the laws of custom, and embarrass themselves no longer with what passes around them.

It is so strange how, when I came here first, and gazed upon that lovely valley from the hill-side, I felt charmed with the entire scene surrounding me. The little wood opposite, — how delightful to sit under its shade! How fine the view from that point of rock! Then, that delightful chain of hills, and the exquisite valleys at their feet! Could I but wander and lose myself amongst them! I went, and returned without finding what I wished. Distance, my friend, is like

futurity. A dim vastness is spread before our souls: the perceptions of our mind are as obscure as those of our vision; and we desire earnestly to surrender up our whole being, that it may be filled with the complete and perfect bliss of one glorious emotion. But alas! when we have attained our object, when the distant *there* becomes the present *here*, all is changed: we are as poor and circumscribed as ever, and our souls still languish for unattainable happiness.

So does the restless traveller pant for his native soil, and find in his own cottage, in the arms of his wife, in the affections of his children, and in the labor necessary for their support, that happiness which he had sought in vain through the wide world.

When, in the morning at sunrise, I go out to Walheim, and with my own hands gather in the garden the pease which are to serve for my dinner, when I sit down to shell them, and read my Homer during the intervals, and then, selecting a saucepan from the kitchen, fetch my own butter, put my mess on the fire, cover it up, and sit down to stir it as occasion requires, I figure to myself the illustrious suitors of Penelope, killing, dressing, and preparing their own oxen and swine. Nothing fills me with a more pure and genuine sense of happiness than those traits of patriarchal life which, thank Heaven! I can imitate without affectation. Happy is it, indeed, for me that my heart is capable of feeling the same simple and innocent pleasure as the peasant whose table is covered with food of his own rearing, and who not only enjoys his meal, but remembers with delight the happy days and sunny mornings when he planted it, the soft evenings when he watered it, and the pleasure he experienced in watching its daily growth.

June 29.

The day before yesterday, the physician came from the town to pay a visit to the judge. He found me on the floor playing with Charlotte's children. Some of them were scrambling over me, and others romped with me; and, as I caught and tickled them, they made a great noise. The doctor is a formal sort of personage: he adjusts the plaits of his ruffles, and continually settles his frill whilst he is talking to you; and he thought my conduct beneath the dignity of a sensible man. I could perceive this by his countenance. But I did not suffer myself to be disturbed. I allowed him to continue his wise conversation, whilst I rebuilt the children's card

houses for them as fast as they threw them down. He went about the town afterwards, complaining that the judge's children were spoiled enough before, but that now Werther was completely ruining them.

Yes, my dear Wilhelm, nothing on this earth affects my heart so much as children. When I look on at their doings; when I mark in the little creatures the seeds of all those virtues and qualities which they will one day find so indispensable; when I behold in the obstinate all the future firmness and constancy of a noble character; in the capricious, that levity and gayety of temper which will carry them lightly over the dangers and troubles of life, their whole nature simple and unpolluted, — then I call to mind the golden words of the Great Teacher of mankind, "Unless ye become like one of these!" And now, my friend, these children, who are our equals, whom we ought to consider as our models, we treat them as though they were our subjects. They are allowed no will of their own. And have we, then, none ourselves? Whence comes our exclusive right? Is it because we are older and more experienced? Great God! from the height of thy heaven thou beholdest great children and little children, and no others; and thy Son has long since declared which afford thee greatest pleasure. But they believe in him, and hear him not, — that, too, is an old story; and they train their children after their own image, etc.

Adieu, Wilhelm: I will not further bewilder myself with this subject.

JULY 1.

The consolation Charlotte can bring to an invalid I experience from my own heart, which suffers more from her absence than many a poor creature lingering on a bed of sickness. She is gone to spend a few days in the town with a very worthy woman, who is given over by the physicians, and wishes to have Charlotte near her in her last moments. I accompanied her last week on a visit to the vicar of S——, a small village in the mountains, about a league hence. We arrived about four o'clock: Charlotte had taken her little sister with her. When we entered the vicarage court, we found the good old man sitting on a bench before the door, under the shade of two large walnut-trees. At the sight of Charlotte he seemed to gain new life, rose, forgot his stick, and ventured to walk towards her. She ran to him, and made him sit down again; then, placing herself by his side,

she gave him a number of messages from her father, and then caught up his youngest child, a dirty, ugly little thing, the joy of his old age, and kissed it. I wish you could have witnessed her attention to this old man, — how she raised her voice on account of his deafness; how she told him of healthy young people, who had been carried off when it was least expected; praised the virtues of Carlsbad, and commended his determination to spend the ensuing summer there; and assured him that he looked better and stronger than he did when she saw him last. I, in the mean time, paid attention to his good lady. The old man seemed quite in spirits; and as I could not help admiring the beauty of the walnut-trees, which formed such an agreeable shade over our heads, he began, though with some little difficulty, to tell us their history. "As to the oldest," said he, "we do not know who planted it, — some say one clergyman, and some another: but the younger one, there behind us, is exactly the age of my wife, fifty years old next October; her father planted it in the morning, and in the evening she came into the world. My wife's father was my predecessor here, and I cannot tell you how fond he was of that tree; and it is fully as dear to me. Under the shade of that very tree, upon a log of wood, my wife was seated knitting, when I, a poor student, came into this court for the first time, just seven and twenty years ago." Charlotte inquired for his daughter. He said she was gone with Herr Schmidt to the meadows, and was with the haymakers. The old man then resumed his story, and told us how his predecessor had taken a fancy to him, as had his daughter likewise; and how he had become first his curate, and subsequently his successor. He had scarcely finished his story when his daughter returned through the garden, accompanied by the above-mentioned Herr Schmidt. She welcomed Charlotte affectionately, and I confess I was much taken with her appearance. She was a lively-looking, good-humored brunette, quite competent to amuse one for a short time in the country. Her lover (for such Herr Schmidt evidently appeared to be) was a polite, reserved personage, and would not join our conversation, notwithstanding all Charlotte's endeavors to draw him out. I was much annoyed at observing, by his countenance, that his silence did not arise from want of talent, but from caprice and ill-humor. This subsequently became very evident, when we set out to take a walk, and Frederica joining Charlotte, with whom I was talking, the worthy gentleman's face, which

was naturally rather sombre, became so dark and angry that Charlotte was obliged to touch my arm, and remind me that I was talking too much to Frederica. Nothing distresses me more than to see men torment each other; particularly when in the flower of their age, in the very season of pleasure, they waste their few short days of sunshine in quarrels and disputes, and only perceive their error when it is too late to repair it. This thought dwelt upon my mind; and in the evening, when we returned to the vicar's, and were sitting round the table with our bread and milk, the conversation turned on the joys and sorrows of the world, I could not resist the temptation to inveigh bitterly against ill-humor. "We are apt," said I, "to complain, but with very little cause, that our happy days are few, and our evil days many. If our hearts were always disposed to receive the benefits Heaven sends us, we should acquire strength to support evil when it comes." — "But," observed the vicar's wife, "we cannot always command our tempers, so much depends upon the constitution: when the body suffers, the mind is ill at ease." — "I acknowledge that," I continued; "but we must consider such a disposition in the light of a disease, and inquire whether there is no remedy for it." — "I should be glad to hear one," said Charlotte: "at least, I think very much depends upon ourselves; I know it is so with me. When any thing annoys me, and disturbs my temper, I hasten into the garden, hum a couple of country dances, and it is all right with me directly." — "That is what I meant," I replied; "ill-humor resembles indolence: it is natural to us; but if once we have courage to exert ourselves, we find our work run fresh from our hands, and we experience in the activity from which we shrank a real enjoyment." Frederica listened very attentively; and the young man objected, that we were not masters of ourselves, and still less so of our feelings. "The question is about a disagreeable feeling," I added, "from which every one would willingly escape, but none know their own power without trial. Invalids are glad to consult physicians, and submit to the most scrupulous regimen, the most nauseous medicines, in order to recover their health." I observed that the good old man inclined his head, and exerted himself to hear our discourse; so I raised my voice, and addressed myself directly to him. "We preach against a great many crimes," I observed, "but I never remember a sermon delivered against ill-humor." — "That may do very well for

your town clergymen," said he: "country people are never ill-humored; though, indeed, it might be useful occasionally, to my wife for instance, and the judge." We all laughed, as did he likewise very cordially, till he fell into a fit of coughing, which interrupted our conversation for a time. Herr Schmidt resumed the subject. "You call ill-humor a crime," he remarked, "but I think you use too strong a term." — "Not at all," I replied, "if that deserves the name which is so pernicious to ourselves and our neighbors. Is it not enough that we want the power to make one another happy, — must we deprive each other of the pleasure which we can all make for ourselves? Show me the man who has the courage to hide his ill-humor, who bears the whole burden himself, without disturbing the peace of those around him. No: ill-humor arises from an inward consciousness of our own want of merit, — from a discontent which ever accompanies that envy which foolish vanity engenders. We see people happy, whom we have not made so, and cannot endure the sight." Charlotte looked at me with a smile; she observed the emotion with which I spoke: and a tear in the eyes of Frederica stimulated me to proceed. "Woe unto those," I said, "who use their power over a human heart to destroy the simple pleasures it would naturally enjoy! All the favors, all the attentions, in the world cannot compensate for the loss of that happiness which a cruel tyranny has destroyed." My heart was full as I spoke. A recollection of many things which had happened pressed upon my mind, and filled my eyes with tears. "We should daily repeat to ourselves," I exclaimed, "that we should not interfere with our friends, unless to leave them in possession of their own joys, and increase their happiness by sharing it with them! But when their souls are tormented by a violent passion, or their hearts rent with grief, is it in your power to afford them the slightest consolation?

"And when the last fatal malady seizes the being whose untimely grave you have prepared, when she lies languid and exhausted before you, her dim eyes raised to heaven, and the damp of death upon her pallid brow, then you stand at her bed-side like a condemned criminal, with the bitter feeling that your whole fortune could not save her: and the agonizing thought wrings you, that all your efforts are powerless to impart even a moment's strength to the departing soul, or quicken her with a transitory consolation."

At these words the remembrance of a similar scene at

which I had been once present fell with full force upon my heart. I buried my face in my handkerchief, and hastened from the room, and was only recalled to my recollection by Charlotte's voice, who reminded me that it was time to return home. With what tenderness she chid me on the way for the too eager interest I took in every thing! She declared it would do me injury, and that I ought to spare myself. — Yes, my angel! I will do so for your sake.

July 6.

She is still with her dying friend, and is still the same bright, beautiful creature whose presence softens pain, and sheds happiness around whichever way she turns. She went out yesterday with her little sisters: I knew it, and went to meet them; and we walked together. In about an hour and a half we returned to the town. We stopped at the spring I am so fond of, and which is now a thousand times dearer to me than ever. Charlotte seated herself upon the low wall, and we gathered about her. I looked round, and recalled the time when my heart was unoccupied and free. "Dear fountain!" I said, "since that time I have no more come to enjoy cool repose by thy fresh stream: I have passed thee with careless steps, and scarcely bestowed a glance upon thee." I looked down, and observed Charlotte's little sister, Jane, coming up the steps with a glass of water. I turned towards Charlotte, and I felt her influence over me. Jane at the moment approached with the glass. Her sister, Marianne, wished to take it from her. "No!" cried the child, with the sweetest expression of face, "Charlotte must drink first."

The affection and simplicity with which this was uttered so charmed me, that I sought to express my feelings by catching up the child and kissing her heartily. She was frightened, and began to cry. "You should not do that," said Charlotte: I felt perplexed. "Come, Jane," she continued, taking her hand, and leading her down the steps again, "it is no matter: wash yourself quickly in the fresh water." I stood and watched them; and when I saw the little dear rubbing her cheeks with her wet hands, in full belief that all the impurities contracted from my ugly beard would be washed off by the miraculous water, and how, though Charlotte said it would do, she continued still to wash with all her might, as though she thought too much were better than too little, I assure you, Wilhelm, I never attended a baptism with greater

reverence; and, when Charlotte came up from the well, I could have prostrated myself as before the prophet of an Eastern nation.

In the evening I could not resist telling the story to a person who, I thought, possessed some natural feeling, because he was a man of understanding. But what a mistake I made. He maintained it was very wrong of Charlotte, — that we should not deceive children, — that such things occasioned countless mistakes and superstitions, from which we were bound to protect the young. It occurred to me then, that this very man had been baptized only a week before; so I said nothing further, but maintained the justice of my own convictions. We should deal with children as God deals with us, — we are happiest under the influence of innocent delusions.

July 8.

What a child is man that he should be so solicitous about a look! What a child is man! We had been to Walheim: the ladies went in a carriage; but during our walk I thought I saw in Charlotte's dark eyes — I am a fool — but forgive me! you should see them, — those eyes. — However, to be brief (for my own eyes are weighed down with sleep), you must know, when the ladies stepped into their carriage again, young W. Seldstadt, Andran, and I were standing about the door. They are a merry set of fellows, and they were all laughing and joking together. I watched Charlotte's eyes. They wandered from one to the other; but they did not light on me, — on me, who stood there motionless, and who saw nothing but her! My heart bade her a thousand times adieu, but she noticed me not. The carriage drove off, and my eyes filled with tears. I looked after her: suddenly I saw Charlotte's bonnet leaning out of the window, and she turned to look back, — was it at me? My dear friend, I know not; and in this uncertainty I find consolation. Perhaps she turned to look at me. Perhaps! Good-night — what a child I am!

July 10.

You should see how foolish I look in company when her name is mentioned, particularly when I am asked plainly how I like her. How I like her! — I detest the phrase. What sort of creature must he be who merely liked Charlotte, whose whole heart and senses were not entirely absorbed by

her. Like her! Some one asked me lately how I liked Ossian.

July 11.

Madame M—— is very ill. I pray for her recovery, because Charlotte shares my sufferings. I see her occasionally at my friend's house, and to-day she has told me the strangest circumstance. Old M—— is a covetous, miserly fellow, who has long worried and annoyed the poor lady sadly; but she has borne her afflictions patiently. A few days ago, when the physician informed us that her recovery was hopeless, she sent for her husband (Charlotte was present), and addressed him thus: "I have something to confess, which, after my decease, may occasion trouble and confusion. I have hitherto conducted your household as frugally and economically as possible, but you must pardon me for having defrauded you for thirty years. At the commencement of our married life, you allowed a small sum for the wants of the kitchen, and the other household expenses. When our establishment increased and our property grew larger, I could not persuade you to increase the weekly allowance in proportion: in short, you know, that, when our wants were greatest, you required me to supply every thing with seven florins a week. I took the money from you without an observation, but made up the weekly deficiency from the money-chest; as nobody would suspect your wife of robbing the household bank. But I have wasted nothing, and should have been content to meet my eternal Judge without this confession, if she, upon whom the management of your establishment will devolve after my decease, would be free from embarrassment upon your insisting that the allowance made to me, your former wife, was sufficient."

I talked with Charlotte of the inconceivable manner in which men allow themselves to be blinded; how any one could avoid suspecting some deception, when seven florins only were allowed to defray expenses twice as great. But I have myself known people who believed, without any visible astonishment, that their house possessed the prophet's never-failing cruse of oil.

July 13.

No, I am not deceived. In her dark eyes I read a genuine interest in me and in my fortunes. Yes, I feel it; and I may believe my own heart which tells me — dare I say it? — dare I pronounce the divine words? — that she loves me!

That she loves me! How the idea exalts me in my own eyes! And, as you can understand my feelings, I may say to you, how I honor myself since she loves me!

Is this presumption, or is it a consciousness of the truth? I do not know a man able to supplant me in the heart of Charlotte; and yet when she speaks of her betrothed with so much warmth and affection, I feel like the soldier who has been stripped of his honors and titles, and deprived of his sword.

July 16.

How my heart beats when by accident I touch her finger, or my feet meet hers under the table! I draw back as if from a furnace; but a secret force impels me forward again, and my senses become disordered. Her innocent, unconscious heart never knows what agony these little familiarities inflict upon me. Sometimes when we are talking she lays her hand upon mine, and in the eagerness of conversation comes closer to me, and her balmy breath reaches my lips, — when I feel as if lightning had struck me, and that I could sink into the earth. And yet, Wilhelm, with all this heavenly confidence, — if I know myself, and should ever dare — you understand me. No, no! my heart is not so corrupt, — it is weak, weak enough — but is not that a degree of corruption?

She is to me a sacred being. All passion is still in her presence: I cannot express my sensations when I am near her. I feel as if my soul beat in every nerve of my body. There is a melody which she plays on the piano with angelic skill, — so simple is it, and yet so spiritual! It is her favorite air; and, when she plays the first note, all pain, care, and sorrow disappear from me in a moment.

I believe every word that is said of the magic of ancient music. How her simple song enchants me! Sometimes, when I am ready to commit suicide, she sings that air; and instantly the gloom and madness which hung over me are dispersed, and I breathe freely again.

July 18.

Wilhelm, what is the world to our hearts without love? What is a magic-lantern without light? You have but to kindle the flame within, and the brightest figures shine on the white wall; and, if love only show us fleeting shadows, we are yet happy, when, like mere children, we behold them,

and are transported with the splendid phantoms. I have not been able to see Charlotte to-day. I was prevented by company from which I could not disengage myself. What was to be done? I sent my servant to her house, that I might at least see somebody to-day who had been near her. Oh, the impatience with which I waited for his return! the joy with which I welcomed him! I should certainly have caught him in my arms, and kissed him, if I had not been ashamed.

It is said that the Bonona stone, when placed in the sun, attracts the rays, and for a time appears luminous in the dark. So was it with me and this servant. The idea that Charlotte's eyes had dwelt on his countenance, his cheek, his very apparel, endeared them all inestimably to me, so that at the moment I would not have parted from him for a thousand crowns. His presence made me so happy! Beware of laughing at me, Wilhelm. Can that be a delusion which makes us happy?

JULY 19.

"I shall see her to-day!" I exclaim with delight, when I rise in the morning, and look out with gladness of heart at the bright, beautiful sun. "I shall see her to-day!" And then I have no further wish to form: all, all is included in that one thought.

JULY 20.

I cannot assent to your proposal that I should accompany the ambassador to ——. I do not love subordination; and we all know that he is a rough, disagreeable person to be connected with. You say my mother wishes me to be employed. I could not help laughing at that. Am I not sufficiently employed? And is it not in reality the same, whether I shell pease or count lentils? The world runs on from one folly to another; and the man who, solely from regard to the opinion of others, and without any wish or necessity of his own, toils after gold, honor, or any other phantom, is no better than a fool.

JULY 24.

You insist so much on my not neglecting my drawing, that it would be as well for me to say nothing as to confess how little I have lately done.

I never felt happier, I never understood nature better,

even down to the veriest stem or smallest blade of grass; and yet I am unable to express myself: my powers of execution are so weak, every thing seems to swim and float before me, so that I cannot make a clear, bold outline. But I fancy I should succeed better if I had some clay or wax to model. I shall try, if this state of mind continues much longer, and will take to modelling, if I only knead dough.

I have commenced Charlotte's portrait three times, and have as often disgraced myself. This is the more annoying, as I was formerly very happy in taking likenesses. I have since sketched her profile, and must content myself with that.

July 25.

Yes, dear Charlotte! I will order and arrange every thing. Only give me more commissions, the more the better. One thing, however, I must request: use no more writing-sand with the dear notes you send me. To-day I raised your letter hastily to my lips, and it set my teeth on edge.

July 26.

I have often determined not to see her so frequently. But who could keep such a resolution? Every day I am exposed to the temptation, and promise faithfully that to-morrow I will really stay away: but, when to-morrow comes, I find some irresistible reason for seeing her; and, before I can account for it, I am with her again. Either she has said on the previous evening, "You will be sure to call to-morrow," — and who could stay away then? — or she gives me some commission, and I find it essential to take her the answer in person; or the day is fine, and I walk to Walheim; and, when I am there, it is only half a league farther to her. I am within the charmed atmosphere, and soon find myself at her side. My grandmother used to tell us a story of a mountain of loadstone. When any vessels came near it, they were instantly deprived of their ironwork: the nails flew to the mountain, and the unhappy crew perished amidst the disjointed planks.

July 30.

Albert is arrived, and I must take my departure. Were he the best and noblest of men, and I in every respect his inferior, I could not endure to see him in possession of such a perfect being. Possession! — enough, Wilhelm: her be-

trothed is here, — a fine, worthy fellow, whom one cannot help liking. Fortunately I was not present at their meeting. It would have broken my heart! And he is so considerate: he has not given Charlotte one kiss in my presence. Heaven reward him for it! I must love him for the respect with which he treats her. He shows a regard for me, but for this I suspect I am more indebted to Charlotte than to his own fancy for me. Women have a delicate tact in such matters, and it should be so. They cannot always succeed in keeping two rivals on terms with each other; but, when they do, they are the only gainers.

I cannot help esteeming Albert. The coolness of his temper contrasts strongly with the impetuosity of mine, which I cannot conceal. He has a great deal of feeling, and is fully sensible of the treasure he possesses in Charlotte. He is free from ill-humor, which you know is the fault I detest most.

He regards me as a man of sense; and my attachment to Charlotte, and the interest I take in all that concerns her, augment his triumph and his love. I shall not inquire whether he may not at times tease her with some little jealousies; as I know, that, were I in his place, I should not be entirely free from such sensations.

But, be that as it may, my pleasure with Charlotte is over. Call it folly or infatuation, what signifies a name? The thing speaks for itself. Before Albert came, I knew all that I know now. I knew I could make no pretensions to her, nor did I offer any, — that is, as far as it was possible, in the presence of so much loveliness, not to pant for its enjoyment. And now behold me, like a silly fellow, staring with astonishment when another comes in, and deprives me of my love.

I bite my lips, and feel infinite scorn for those who tell me to be resigned, because there is no help for it. Let me escape from the yoke of such silly subterfuges! I ramble through the woods; and when I return to Charlotte, and find Albert sitting by her side in the summer-house in the garden, I am unable to bear it, behave like a fool, and commit a thousand extravagances. "For Heaven's sake," said Charlotte today, "let us have no more scenes like those of last night! You terrify me when you are so violent." Between ourselves, I am always away now when he visits her; and I feel delighted when I find her alone.

Aug. 8.

Believe me, dear Wilhelm, I did not allude to you when I spoke so severely of those who advise resignation to inevitable fate. I did not think it possible for you to indulge such a sentiment. But in fact you are right. I only suggest one objection. In this world one is seldom reduced to make a selection between two alternatives. There are as many varieties of conduct and opinion as there are turns of feature between an aquiline nose and a flat one.

You will, therefore, permit me to concede your entire argument, and yet contrive means to escape your dilemma.

Your position is this, I hear you say: "Either you have hopes of obtaining Charlotte, or you have none. Well, in the first case, pursue your course, and press on to the fulfilment of your wishes. In the second, be a man, and shake off a miserable passion, which will enervate and destroy you." My dear friend, this is well and easily said.

But would you require a wretched being, whose life is slowly wasting under a lingering disease, to despatch himself at once by the stroke of a dagger? Does not the very disorder which consumes his strength deprive him of the courage to effect his deliverance?

You may answer me, if you please, with a similar analogy. "Who would not prefer the amputation of an arm to the perilling of life by doubt and procrastination?" But I know not if I am right, and let us leave these comparisons.

Enough! There are moments, Wilhelm, when I could rise up and shake it all off, and when, if I only knew where to go, I could fly from this place.

The same evening.

My diary, which I have for some time neglected, came before me to-day; and I am amazed to see how deliberately I have entangled myself step by step. To have seen my position so clearly, and yet to have acted so like a child! Even still I behold the result plainly, and yet have no thought of acting with greater prudence.

Aug. 10.

If I were not a fool, I could spend the happiest and most delightful life here. So many agreeable circumstances, and of a kind to insure a worthy man's happiness, are seldom united. Alas! I feel it too sensibly, — the heart alone makes our happiness! To be admitted into this most charming

family, to be loved by the father as a son, by the children as a father, and by Charlotte! — then the noble Albert, who never disturbs my happiness by any appearance of ill-humor, receiving me with the heartiest affection, and loving me, next to Charlotte, better than all the world! Wilhelm, you would be delighted to hear us in our rambles, and conversations about Charlotte. Nothing in the world can be more absurd than our connection, and yet the thought of it often moves me to tears.

He tells me sometimes of her excellent mother; how, upon her death-bed, she had committed her house and children to Charlotte, and had given Charlotte herself in charge to him; how, since that time, a new spirit had taken possession of her; how, in care and anxiety for their welfare, she became a real mother to them; how every moment of her time was devoted to some labor of love in their behalf, — and yet her mirth and cheerfulness had never forsaken her. I walk by his side, pluck flowers by the way, arrange them carefully into a nosegay, then fling them into the first stream I pass, and watch them as they float gently away. I forget whether I told you that Albert is to remain here. He has received a government appointment, with a very good salary; and I understand he is in high favor at court. I have met few persons so punctual and methodical in business.

Aug. 12.

Certainly Albert is the best fellow in the world. I had a strange scene with him yesterday. I went to take leave of him; for I took it into my head to spend a few days in these mountains, from where I now write to you. As I was walking up and down his room, my eye fell upon his pistols. "Lend me those pistols," said I, "for my journey." — "By all means," he replied, "if you will take the trouble to load them; for they only hang there for form." I took down one of them; and he continued, "Ever since I was near suffering for my extreme caution, I will have nothing to do with such things." I was curious to hear the story. "I was staying," said he, "some three months ago, at a friend's house in the country. I had a brace of pistols with me, unloaded; and I slept without any anxiety. One rainy afternoon I was sitting by myself, doing nothing, when it occurred to me — I do not know how — that the house might be attacked, that we might require the pistols, that we might — in short, you know how we go on fancying, when we have nothing better to do

I gave the pistols to the servant, to clean and load. He was playing with the maid, and trying to frighten her, when the pistol went off — God knows how! — the ramrod was in the barrel; and it went straight through her right hand, and shattered the thumb. I had to endure all the lamentation, and to pay the surgeon's bill; so, since that time, I have kept all my weapons unloaded. But, my dear friend, what is the use of prudence? We can never be on our guard against all possible dangers. However," — now, you must know I can tolerate all men till they come to "however;" for it is self-evident that every universal rule must have its exceptions. But he is so exceedingly accurate, that, if he only fancies he has said a word too precipitate, or too general, or only half true, he never ceases to qualify, to modify, and extenuate, till at last he appears to have said nothing at all. Upon this occasion, Albert was deeply immersed in his subject: I ceased to listen to him, and became lost in revery. With a sudden motion, I pointed the mouth of the pistol to my forehead, over the right eye. "What do you mean?" cried Albert, turning back the pistol. "It is not loaded," said I. "And even if not," he answered with impatience, "what can you mean? I cannot comprehend how a man can be so mad as to shoot himself, and the bare idea of it shocks me."

"But why should any one," said I, "in speaking of an action, venture to pronounce it mad or wise, or good or bad? What is the meaning of all this? Have you carefully studied the secret motives of our actions? Do you understand — can you explain the causes which occasion them, and make them inevitable? If you can, you will be less hasty with your decision."

"But you will allow," said Albert, "that some actions are criminal, let them spring from whatever motives they may." I granted it, and shrugged my shoulders.

"But still, my good friend," I continued, "there are some exceptions here too. Theft is a crime; but the man who commits it from extreme poverty, with no design but to save his family from perishing, is he an object of pity, or of punishment? Who shall throw the first stone at a husband, who, in the heat of just resentment, sacrifices his faithless wife and her perfidious seducer? or at the young maiden, who, in her weak hour of rapture, forgets herself in the impetuous joys of love? Even our laws, cold and cruel as they are, relent in such cases, and withhold their punishment."

"That is quite another thing," said Albert; "because a man under the influence of violent passion loses all power of reflection, and is regarded as intoxicated or insane."

"Oh! you people of sound understandings," I replied, smiling, "are ever ready to exclaim 'Extravagance and madness, and intoxication!' You moral men are so calm and so subdued! You abhor the drunken man, and detest the extravagant; you pass by, like the Levite, and thank God, like the Pharisee, that you are not like one of them. I have been more than once intoxicated, my passions have always bordered on extravagance: I am not ashamed to confess it; for I have learned, by my own experience, that all extraordinary men, who have accomplished great and astonishing actions, have ever been decried by the world as drunken or insane. And in private life, too, is it not intolerable that no one can undertake the execution of a noble or generous deed, without giving rise to the exclamation that the doer is intoxicated or mad? Shame upon you, ye sages!"

"This is another of your extravagant humors," said Albert: "you always exaggerate a case, and in this matter you are undoubtedly wrong; for we were speaking of suicide, which you compare with great actions, when it is impossible to regard it as any thing but a weakness. It is much easier to die than to bear a life of misery with fortitude."

I was on the point of breaking off the conversation, for nothing puts me so completely out of patience as the utterance of a wretched commonplace when I am talking from my inmost heart. However, I composed myself, for I had often heard the same observation with sufficient vexation; and I answered him, therefore, with a little warmth, "You call this a weakness — beware of being led astray by appearances. When a nation, which has long groaned under the intolerable yoke of a tyrant, rises at last and throws off its chains, do you call that weakness? The man who, to rescue his house from the flames, finds his physical strength redoubled, so that he lifts burdens with ease, which, in the absence of excitement, he could scarcely move; he who, under the rage of an insult, attacks and puts to flight half a score of his enemies, — are such persons to be called weak? My good friend, if resistance be strength, how can the highest degree of resistance be a weakness?"

Albert looked steadfastly at me, and said, "Pray forgive me, but I do not see that the examples you have adduced bear

any relation to the question." — "Very likely," I answered; "for I have often been told that my style of illustration borders a little on the absurd. But let us see if we cannot place the matter in another point of view, by inquiring what can be a man's state of mind who resolves to free himself from the burden of life, — a burden often so pleasant to bear, — for we cannot otherwise reason fairly upon the subject.

"Human nature," I continued, "has its limits. It is able to endure a certain degree of joy, sorrow, and pain, but becomes annihilated as soon as this measure is exceeded. The question, therefore, is, not whether a man is strong or weak, but whether he is able to endure the measure of his sufferings. The suffering may be moral or physical; and in my opinion it is just as absurd to call a man a coward who destroys himself, as to call a man a coward who dies of a malignant fever."

"Paradox, all paradox!" exclaimed Albert. "Not so paradoxical as you imagine," I replied. "You allow that we designate a disease as mortal when nature is so severely attacked, and her strength so far exhausted, that she cannot possibly recover her former condition under any change that may take place.

"Now, my good friend, apply this to the mind; observe a man in his natural, isolated condition; consider how ideas work, and how impressions fasten on him, till at length a violent passion seizes him, destroying all his powers of calm reflection, and utterly ruining him.

"It is in vain that a man of sound mind and cool temper understands the condition of such a wretched being, in vain he counsels him. He can no more communicate his own wisdom to him than a healthy man can instil his strength into the invalid, by whose bedside he is seated."

Albert thought this too general. I reminded him of a girl who had drowned herself a short time previously, and I related her history.

She was a good creature, who had grown up in the narrow sphere of household industry and weekly-appointed labor; one who knew no pleasure beyond indulging in a walk on Sundays, arrayed in her best attire, accompanied by her friends, or perhaps joining in the dance now and then at some festival, and chatting away her spare hours with a neighbor, discussing the scandal or the quarrels of the village, — trifles sufficient to occupy her heart. At length the

warmth of her nature is influenced by certain new and unknown wishes. Inflamed by the flatteries of men, her former pleasures become by degrees insipid, till at length she meets with a youth to whom she is attracted by an indescribable feeling; upon him she now rests all her hopes; she forgets the world around her; she sees, hears, desires nothing but him, and him only. He alone occupies all her thoughts. Uncorrupted by the idle indulgence of an enervating vanity, her affection moving steadily towards its object, she hopes to become his, and to realize, in an everlasting union with him, all that happiness which she sought, all that bliss for which she longed. His repeated promises confirm her hopes: embraces and endearments, which increase the ardor of her desires, overmaster her soul. She floats in a dim, delusive anticipation of her happiness; and her feelings become excited to their utmost tension. She stretches out her arms finally to embrace the object of all her wishes — and her lover forsakes her. Stunned and bewildered, she stands upon a precipice. All is darkness around her. No prospect, no hope, no consolation — forsaken by him in whom her existence was centred! She sees nothing of the wide world before her, thinks nothing of the many individuals who might supply the void in her heart; she feels herself deserted, forsaken by the world; and, blinded and impelled by the agony which wrings her soul, she plunges into the deep, to end her sufferings in the broad embrace of death. See here, Albert, the history of thousands; and tell me, is not this a case of physical infirmity? Nature has no way to escape from the labyrinth: her powers are exhausted; she can contend no longer, and the poor soul must die.

"Shame upon him who can look on calmly, and exclaim, 'The foolish girl! she should have waited; she should have allowed time to wear off the impression; her despair would have been softened, and she would have found another lover to comfort her.' One might as well say, 'The fool, to die of a fever! why did he not wait till his strength was restored, till his blood became calm? all would then have gone well, and he would have been alive now.'"

Albert, who could not see the justice of the comparison, offered some further objections, and, amongst others, urged that I had taken the case of a mere ignorant girl. But how any man of sense, of more enlarged views and experience, could be excused, he was unable to comprehend. "My friend!" I exclaimed, "man is but man; and, whatever be

the extent of his reasoning powers, they are of little avail when passion rages within, and he feels himself confined by the narrow limits of nature. It were better, then — but we will talk of this some other time," I said, and caught up my hat. Alas! my heart was full; and we parted without conviction on either side. How rarely in this world do men understand each other!

Aug. 15.

There can be no doubt that in this world nothing is so indispensable as love. I observe that Charlotte could not lose me without a pang, and the very children have but one wish; that is, that I should visit them again to-morrow. I went this afternoon to tune Charlotte's piano. But I could not do it, for the little ones insisted on my telling them a story; and Charlotte herself urged me to satisfy them. I waited upon them at tea, and they are now as fully contented with me as with Charlotte; and I told them my very best tale of the princess who was waited upon by dwarfs. I improve myself by this exercise, and am quite surprised at the impression my stories create. If I sometimes invent an incident which I forget upon the next narration, they remind me directly that the story was different before; so that I now endeavor to relate with exactness the same anecdote in the same monotonous tone, which never changes. I find by this, how much an author injures his works by altering them, even though they be improved in a poetical point of view. The first impression is readily received. We are so constituted that we believe the most incredible things; and, once they are engraved upon the memory, woe to him who would endeavor to efface them.

Aug. 18.

Must it ever be thus, — that the source of our happiness must also be the fountain of our misery? The full and ardent sentiment which animated my heart with the love of nature, overwhelming me with a torrent of delight, and which brought all paradise before me, has now become an insupportable torment, — a demon which perpetually pursues and harasses me. When in by-gone days I gazed from these rocks upon yonder mountains across the river, and upon the green, flowery valley before me, and saw all nature budding and bursting around; the hills clothed from foot to peak with tall, thick forest trees; the valleys in all their varied windings, shaded

with the loveliest woods; and the soft river gliding along amongst the lisping reeds, mirroring the beautiful clouds which the soft evening breeze wafted across the sky, — when I heard the groves about me melodious with the music of birds, and saw the million swarms of insects dancing in the last golden beams of the sun, whose setting rays awoke the humming beetles from their grassy beds, whilst the subdued tumult around directed my attention to the ground, and I there observed the arid rock compelled to yield nutriment to the dry moss, whilst the heath flourished upon the barren sands below me, — all this displayed to me the inner warmth which animates all nature, and filled and glowed within my heart. I felt myself exalted by this overflowing fulness to the perception of the Godhead, and the glorious forms of an infinite universe became visible to my soul! Stupendous mountains encompassed me, abysses yawned at my feet, and cataracts fell headlong down before me; impetuous rivers rolled through the plain, and rocks and mountains resounded from afar. In the depths of the earth I saw innumerable powers in motion, and multiplying to infinity; whilst upon its surface, and beneath the heavens, there teemed ten thousand varieties of living creatures. Every thing around is alive with an infinite number of forms; while mankind fly for security to their petty houses, from the shelter of which they rule in their imaginations over the wide-extended universe. Poor fool! in whose petty estimation all things are little. From the inaccessible mountains, across the desert which no mortal foot has trod, far as the confines of the unknown ocean, breathes the spirit of the eternal Creator; and every atom to which he has given existence finds favor in his sight. Ah, how often at that time has the flight of a bird, soaring above my head, inspired me with the desire of being transported to the shores of the immeasurable waters, there to quaff the pleasures of life from the foaming goblet of the Infinite, and to partake, if but for a moment even, with the confined powers of my soul, the beatitude of that Creator who accomplishes all things in himself, and through himself!

My dear friend, the bare recollection of those hours still consoles me. Even this effort to recall those ineffable sensations, and give them utterance, exalts my soul above itself, and makes me doubly feel the intensity of my present anguish.

It is as if a curtain had been drawn from before my eyes, and, instead of prospects of eternal life, the abyss of an ever

open grave yawned before me. Can we say of any thing that it exists when all passes away, — when time, with the speed of a storm, carries all things onward, — and our transitory existence, hurried along by the torrent, is either swallowed up by the waves or dashed against the rocks? There is not a moment but preys upon you, and upon all around you, — not a moment in which you do not yourself become a destroyer. The most innocent walk deprives of life thousands of poor insects: one step destroys the fabric of the industrious ant, and converts a little world into chaos. No: it is not the great and rare calamities of the world, the floods which sweep away whole villages, the earthquakes which swallow up our towns, that affect me. My heart is wasted by the thought of that destructive power which lies concealed in every part of universal nature. Nature has formed nothing that does not consume itself, and every object near it: so that, surrounded by earth and air, and all the active powers, I wander on my way with aching heart; and the universe is to me a fearful monster, forever devouring its own offspring.

Aug. 21.

In vain do I stretch out my arms towards her when I awaken in the morning from my weary slumbers. In vain do I seek for her at night in my bed, when some innocent dream has happily deceived me, and placed her near me in the fields, when I have seized her hand and covered it with countless kisses. And when I feel for her in the half confusion of sleep, with the happy sense that she is near me, tears flow from my oppressed heart; and, bereft of all comfort, I weep over my future woes.

Aug. 22.

What a misfortune, Wilhelm! My active spirits have degenerated into contented indolence. I cannot be idle, and yet I am unable to set to work. I cannot think: I have no longer any feeling for the beauties of nature, and books are distasteful to me. Once we give ourselves up, we are totally lost. Many a time and oft I wish I were a common laborer; that, awakening in the morning, I might have but one prospect, one pursuit, one hope, for the day which has dawned. I often envy Albert when I see him buried in a heap of papers and parchments, and I fancy I should be happy were I in his place. Often impressed with this feeling, I have been on the point of writing to you and to the minister, for the

appointment at the embassy, which you think I might obtain. I believe I might procure it. The minister has long shown a regard for me, and has frequently urged me to seek employment. It is the business of an hour only. Now and then the fable of the horse recurs to me. Weary of liberty, he suffered himself to be saddled and bridled, and was ridden to death for his pains. I know not what to determine upon. For is not this anxiety for change the consequence of that restless spirit which would pursue me equally in every situation of life?

Aug. 28.

If my ills would admit of any cure, they would certainly be cured here. This is my birthday, and early in the morning I received a packet from Albert. Upon opening it, I found one of the pink ribbons which Charlotte wore in her dress the first time I saw her, and which I had several times asked her to give me. With it were two volumes in duodecimo of Wetstein's Homer, a book I had often wished for, to save me the inconvenience of carrying the large Ernestine edition with me upon my walks. You see how they anticipate my wishes, how well they understand all those little attentions of friendship, so superior to the costly presents of the great, which are humiliating. I kissed the ribbon a thousand times, and in every breath inhaled the remembrance of those happy and irrevocable days which filled me with the keenest joy. Such, Wilhelm, is our fate. I do not murmur at it: the flowers of life are but visionary. How many pass away, and leave no trace behind — how few yield any fruit — and the fruit itself, how rarely does it ripen! And yet there are flowers enough! — and is it not strange, my friend, that we should suffer the little that does really ripen, to rot, decay, and perish unenjoyed? Farewell! This is a glorious summer. I often climb into the trees in Charlotte's orchard, and shake down the pears that hang on the highest branches. She stands below, and catches them as they fall.

Aug. 30.

Unhappy being that I am! Why do I thus deceive myself? What is to come of all this wild, aimless, endless passion? I cannot pray except to her. My imagination sees nothing but her: all surrounding objects are of no account, except as they relate to her. In this dreamy state I

enjoy many happy hours, till at length I feel compelled to tear myself away from her. Ah, Wilhelm, to what does not my heart often compel me! When I have spent several hours in her company, till I feel completely absorbed by her figure, her grace, the divine expression of her thoughts, my mind becomes gradually excited to the highest excess, my sight grows dim, my hearing confused, my breathing oppressed as if by the hand of a murderer, and my beating heart seeks to obtain relief for my aching senses. I am sometimes unconscious whether I really exist. If in such moments I find no sympathy, and Charlotte does not allow me to enjoy the melancholy consolation of bathing her hand with my tears, I feel compelled to tear myself from her, when I either wander through the country, climb some precipitous cliff, or force a path through the trackless thicket, where I am lacerated and torn by thorns and briers; and thence I find relief. Sometimes I lie stretched on the ground, overcome with fatigue and dying with thirst; sometimes, late in the night, when the moon shines above me, I recline against an aged tree in some sequestered forest, to rest my weary limbs, when, exhausted and worn, I sleep till break of day. O Wilhelm! the hermit's cell, his sackcloth, and girdle of thorns would be luxury and indulgence compared with what I suffer. Adieu! I see no end to this wretchedness except the grave.

SEPT. 3.

I must away. Thank you, Wilhelm, for determining my wavering purpose. For a whole fortnight I have thought of leaving her. I must away. She has returned to town, and is at the house of a friend. And then, Albert—yes, I must go.

SEPT. 10.

Oh, what a night, Wilhelm! I can henceforth bear any thing. I shall never see her again. Oh, why cannot I fall on your neck, and, with floods of tears and raptures, give utterance to all the passions which distract my heart! Here I sit gasping for breath, and struggling to compose myself. I wait for day, and at sunrise the horses are to be at the door.

And she is sleeping calmly, little suspecting that she has seen me for the last time. I am free. I have had the courage, in an interview of two hours' duration, not to betray my intention. And O Wilhelm, what a conversation it was!

Albert had promised to come to Charlotte in the garden immediately after supper. I was upon the terrace under the tall chestnut-trees, and watched the setting sun. I saw him sink for the last time beneath this delightful valley and silent stream. I had often visited the same spot with Charlotte, and witnessed that glorious sight; and now — I was walking up and down the very avenue which was so dear to me. A secret sympathy had frequently drawn me thither before I knew Charlotte; and we were delighted when, in our early acquaintance, we discovered that we each loved the same spot, which is indeed as romantic as any that ever captivated the fancy of an artist.

From beneath the chestnut-trees, there is an extensive view. But I remember that I have mentioned all this in a former letter, and have described the tall mass of beach-trees at the end, and how the avenue grows darker and darker as it winds its way among them, till it ends in a gloomy recess, which has all the charm of a mysterious solitude. I still remember the strange feeling of melancholy which came over me the first time I entered that dark retreat, at bright mid-day. I felt some secret foreboding that it would, one day, be to me the scene of some happiness or misery.

I had spent half an hour struggling between the contending thoughts of going and returning, when I heard them coming up the terrace. I ran to meet them. I trembled as I took her hand, and kissed it. As we reached the top of the terrace, the moon rose from behind the wooded hill. We conversed on many subjects, and, without perceiving it, approached the gloomy recess. Charlotte entered, and sat down. Albert seated himself beside her. I did the same, but my agitation did not suffer me to remain long seated. I got up, and stood before her, then walked backwards and forwards, and sat down again. I was restless and miserable. Charlotte drew our attention to the beautiful effect of the moonlight, which threw a silver hue over the terrace in front of us, beyond the beech-trees. It was a glorious sight, and was rendered more striking by the darkness which surrounded the spot where we were. We remained for some time silent, when Charlotte observed, "Whenever I walk by moonlight, it brings to my remembrance all my beloved and departed friends, and I am filled with thoughts of death and futurity. We shall live again, Werther!" she continued, with a firm but feeling voice; "but shall we know one another again — what do you think? what do you say?"

"Charlotte," I said, as I took her hand in mine, and my eyes filled with tears, "we shall see each other again — here and hereafter we shall meet again." I could say no more. Why, Wilhelm, should she put this question to me, just at the moment when the fear of our cruel separation filled my heart?

"And oh! do those departed ones know how we are employed here? do they know when we are well and happy? do they know when we recall their memories with the fondest love? In the silent hour of evening the shade of my mother hovers round me; when seated in the midst of my children. I see them assembled near me, as they used to assemble near her; and then I raise my anxious eyes to heaven, and wish she could look down upon us, and witness how I fulfil the promise I made to her in her last moments, to be a mother to her children. With what emotion do I then exclaim. 'Pardon, dearest of mothers, pardon me, if I do not adequately supply your place! Alas! I do my utmost. They are clothed and fed; and, still better, they are loved and educated. Could you but see, sweet saint! the peace and harmony that dwells amongst us, you would glorify God with the warmest feelings of gratitude, to whom, in your last hour, you addressed such fervent prayers for our happiness.'" Thus did she express herself; but O Wilhelm! who can do justice to her language? how can cold and passionless words convey the heavenly expressions of the spirit? Albert interrupted her gently. "This affects you too deeply, my dear Charlotte. I know your soul dwells on such recollections with intense delight: but I implore" — "O Albert!" she continued, "I am sure you do not forget the evenings when we three used to sit at the little round table, when papa was absent, and the little ones had retired. You often had a good book with you, but seldom read it: the conversation of that noble being was preferable to every thing, — that beautiful, bright, gentle, and yet ever-toiling woman. God alone knows how I have supplicated with tears on my nightly couch, that I might be like her."

I threw myself at her feet, and, seizing her hand, bedewed it with a thousand tears. "Charlotte!" I exclaimed, "God's blessing and your mother's spirit are upon you." — "Oh! that you had known her," she said, with a warm pressure of the hand. "She was worthy of being known to you." I thought I should have fainted: never had I received praise so flattering. She continued, "And yet she was doomed to

die in the flower of her youth, when her youngest child was scarcely six months old. Her illness was but short, but she was calm and resigned; and it was only for her children, especially the youngest, that she felt unhappy. When her end drew nigh, she bade me bring them to her. I obeyed. The younger ones knew nothing of their approaching loss, while the elder ones were quite overcome with grief. They stood around the bed; and she raised her feeble hands to heaven, and prayed over them; then, kissing them in turn, she dismissed them, and said to me, 'Be you a mother to them.' I gave her my hand. 'You are promising much, my child,' she said: 'a mother's fondness and a mother's care! I have often witnessed, by your tears of gratitude, that you know what is a mother's tenderness: show it to your brothers and sisters, and be dutiful and faithful to your father as a wife; you will be his comfort.' She inquired for him. He had retired to conceal his intolerable anguish, — he was heartbroken.

"Albert, you were in the room. She heard some one moving: she inquired who it was, and desired you to approach. She surveyed us both with a look of composure and satisfaction, expressive of her conviction that we should be happy, — happy with one another." Albert fell upon her neck, and kissed her, and exclaimed, "We are so, and we shall be so!" Even Albert, generally so tranquil, had quite lost his composure; and I was excited beyond expression.

"And such a being," she continued, "was to leave us, Werther! Great God, must we thus part with every thing we hold dear in this world? Nobody felt this more acutely than the children: they cried and lamented for a long time afterwards, complaining that black men had carried away their dear mamma."

Charlotte rose. It aroused me; but I continued sitting, and held her hand. "Let us go," she said: "it grows late." She attempted to withdraw her hand: I held it still. "We shall see each other again," I exclaimed: "we shall recognize each other under every possible change! I am going," I continued, "going willingly; but, should I say forever, perhaps I may not keep my word. Adieu, Charlotte; adieu, Albert. We shall meet again." — "Yes: to-morrow, I think," she answered with a smile. To-morrow! how I felt the word! Ah! she little thought, when she drew her hand away from mine. They walked down the avenue. I stood gazing after them in the moonlight. I threw myself

upon the ground, and wept: I then sprang up, and ran out upon the terrace, and saw, under the shade of the linden-trees, her white dress disappearing near the garden-gate. I stretched out my arms, and she vanished.

BOOK II.

Oct. 20.

We arrived here yesterday. The ambassador is indisposed, and will not go out for some days. If he were less peevish and morose, all would be well. I see but too plainly that Heaven has destined me to severe trials; but courage! a light heart may bear any thing. A light heart! I smile to find such a word proceeding from my pen. A little more light-heartedness would render me the happiest being under the sun. But must I despair of my talents and faculties, whilst others of far inferior abilities parade before me with the utmost self-satisfaction? Gracious Providence, to whom I owe all my powers, why didst thou not withhold some of those blessings I possess, and substitute in their place a feeling of self-confidence and contentment?

But patience! all will yet be well; for I assure you, my dear friend, you were right: since I have been obliged to associate continually with other people, and observe what they do, and how they employ themselves, I have become far better satisfied with myself. For we are so constituted by nature, that we are ever prone to compare ourselves with others; and our happiness or misery depends very much on the objects and persons around us. On this account, nothing is more dangerous than solitude: there our imagination, always disposed to rise, taking a new flight on the wings of fancy, pictures to us a chain of beings of whom we seem the most inferior. All things appear greater than they really are, and all seem superior to us. This operation of the mind is quite natural: we so continually feel our own imperfections, and fancy we perceive in others the qualities we do not possess, attributing to them also all that we enjoy ourselves, that by this process we form the idea of a perfect, happy man, — a man, however, who only exists in our own imagination.

But when, in spite of weakness and disappointments, we

set to work in earnest, and persevere steadily, we often find, that, though obliged continually to tack, we make more way than others who have the assistance of wind and tide; and, in truth, there can be no greater satisfaction than to keep pace with others or outstrip them in the race.

Nov. 26.

I begin to find my situation here more tolerable, considering all circumstances. I find a great advantage in being much occupied; and the number of persons I meet, and their different pursuits, create a varied entertainment for me. I have formed the acquaintance of the Count C——, and I esteem him more and more every day. He is a man of strong understanding and great discernment; but, though he sees farther than other people, he is not on that account cold in his manner, but capable of inspiring and returning the warmest affection. He appeared interested in me on one occasion, when I had to transact some business with him. He perceived, at the first word, that we understood each other, and that he could converse with me in a different tone from what he used with others. I cannot sufficiently esteem his frank and open kindness to me. It is the greatest and most genuine of pleasures to observe a great mind in sympathy with our own.

Dec. 24.

As I anticipated, the ambassador occasions me infinite annoyance. He is the most punctilious blockhead under heaven. He does every thing step by step, with the trifling minuteness of an old woman; and he is a man whom it is impossible to please, because he is never pleased with himself. I like to do business regularly and cheerfully, and, when it is finished, to leave it. But he constantly returns my papers to me, saying, "They will do," but recommending me to look over them again, as "one may always improve by using a better word or a more appropriate particle." I then lose all patience, and wish myself at the Devil's. Not a conjunction, not an adverb, must be omitted: he has a deadly antipathy to all those transpositions of which I am so fond; and, if the music of our periods is not tuned to the established official key, he cannot comprehend our meaning. It is deplorable to be connected with such a fellow.

My acquaintance with the Count C—— is the only compensation for such an evil. He told me frankly, the other

day, that he was much displeased with the difficulties and delays of the ambassador; that people like him are obstacles, both to themselves and to others. "But," added he, "one must submit, like a traveller who has to ascend a mountain: if the mountain was not there, the road would be both shorter and pleasanter; but there it is, and he must get over it."

The old man perceives the count's partiality for me: this annoys him, and he seizes every opportunity to depreciate the count in my hearing. I naturally defend him, and that only makes matters worse. Yesterday he made me indignant, for he also alluded to me. "The count," he said, "is a man of the world, and a good man of business: his style is good, and he writes with facility; but, like other geniuses, he has no solid learning." He looked at me with an expression that seemed to ask if I felt the blow. But it did not produce the desired effect: I despise a man who can think and act in such a manner. However, I made a stand, and answered with not a little warmth. The count, I said, was a man entitled to respect, alike for his character and his acquirements. I had never met a person whose mind was stored with more useful and extensive knowledge, — who had, in fact, mastered such an infinite variety of subjects, and who yet retained all his activity for the details of ordinary business. This was altogether beyond his comprehension; and I took my leave, lest my anger should be too highly excited by some new absurdity of his.

And you are to blame for all this, you who persuaded me to bend my neck to this yoke by preaching a life of activity to me. If the man who plants vegetables, and carries his corn to town on market-days, is not more usefully employed than I am, then let me work ten years longer at the galleys to which I am now chained.

Oh the brilliant wretchedness, the weariness, that one is doomed to witness among the silly people whom we meet in society here! The ambition of rank! How they watch, how they toil, to gain precedence! What poor and contemptible passions are displayed in their utter nakedness! We have a woman here, for example, who never ceases to entertain the company with accounts of her family and her estates. Any stranger would consider her a silly being, whose head was turned by her pretensions to rank and property; but she is in reality even more ridiculous, — the daughter of a mere magistrate's clerk from this neighbor-

hood. I cannot understand how human beings can so debase themselves.

Every day I observe more and more the folly of judging of others by ourselves; and I have so much trouble with myself, and my own heart is in such constant agitation, that I am well content to let others pursue their own course, if they only allow me the same privilege.

What provokes me most is the unhappy extent to which distinctions of rank are carried. I know perfectly well how necessary are inequalities of condition, and I am sensible of the advantages I myself derive therefrom; but I would not have these institutions prove a barrier to the small chance of happiness which I may enjoy on this earth.

I have lately become acquainted with a Miss B——, a very agreeable girl, who has retained her natural manners in the midst of artificial life. Our first conversation pleased us both equally; and, at taking leave, I requested permission to visit her. She consented in so obliging a manner, that I waited with impatience for the arrival of the happy moment. She is not a native of this place, but resides here with her aunt. The countenance of the old lady is not prepossessing. I paid her much attention, addressing the greater part of my conversation to her; and, in less than half an hour, I discovered what her niece subsequently acknowledged to me, that her aged aunt, having but a small fortune, and a still smaller share of understanding, enjoys no satisfaction except in the pedigree of her ancestors, no protection save in her noble birth, and no enjoyment but in looking from her castle over the heads of the humble citizens. She was, no doubt, handsome in her youth, and in her early years probably trifled away her time in rendering many a poor youth the sport of her caprice: in her riper years she has submitted to the yoke of a veteran officer, who, in return for her person and her small independence, has spent with her what we may designate her age of brass. He is dead; and she is now a widow, and deserted. She spends her iron age alone, and would not be approached, except for the loveliness of her niece.

Jan. 8, 1772.

What beings are men, whose whole thoughts are occupied with form and ceremony, who for years together devote their mental and physical exertions to the task of advancing themselves but one step, and endeavoring to occupy a higher place at the table. Not that such persons would otherwise

want employment: on the contrary, they give themselves much trouble by neglecting important business for such petty trifles. Last week a question of precedence arose at a sledging-party, and all our amusement was spoiled.

The silly creatures cannot see that it is not place which constitutes real greatness, since the man who occupies the first place but seldom plays the principal part. How many kings are governed by their ministers — how many ministers by their secretaries? Who, in such cases, is really the chief? He, as it seems to me, who can see through the others, and possesses strength or skill enough to make their power or passions subservient to the execution of his own designs.

JAN. 20.

I must write to you from this place, my dear Charlotte, from a small room in a country inn, where I have taken shelter from a severe storm. During my whole residence in that wretched place D——, where I lived amongst strangers, — strangers, indeed, to this heart, — I never at any time felt the smallest inclination to correspond with you; but in this cottage, in this retirement, in this solitude, with the snow and hail beating against my lattice-pane, you are my first thought. The instant I entered, your figure rose up before me, and the remembrance! O my Charlotte, the sacred, tender remembrance! Gracious Heaven! restore to me the happy moment of our first acquaintance.

Could you but see me, my dear Charlotte, in the whirl of dissipation, — how my senses are dried up, but my heart is at no time full. I enjoy no single moment of happiness: all is vain — nothing touches me. I stand, as it were, before the raree-show: I see the little puppets move, and I ask whether it is not an optical illusion. I am amused with these puppets, or rather, I am myself one of them: but, when I sometimes grasp my neighbor's hand, I feel that it is not natural; and I withdraw mine with a shudder. In the evening I say I will enjoy the next morning's sunrise, and yet I remain in bed: in the day I promise to ramble by moonlight; and I, nevertheless, remain at home. I know not why I rise, nor why I go to sleep.

The leaven which animated my existence is gone: the charm which cheered me in the gloom of night, and aroused me from my morning slumbers, is forever fled.

I have found but one being here to interest me, a Miss B——. She resembles you, my dear Charlotte, if any one

can possibly resemble you. "Ah!" you will say, "he has learned how to pay fine compliments." And this is partly true. I have been very agreeable lately, as it was not in my power to be otherwise. I have, moreover, a deal of wit: and the ladies say that no one understands flattery better, or falsehoods you will add; since the one accomplishment invariably accompanies the other. But I must tell you of Miss B——. She has abundance of soul, which flashes from her deep blue eyes. Her rank is a torment to her, and satisfies no one desire of her heart. She would gladly retire from this whirl of fashion, and we often picture to ourselves a life of undisturbed happiness in distant scenes of rural retirement: and then we speak of you, my dear Charlotte; for she knows you, and renders homage to your merits; but her homage is not exacted, but voluntary, — she loves you, and delights to hear you made the subject of conversation.

Oh that I were sitting at your feet in your favorite little room, with the dear children playing around us! If they became troublesome to you, I would tell them some appalling goblin story; and they would crowd round me with silent attention. The sun is setting in glory; his last rays are shining on the snow, which covers the face of the country: the storm is over, and I must return to my dungeon. Adieu! — Is Albert with you? and what is he to you? God forgive the question.

Feb. 8.

For a week past we have had the most wretched weather: but this to me is a blessing; for, during my residence here, not a single fine day has beamed from the heavens, but has been lost to me by the intrusion of somebody. During the severity of rain, sleet, frost, and storm, I congratulate myself that it cannot be worse in doors than abroad, nor worse abroad than it is within doors; and so I become reconciled. When the sun rises bright in the morning, and promises a glorious day, I never omit to exclaim, "There, now, they have another blessing from Heaven, which they will be sure to destroy: they spoil every thing, — health, fame, happiness, amusement; and they do this generally through folly, ignorance, or imbecility, and always, according to their own account, with the best intentions!" I could often beseech them, on my bended knees, to be less resolved upon their own destruction.

FEB. 17.

I fear that my ambassador and I shall not continue much longer together. He is really growing past endurance. He transacts his business in so ridiculous a manner, that I am often compelled to contradict him, and do things my own way; and then, of course, he thinks them very ill done. He complained of me lately on this account at court; and the minister gave me a reprimand, — a gentle one it is true, but still a reprimand. In consequence of this, I was about to tender my resignation, when I received a letter, to which I submitted with great respect, on account of the high, noble, and generous spirit which dictated it. He endeavored to soothe my excessive sensibility, paid a tribute to my extreme ideas of duty, of good example, and of perseverance in business, as the fruit of my youthful ardor, — an impulse which he did not seek to destroy, but only to moderate, that it might have proper play and be productive of good. So now I am at rest for another week, and no longer at variance with myself. Content and peace of mind are valuable things: I could wish, my dear friend, that these precious jewels were less transitory.

FEB. 20.

God bless you, my dear friends, and may he grant you that happiness which he denies to me!

I thank you, Albert, for having deceived me. I waited for the news that your wedding-day was fixed; and I intended on that day, with solemnity, to take down Charlotte's profile from the wall, and to bury it with some other papers I possess. You are now united, and her picture still remains here. Well, let it remain! Why should it not? I know that I am still one of your society, that I still occupy a place uninjured in Charlotte's heart, that I hold the second place therein; and I intend to keep it. Oh, I should become mad if she could forget! — Albert, that thought is hell! Farewell, Albert — farewell, angel of heaven — farewell, Charlotte!

MARCH 15.

I have just had a sad adventure, which will drive me away from here. I lose all patience! — Death! — It is not to be remedied; and you alone are to blame, for you urged and impelled me to fill a post for which I was by no means suited. I have now reasor to be satisfied, and so have you! But,

that you may not again attribute this fatality to my impetuous temper, I send you, my dear sir, a plain and simple narration of the affair, as a mere chronicler of facts would describe it.

The Count of O—— likes and distinguishes me. It is well known, and I have mentioned this to you a hundred times. Yesterday I dined with him. It is the day on which the nobility are accustomed to assemble at his house in the evening. I never once thought of the assembly, nor that we subalterns did not belong to such society. Well, I dined with the count; and, after dinner, we adjourned to the large hall. We walked up and down together: and I conversed with him, and with Col. B——, who joined us; and in this manner the hour for the assembly approached. God knows, I was thinking of nothing, when who should enter but the honorable Lady S——, accompanied by her noble husband and their silly, scheming daughter, with her small waist and flat neck; and, with disdainful looks and a haughty air, they passed me by. As I heartily detest the whole race, I determined upon going away; and only waited till the count had disengaged himself from their impertinent prattle, to take leave, when the agreeable Miss B—— came in. As I never meet her without experiencing a heartfelt pleasure, I staid and talked to her, leaning over the back of her chair, and did not perceive, till after some time, that she seemed a little confused, and ceased to answer me with her usual ease of manner. I was struck with it. "Heavens!" I said to myself, "can she, too, be like the rest?" I felt annoyed, and was about to withdraw; but I remained, notwithstanding, forming excuses for her conduct, fancying she did not mean it, and still hoping to receive some friendly recognition. The rest of the company now arrived. There was the Baron F——, in an entire suit that dated from the coronation of Francis I.; the Chancellor N——, with his deaf wife; the shabbily-dressed I——, whose old-fashioned coat bore evidence of modern repairs: this crowned the whole. I conversed with some of my acquaintances, but they answered me laconically. I was engaged in observing Miss B——, and did not notice that the women were whispering at the end of the room, that the murmur extended by degrees to the men, that Madame S—— addressed the count with much warmth (this was all related to me subsequently by Miss B——); till at length the count came up to me, and took me to the window. "You know our ridiculous customs,"

he said. "I perceive the company is rather displeased at your being here. I would not on any account" — "I beg your excellency's pardon!" I exclaimed. "I ought to have thought of this before, but I know you will forgive this little inattention. I was going," I added, "some time ago, but my evil genius detained me." And I smiled and bowed, to take my leave. He shook me by the hand, in a manner which expressed every thing. I hastened at once from the illustrious assembly, sprang into a carriage, and drove to M——. I contemplated the setting sun from the top of the hill, and read that beautiful passage in Homer, where Ulysses is entertained by the hospitable herdsmen. This was indeed delightful.

I returned home to supper in the evening. But few persons were assembled in the room. They had turned up a corner of the tablecloth, and were playing at dice. The good-natured A—— came in. He laid down his hat when he saw me, approached me, and said in a low tone, "You have met with a disagreeable adventure." — "I!" I exclaimed. "The count obliged you to withdraw from the assembly!" — "Deuce take the assembly!" said I. "I was very glad to be gone." — "I am delighted," he added, "that you take it so lightly. I am only sorry that it is already so much spoken of." The circumstance then began to pain me. I fancied that every one who sat down, and even looked at me, was thinking of this incident; and my heart became embittered.

And now I could plunge a dagger into my bosom, when I hear myself everywhere pitied, and observe the triumph of my enemies, who say that this is always the case with vain persons, whose heads are turned with conceit, who affect to despise forms and such petty, idle nonsense.

Say what you will of fortitude, but show me the man who can patiently endure the laughter of fools, when they have obtained an advantage over him. 'Tis only when their nonsense is without foundation that one can suffer it without complaint.

March 16.

Every thing conspires against me. I met Miss B—— walking to-day. I could not help joining her; and, when we were at a little distance from her companions, I expressed my sense of her altered manner towards me. "O Werther!" she said, in a tone of emotion, "you, who know my heart,

how could you so ill interpret my distress? What did I not suffer for you, from the moment you entered the room! I foresaw it all, — a hundred times was I on the point of mentioning it to you. I knew that the S——s and T——s, with their husbands, would quit the room, rather than remain in your company. I knew that the count would not break with them: and now so much is said about it." — "How!" I exclaimed, and endeavored to conceal my emotion; for all that Adelin had mentioned to me yesterday recurred to me painfully at that moment. "Oh, how much it has already cost me!" said this amiable girl, while her eyes filled with tears. I could scarcely contain myself, and was ready to throw myself at her feet. "Explain yourself!" I cried. Tears flowed down her cheeks. I became quite frantic. She wiped them away, without attempting to conceal them. "You know my aunt," she continued; "she was present: and in what light does she consider the affair! Last night, and this morning, Werther, I was compelled to listen to a lecture upon my acquaintance with you. I have been obliged to hear you condemned and depreciated; and I could not — I dared not — say much in your defence."

Every word she uttered was a dagger to my heart. She did not feel what a mercy it would have been to conceal every thing from me. She told me, in addition, all the impertinence that would be further circulated, and how the malicious would triumph; how they would rejoice over the punishment of my pride, over my humiliation for that want of esteem for others with which I had often been reproached. To hear all this, Wilhelm, uttered by her in a voice of the most sincere sympathy, awakened all my passions; and I am still in a state of extreme excitement. I wish I could find a man to jeer me about this event. I would sacrifice him to my resentment. The sight of his blood might possibly be a relief to my fury. A hundred times have I seized a dagger, to give ease to this oppressed heart. Naturalists tell of a noble race of horses that instinctively open a vein with their teeth, when heated and exhausted by a long course, in order to breathe more freely. I am often tempted to open a vein, to procure for myself everlasting liberty.

March 24.

I have tendered my resignation to the court. I hope it will be accepted, and you will forgive me for not having previously consulted you. It is necessary I should leave this

place. I know all you will urge me to stay, and therefore — I beg you will soften this news to my mother. I am unable to do any thing for myself: how, then, should I be competent to assist others? It will afflict her that I should have interrupted that career which would have made me first a privy councillor, and then minister, and that I should look behind me, in place of advancing. Argue as you will, combine all the reasons which should have induced me to remain, — I am going: that is sufficient. But, that you may not be ignorant of my destination, I may mention that the Prince of —— is here. He is much pleased with my company; and, having heard of my intention to resign, he has invited me to his country house, to pass the spring months with him. I shall be left completely my own master; and, as we agree on all subjects but one, I shall try my fortune, and accompany him.

April 19.

Thanks for both your letters. I delayed my reply, and withheld this letter, till I should obtain an answer from the court. I feared my mother might apply to the minister to defeat my purpose. But my request is granted, my resignation is accepted. I shall not recount with what reluctance it was accorded, nor relate what the minister has written: you would only renew your lamentations. The Crown Prince has sent me a present of five and twenty ducats; and, indeed, such goodness has affected me to tears. For this reason I shall not require from my mother the money for which I lately applied.

May 5.

I leave this place to-morrow; and, as my native place is only six miles from the high road, I intend to visit it once more, and recall the happy dreams of my childhood. I shall enter at the same gate through which I came with my mother, when, after my father's death, she left that delightful retreat to immure herself in your melancholy town. Adieu, my dear friend: you shall hear of my future career.

May 9.

I have paid my visit to my native place with all the devotion of a pilgrim, and have experienced many unexpected emotions. Near the great elm-tree, which is a quarter of a

league from the village, I got out of the carriage, and sent it on before, that alone, and on foot, I might enjoy vividly and heartily all the pleasure of my recollections. I stood there under that same elm which was formerly the term and object of my walks. How things have since changed! Then, in happy ignorance, I sighed for a world I did not know, where I hoped to find every pleasure and enjoyment which my heart could desire; and now, on my return from that wide world, O my friend, how many disappointed hopes and unsuccessful plans have I brought back!

As I contemplated the mountains which lay stretched out before me, I thought how often they had been the object of my dearest desires. Here used I to sit for hours together with my eyes bent upon them, ardently longing to wander in the shade of those woods, to lose myself in those valleys, which form so delightful an object in the distance. With what reluctance did I leave this charming spot, when my hour of recreation was over, and my leave of absence expired! I drew near to the village: all the well-known old summer-houses and gardens were recognized again; I disliked the new ones, and all other alterations which had taken place. I entered the village, and all my former feelings returned. I cannot, my dear friend, enter into details, charming as were my sensations: they would be dull in the narration. I had intended to lodge in the market-place, near our old house. As soon as I entered, I perceived that the schoolroom, where our childhood had been taught by that good old woman, was converted into a shop. I called to mind the sorrow, the heaviness, the tears, and oppression of heart, which I experienced in that confinement. Every step produced some particular impression. A pilgrim in the Holy Land does not meet so many spots pregnant with tender recollections, and his soul is hardly moved with greater devotion. One incident will serve for illustration. I followed the course of a stream to a farm, formerly a delightful walk of mine, and paused at the spot, where, when boys, we used to amuse ourselves making ducks and drakes upon the water. I recollected so well how I used formerly to watch the course of that same stream, following it with inquiring eagerness, forming romantic ideas of the countries it was to pass through; but my imagination was soon exhausted: while the water continued flowing farther and farther on, till my fancy became bewildered by the contemplation of an invisible distance. Exactly such, my dear

friend, so happy and so confined, were the thoughts of our good ancestors. Their feelings and their poetry were fresh as childhood. And, when Ulysses talks of the immeasurable sea and boundless earth, his epithets are true, natural, deeply felt, and mysterious. Of what importance is it that I have learned, with every schoolboy, that the world is round? Man needs but little earth for enjoyment, and still less for his final repose.

I am at present with the prince at his hunting-lodge. He is a man with whom one can live happily. He is honest and unaffected. There are, however, some strange characters about him, whom I cannot at all understand. They do not seem vicious, and yet they do not carry the appearance of thoroughly honest men. Sometimes I am disposed to believe them honest, and yet I cannot persuade myself to confide in them. It grieves me to hear the prince occasionally talk of things which he has only read or heard of, and always with the same view in which they have been represented by others.

He values my understanding and talents more highly than my heart, but I am proud of the latter only. It is the sole source of every thing, — of our strength, happiness, and misery. All the knowledge I possess every one else can acquire, but my heart is exclusively my own.

May 25.

I have had a plan in my head of which I did not intend to speak to you until it was accomplished: now that it has failed, I may as well mention it. I wished to enter the army, and had long been desirous of taking the step. This, indeed, was the chief reason for my coming here with the prince, as he is a general in the —— service. I communicated my design to him during one of our walks together. He disapproved of it, and it would have been actual madness not to have listened to his reasons.

June 11.

Say what you will, I can remain here no longer. Why should I remain? Time hangs heavy upon my hands. The prince is as gracious to me as any one could be, and yet I am not at my ease. There is, indeed, nothing in common between us. He is a man of understanding, but quite of the ordinary kind. His conversation affords me no more amusement than I should derive from the perusal of a well-

written book. I shall remain here a week longer, and then start again on my travels. My drawings are the best things I have done since I came here. The prince has a taste for the arts, and would improve if his mind were not fettered by cold rules and mere technical ideas. I often lose patience, when, with a glowing imagination, I am giving expression to art and nature, he interferes with learned suggestions, and uses at random the technical phraseology of artists.

JULY 16.

Once more I am a wanderer, a pilgrim, through the world. But what else are you!

JULY 18.

Whither am I going? I will tell you in confidence. I am obliged to continue a fortnight longer here, and then I think it would be better for me to visit the mines in ——. But I am only deluding myself thus. The fact is, I wish to be near Charlotte again, — that is all. I smile at the suggestions of my heart, and obey its dictates.

JULY 29.

No, no! it is yet well — all is well! I her husband! O God, who gave me being, if thou hadst destined this happiness for me, my whole life would have been one continual thanksgiving! But I will not murmur — forgive these tears, forgive these fruitless wishes. She — my wife! Oh, the very thought of folding that dearest of Heaven's creatures in my arms! Dear Wilhelm, my whole frame feels convulsed when I see Albert put his arms round her slender waist!

And shall I avow it? Why should I not, Wilhelm? She would have been happier with me than with him. Albert is not the man to satisfy the wishes of such a heart. He wants a certain sensibility; he wants — in short, their hearts do not beat in unison. How often, my dear friend, in reading a passage from some interesting book, when my heart and Charlotte's seemed to meet, and in a hundred other instances when our sentiments were unfolded by the story of some fictitious character, have I felt that we were made for each other! But, dear Wilhelm, he loves her with his whole soul; and what does not such a love deserve?

I have been interrupted by an insufferable visit. I have

dried my tears, and composed my thoughts. Adieu, my best friend!

Aug. 4.

I am not alone unfortunate. All men are disappointed in their hopes, and deceived in their expectations. I have paid a visit to my good old woman under the lime-trees. The eldest boy ran out to meet me: his exclamation of joy brought out his mother, but she had a very melancholy look. Her first word was, "Alas! dear sir, my little John is dead." He was the youngest of her children. I was silent. "And my husband has returned from Switzerland without any money; and, if some kind people had not assisted him, he must have begged his way home. He was taken ill with fever on his journey." I could answer nothing, but made the little one a present. She invited me to take some fruit: I complied, and left the place with a sorrowful heart.

Aug. 21.

My sensations are constantly changing. Sometimes a happy prospect opens before me; but alas! it is only for a moment: and then, when I am lost in reverie, I cannot help saying to myself, "If Albert were to die? — Yes, she would become — and I should be" — and so I pursue a chimera, till it leads me to the edge of a precipice at which I shudder.

When I pass through the same gate, and walk along the same road which first conducted me to Charlotte, my heart sinks within me at the change that has since taken place. All, all, is altered! No sentiment, no pulsation of my heart, is the same. My sensations are such as would occur to some departed prince whose spirit should return to visit the superb palace which he had built in happy times, adorned with costly magnificence, and left to a beloved son, but whose glory he should find departed, and its halls deserted and in ruins.

Sept. 3.

I sometimes cannot understand how she can love another, how she dares love another, when I love nothing in this world so completely, so devotedly, as I love her, when I know only her, and have no other possession than her in the world.

SEPT. 4.

It is even so! As nature puts on her autumn-tints, it becomes autumn with me and around me. My leaves are sere and yellow, and the neighboring trees are divested of their foliage. Do you remember my writing to you about a peasant-boy shortly after my arrival here? I have just made inquiries about him in Walheim. They say he has been dismissed from his service, and is now avoided by every one. I met him yesterday on the road, going to a neighboring village. I spoke to him, and he told me his story. It interested me exceedingly, as you will easily understand when I repeat it to you. But why should I trouble you? Why should I not reserve all my sorrow for myself? Why should I continue to give you occasion to pity and blame me? But no matter: this also is part of my destiny.

At first the peasant-lad answered my inquiries with a sort of subdued melancholy, which seemed to me the mark of a timid disposition; but, as we grew to understand each other, he spoke with less reserve, and openly confessed his faults, and lamented his misfortune. I wish, my dear friend, I could give proper expression to his language. He told me with a sort of pleasurable recollection, that, after my departure, his passion for his mistress increased daily, until at last he neither knew what he did nor what he said, nor what was to become of him. He could neither eat nor drink nor sleep: he felt a sense of suffocation; he disobeyed all orders, and forgot all commands involuntarily; he seemed as if pursued by an evil spirit, till one day, knowing that his mistress had gone to an upper chamber, he had followed, or, rather, been drawn after her. As she proved deaf to his entreaties, he had recourse to violence. He knows not what happened; but he called God to witness that his intentions to her were honorable, and that he desired nothing more sincerely than that they should marry, and pass their lives together. When he had come to this point, he began to hesitate, as if there was something which he had not courage to utter, till at length he acknowledged with some confusion certain little confidences she had encouraged, and liberties she had allowed. He broke off two or three times in his narration, and assured me most earnestly that he had no wish to make her bad, as he termed it, for he loved her still as sincerely as ever; that the tale had never before escaped his lips, and was only now told to convince me that he was not utterly lost and abandoned. And here, my dear friend,

I must commence the old song which you know I utter eternally. If I could only represent the man as he stood, and stands now before me, — could I only give his true expressions, you would feel compelled to sympathize in his fate. But enough: you, who know my misfortune and my disposition, can easily comprehend the attraction which draws me towards every unfortunate being, but particularly towards him whose story I have recounted.

On perusing this letter a second time, I find I have omitted the conclusion of my tale; but it is easily supplied. She became reserved towards him, at the instigation of her brother who had long hated him, and desired his expulsion from the house, fearing that his sister's second marriage might deprive his children of the handsome fortune they expected from her; as she is childless. He was dismissed at length; and the whole affair occasioned so much scandal, that the mistress dared not take him back, even if she had wished it. She has since hired another servant, with whom, they say, her brother is equally displeased, and whom she is likely to marry; but my informant assures me that he himself is determined not to survive such a catastrophe.

This story is neither exaggerated nor embellished: indeed, I have weakened and impaired it in the narration, by the necessity of using the more refined expressions of society.

This love, then, this constancy, this passion, is no poetical fiction. It is actual, and dwells in its greatest purity amongst that class of mankind whom we term rude, uneducated. We are the educated, not the perverted! But read this story with attention, I implore you. I am tranquil to-day, for I have been employed upon this narration: you see by my writing that I am not so agitated as usual. Read and re-read this tale, Wilhelm: it is the history of your friend! My fortune has been and will be similar; and I am neither half so brave nor half so determined as the poor wretch with whom I hesitate to compare myself.

SEPT. 5.

Charlotte had written a letter to her husband in the country, where he was detained by business. It commenced, "My dearest love, return as soon as possible: I await you with a thousand raptures." A friend who arrived, brought word, that, for certain reasons, he could not return immediately. Charlotte's letter was not forwarded, and the same evening it fell into my hands. I read it, and smiled. She

asked the reason. "What a heavenly treasure is imagination!" I exclaimed; "I fancied for a moment that this was written to me." She paused, and seemed displeased. I was silent.

SEPT. 6.

It cost me much to part with the blue coat which I wore the first time I danced with Charlotte. But I could not possibly wear it any longer. But I have ordered a new one, precisely similar, even to the collar and sleeves, as well as a new waistcoat and pantaloons.

But it does not produce the same effect upon me. I know not how it is, but I hope in time I shall like it better.

SEPT. 12.

She has been absent for some days. She went to meet Albert. To-day I visited her: she rose to receive me, and I kissed her hand most tenderly.

A canary at the moment flew from a mirror, and settled upon her shoulder. "Here is a new friend," she observed, while she made him perch upon her hand: "he is a present for the children. What a dear he is! Look at him! When I feed him, he flutters with his wings, and pecks so nicely. He kisses me, too, — only look!"

She held the bird to her mouth; and he pressed her sweet lips with so much fervor, that he seemed to feel the excess of bliss which he enjoyed.

"He shall kiss you too," she added; and then she held the bird towards me. His little beak moved from her mouth to mine, and the delightful sensation seemed like the forerunner of the sweetest bliss.

"A kiss," I observed, "does not seem to satisfy him: he wishes for food, and seems disappointed by these unsatisfactory endearments."

"But he eats out of my mouth," she continued, and extended her lips to him containing seed; and she smiled with all the charm of a being who has allowed an innocent participation of her love.

I turned my face away. She should not act thus. She ought not to excite my imagination with such displays of heavenly innocence and happiness, nor awaken my heart from its slumbers, in which it dreams of the worthlessness of life! And why not? Because she knows how much I love her.

Sept. 15.

It makes me wretched, Wilhelm, to think that there should be men incapable of appreciating the few things which possess a real value in life. You remember the walnut-trees at S——, under which I used to sit with Charlotte, during my visits to the worthy old vicar. Those glorious trees, the very sight of which has so often filled my heart with joy, how they adorned and refreshed the parsonage-yard, with their wide-extended branches! and how pleasing was our remembrance of the good old pastor, by whose hands they were planted so many years ago! The schoolmaster has frequently mentioned his name. He had it from his grandfather. He must have been a most excellent man; and, under the shade of those old trees, his memory was ever venerated by me. The schoolmaster informed us yesterday, with tears in his eyes, that those trees had been felled. Yes, cut to the ground! I could, in my wrath, have slain the monster who struck the first stroke. And I must endure this! — I, who, if I had had two such trees in my own court, and one had died from old age, should have wept with real affliction. But there is some comfort left, — such a thing is sentiment, — the whole village murmurs at the misfortune; and I hope the vicar's wife will soon find, by the cessation of the villagers' presents, how much she has wounded the feelings of the neighborhood. It was she who did it, — the wife of the present incumbent (our good old man is dead), — a tall, sickly creature, who is so far right to disregard the world, as the world totally disregards her. The silly being affects to be learned, pretends to examine the canonical books, lends her aid towards the new-fashioned reformation of Christendom, moral and critical, and shrugs up her shoulders at the mention of Lavater's enthusiasm. Her health is destroyed, on account of which she is prevented from having any enjoyment here below. Only such a creature could have cut down my walnut-trees! I can never pardon it. Hear her reasons. The falling leaves made the court wet and dirty; the branches obstructed the light; boys threw stones at the nuts when they were ripe, and the noise affected her nerves, and disturbed her profound meditations, when she was weighing the difficulties of Kennicot, Semler, and Michaelis. Finding that all the parish, particularly the old people, were displeased, I asked "why they allowed it?" — "Ah, sir!" they replied, "when the steward orders, what can we poor peasants do?" But one thing has hap-

pened well. The steward and the vicar (who, for once, thought to reap some advantage from the caprices of his wife) intended to divide the trees between them. The revenue-office, being informed of it, revived an old claim to the ground where the trees had stood, and sold them to the best bidder. There they still lie on the ground. If I were the sovereign, I should know how to deal with them all, — vicar, steward, and revenue-office. Sovereign, did I say? I should, in that case, care little about the trees that grew in the country.

Oct. 10.

Only to gaze upon her dark eyes is to me a source of happiness! And what grieves me, is, that Albert does not seem so happy as he — hoped to be — as I should have been — if — I am no friend to these pauses, but here I cannot express it otherwise; and probably I am explicit enough.

Oct. 12.

Ossian has superseded Homer in my heart. To what a world does the illustrious bard carry me! To wander over pathless wilds, surrounded by impetuous whirlwinds, where, by the feeble light of the moon, we see the spirits of our ancestors; to hear from the mountain-tops, mid the roar of torrents, their plaintive sounds issuing from deep caverns, and the sorrowful lamentations of a maiden who sighs and expires on the mossy tomb of the warrior by whom she was adored. I meet this bard with silver hair; he wanders in the valley; he seeks the footsteps of his fathers, and, alas! he finds only their tombs. Then, contemplating the pale moon, as she sinks beneath the waves of the rolling sea, the memory of bygone days strikes the mind of the hero, — days when approaching danger invigorated the brave, and the moon shone upon his bark laden with spoils, and returning in triumph. When I read in his countenance deep sorrow, when I see his dying glory sink exhausted into the grave, as he inhales new and heart-thrilling delight from his approaching union with his beloved, and he casts a look on the cold earth and the tall grass which is so soon to cover him, and then exclaims, "The traveller will come, — he will come who has seen my beauty, and he will ask, 'Where is the bard, — where is the illustrious son of Fingal?' He will walk over my tomb, and will seek me in vain!" Then, O

my friend, I could instantly, like a true and noble knight, draw my sword, and deliver my prince from the long and painful languor of a living death, and dismiss my own soul to follow the demigod whom my hand had set free!

Oct. 19.

Alas! the void — the fearful void, which I feel in my bosom! Sometimes I think, if I could only once — but once, press her to my heart, this dreadful void would be filled.

Oct. 26.

Yes, I feel certain, Wilhelm, and every day I become more certain, that the existence of any being whatever is of very little consequence. A friend of Charlotte's called to see her just now. I withdrew into a neighboring apartment, and took up a book; but, finding I could not read, I sat down to write. I heard them converse in an undertone: they spoke upon indifferent topics, and retailed the news of the town. One was going to be married; another was ill, very ill, — she had a dry cough, her face was growing thinner daily, and she had occasional fits. "N—— is very unwell too," said Charlotte. "His limbs begin to swell already," answered the other; and my lively imagination carried me at once to the beds of the infirm. There I see them struggling against death, with all the agonies of pain and horror; and these women, Wilhelm, talk of all this with as much indifference as one would mention the death of a stranger. And when I look around the apartment where I now am, — when I see Charlotte's apparel lying before me, and Albert's writings, and all those articles of furniture which are so familiar to me, even to the very inkstand which I am using, — when I think what I am to this family — every thing. My friends esteem me; I often contribute to their happiness, and my heart seems as if it could not beat without them; and yet — if I were to die, if I were to be summoned from the midst of this circle, would they feel — or how long would they feel — the void which my loss would make in their existence? How long! Yes, such is the frailty of man, that even there, where he has the greatest consciousness of his own being, where he makes the strongest and most forcible impression, even in the memory, in the heart, of his beloved, there also he must perish, — vanish, — and that quickly.

Oct. 27.

I could tear open my bosom with vexation to think how little we are capable of influencing the feelings of each other. No one can communicate to me those sensations of love, joy, rapture, and delight which I do not naturally possess; and, though my heart may glow with the most lively affection, I cannot make the happiness of one in whom the same warmth is not inherent.

Oct. 27: Evening.

I possess so much, but my love for her absorbs it all. I possess so much, but without her I have nothing.

Oct. 30.

One hundred times have I been on the point of embracing her. Heavens! what a torment it is to see so much loveliness passing and repassing before us, and yet not dare to lay hold of it! And laying hold is the most natural of human instincts. Do not children touch every thing they see? And I!

Nov. 3.

Witness, heaven, how often I lie down in my bed with a wish, and even a hope, that I may never awaken again. And in the morning, when I open my eyes, I behold the sun once more, and am wretched. If I were whimsical, I might blame the weather, or an acquaintance, or some personal disappointment, for my discontented mind; and then this insupportable load of trouble would not rest entirely upon myself. But, alas! I feel it too sadly. I am alone the cause of my own woe, am I not? Truly, my own bosom contains the source of all my sorrow, as it previously contained the source of all my pleasure. Am I not the same being who once enjoyed an excess of happiness, who, at every step, saw paradise open before him, and whose heart was ever expanded towards the whole world? And this heart is now dead, no sentiment can revive it; my eyes are dry; and my senses, no more refreshed by the influence of soft tears, wither and consume my brain. I suffer much, for I have lost the only charm of life: that active, sacred power which created worlds around me, — it is no more. When I look from my window at the distant hills, and behold the morning sun breaking through the mists, and illuminating the country around, which is still wrapped in

silence, whilst the soft stream winds gently through the willows, which have shed their leaves; when glorious nature displays all her beauties before me, and her wondrous prospects are ineffectual to extract one tear of joy from my withered heart, — I feel that in such a moment I stand like a reprobate before heaven, hardened, insensible, and unmoved. Oftentimes do I then bend my knee to the earth, and implore God for the blessing of tears, as the despondingly laborer in some scorching climate prays for the dews of heaven to moisten his parched corn.

But I feel that God does not grant sunshine or rain to our importunate entreaties. And oh those bygone days, whose memory now torments me! why were they so fortunate? Because I then waited with patience for the blessings of the Eternal, and received his gifts with the grateful feelings of a thankful heart.

Nov. 8.

Charlotte has reproved me for my excesses, with so much tenderness and goodness! I have lately been in the habit of drinking more wine than heretofore. "Don't do it," she said. "Think of Charlotte!" — "Think of you!" I answered; "need you bid me do so? Think of you — I do not think of you: you are ever before my soul! This very morning I sat on the spot where, a few days ago, you descended from the carriage, and" — She immediately changed the subject to prevent me from pursuing it farther. My dear friend, my energies are all prostrated: she can do with me what she pleases.

Nov. 15.

I thank you, Wilhelm, for your cordial sympathy, for your excellent advice; and I implore you to be quiet. Leave me to my sufferings. In spite of my wretchedness, I have still strength enough for endurance. I revere religion — you know I do. I feel that it can impart strength to the feeble and comfort to the afflicted, but does it affect all men equally? Consider this vast universe: you will see thousands for whom it has never existed, thousands for whom it will never exist, whether it be preached to them, or not: and must it, then, necessarily exist for me? Does not the Son of God himself say that they are his whom the Father has given to him? Have I been given to him? What if the Father will retain me for himself, as my heart sometimes

suggests? I pray you, do not misinterpret this. Do not extract derision from my harmless words. I pour out my whole soul before you. Silence were otherwise preferable to me, but I need not shrink from a subject of which few know more than I do myself. What is the destiny of man, but to fill up the measure of his sufferings, and to drink his allotted cup of bitterness? And if that same cup proved bitter to the God of heaven, under a human form, why should I affect a foolish pride, and call it sweet? Why should I be ashamed of shrinking at that fearful moment, when my whole being will tremble between existence and annihilation, when a remembrance of the past, like a flash of lightning, will illuminate the dark gulf of futurity, when every thing shall dissolve around me, and the whole world vanish away? Is not this the voice of a creature oppressed beyond all resource, self-deficient, about to plunge into inevitable destruction, and groaning deeply at its inadequate strength, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" And should I feel ashamed to utter the same expression? Should I not shudder at a prospect which had its fears, even for him who folds up the heavens like a garment?

Nov. 21.

She does not feel, she does not know, that she is preparing a poison which will destroy us both; and I drink deeply of the draught which is to prove my destruction. What mean those looks of kindness with which she often — often? no, not often, but sometimes, regards me, that complacency with which she hears the involuntary sentiments which frequently escape me, and the tender pity for my sufferings which appears in her countenance?

Yesterday, when I took leave, she seized me by the hand, and said, "Adieu, dear Werther." Dear Werther! It was the first time she ever called me dear: the sound sunk deep into my heart. I have repeated it a hundred times; and last night, on going to bed, and talking to myself of various things, I suddenly said, "Good-night, dear Werther!" and then could not but laugh at myself.

Nov. 22.

I cannot pray, "Leave her to me!" and yet she often seems to belong to me. I cannot pray, "Give her to me!" for she is another's. In this way I affect mirth over my

troubles; and, if I had time, I could compose a whole litany of antitheses.

Nov. 24.

She is sensible of my sufferings. This morning her look pierced my very soul. I found her alone, and she was silent: she steadfastly surveyed me. I no longer saw in her face the charms of beauty or the fire of genius: these had disappeared. But I was affected by an expression much more touching, a look of the deepest sympathy and of the softest pity. Why was I afraid to throw myself at her feet? Why did I not dare to take her in my arms, and answer her by a thousand kisses? She had recourse to her piano for relief, and in a low and sweet voice accompanied the music with delicious sounds. Her lips never appeared so lovely: they seemed but just to open, that they might imbibe the sweet tones which issued from the instrument, and return the heavenly vibration from her lovely mouth. Oh! who can express my sensations? I was quite overcome, and, bending down, pronounced this vow: "Beautiful lips, which the angels guard, never will I seek to profane your purity with a kiss." And yet, my friend, Oh, I wish — but my heart is darkened by doubt and indecision — could I but taste felicity, and then die to expiate the sin! What sin?

Nov. 26.

Oftentimes I say to myself, "Thou alone art wretched: all other mortals are happy, — none are distressed like thee! Then I read a passage in an ancient poet, and I seem to understand my own heart. I have so much to endure! Have men before me ever been so wretched?

Nov. 30.

I shall never be myself again! Wherever I go, some fatality occurs to distract me. Even to-day — alas for our destiny! alas for human nature!

About dinner-time I went to walk by the river-side, for I had no appetite. Every thing around seemed gloomy: a cold and damp easterly wind blew from the mountains, and black, heavy clouds spread over the plain. I observed at a distance a man in a tattered coat: he was wandering among the rocks, and seemed to be looking for plants. When I approached, he turned round at the noise; and I saw that he

had an interesting countenance in which a settled melancholy, strongly marked by benevolence, formed the principal feature. His long black hair was divided, and flowed over his shoulders. As his garb betokened a person of the lower order, I thought he would not take it ill if I inquired about his business; and I therefore asked what he was seeking. He replied, with a deep sigh, that he was looking for flowers, and could find none. "But it is not the season," I observed, with a smile. "Oh, there are so many flowers!" he answered, as he came nearer to me. "In my garden there are roses and honeysuckles of two sorts: one sort was given to me by my father; they grow as plentifully as weeds; I have been looking for them these two days, and cannot find them. There are flowers out there, yellow, blue, and red; and that centaury has a very pretty blossom: but I can find none of them." I observed his peculiarity, and therefore asked him, with an air of indifference, what he intended to do with his flowers. A strange smile overspread his countenance. Holding his finger to his mouth, he expressed a hope that I would not betray him; and he then informed me that he had promised to gather a nosegay for his mistress. "That is right," said I. "Oh!" he replied, "she possesses many other things as well: she is very rich." — "And yet," I continued, "she likes your nosegays." — "Oh, she has jewels and crowns!" he exclaimed. I asked who she was. "If the states-general would but pay me," he added, "I should be quite another man. Alas! there was a time when I was so happy; but that is past, and I am now" — He raised his swimming eyes to heaven. "And you were happy once?" I observed. "Ah, would I were so still!" was his reply. "I was then as gay and contented as a man can be." An old woman, who was coming towards us, now called out, "Henry, Henry! where are you? We have been looking for you everywhere: come to dinner." — "Is he your son?" I inquired, as I went towards her. "Yes," she said: "he is my poor, unfortunate son. The Lord has sent me a heavy affliction." I asked whether he had been long in this state. She answered, "He has been as calm as he is at present for about six months. I thank Heaven that he has so far recovered: he was for one whole year quite raving, and chained down in a madhouse. Now he injures no one, but talks of nothing else than kings and queens. He used to be a very good, quiet youth, and helped to maintain me; he wrote a very fine hand; but all at once he became melancholy, was seized

with a violent fever, grew distracted, and is now as you see. If I were only to tell you, sir" — I interrupted her by asking what period it was in which he boasted of having been so happy. "Poor boy!" she exclaimed, with a smile of compassion, "he means the time when he was completely deranged, — a time he never ceases to regret, — when he was in the madhouse, and unconscious of every thing." I was thunderstruck: I placed a piece of money in her hand, and hastened away.

"You were happy!" I exclaimed, as I returned quickly to the town, "'as gay and contented as a man can be!' God of heaven! and is this the destiny of man? Is he only happy before he has acquired his reason, or after he has lost it? Unfortunate being! And yet I envy your fate: I envy the delusion to which you are a victim. You go forth with joy to gather flowers for your princess, — in winter, — and grieve when you can find none, and cannot understand why they do not grow. But I wander forth without joy, without hope, without design; and I return as I came. You fancy what a man you would be if the states-general paid you. Happy mortal, who can ascribe your wretchedness to an earthly cause! You do not know, you do not feel, that in your own distracted heart and disordered brain dwells the source of that unhappiness which all the potentates on earth cannot relieve.

Let that man die unconsoled who can deride the invalid for undertaking a journey to distant, healthful springs, — where he often finds only a heavier disease and a more painful death, — or who can exult over the despairing mind of a sinner, who, to obtain peace of conscience and an alleviation of misery, makes a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Each laborious step which galls his wounded feet in rough and untrodden paths pours a drop of balm into his troubled soul, and the journey of many a weary day brings a nightly relief to his anguished heart. Will you dare call this enthusiasm, ye crowd of pompous declaimers? Enthusiasm! O God! thou seest my tears. Thou hast allotted us our portion of misery: must we also have brethren to persecute us, to deprive us of our consolation, of our trust in thee, and in thy love and mercy? For our trust in the virtue of the healing root, or in the strength of the vine, what is it else than a belief in thee from whom all that surrounds us derives its healing and restoring powers? Father, whom I know not, — who wert once wont to fill my soul, but

who now hidest thy face from me, — call me back to thee; be silent no longer; thy silence shall not delay a soul which thirsts after thee. What man, what father, could be angry with a son for returning to him suddenly, for falling on his neck, and exclaiming, "I am here again, my father! forgive me if I have anticipated my journey, and returned before the appointed time! The world is everywhere the same, — a scene of labor and pain, of pleasure and reward; but what does it all avail? I am happy only where thou art, and in thy presence am I content to suffer or enjoy." And wouldst thou, heavenly Father, banish such a child from thy presence?

DEC. 1.

Wilhelm, the man about whom I wrote to you — that man so enviable in his misfortunes — was secretary to Charlotte's father; and an unhappy passion for her which he cherished, concealed, and at length discovered, caused him to be dismissed from his situation. This made him mad. Think, whilst you peruse this plain narration, what an impression the circumstance has made upon me! But it was related to me by Albert with as much calmness as you will probably peruse it.

DEC. 4.

I implore your attention. It is all over with me. I can support this state no longer. To-day I was sitting by Charlotte. She was playing upon her piano a succession of delightful melodies, with such intense expression! Her little sister was dressing her doll upon my lap. The tears came into my eyes. I leaned down, and looked intently at her wedding-ring: my tears fell — immediately she began to play that favorite, that divine air which has so often enchanted me. I felt comfort from a recollection of the past, of those bygone days when that air was familiar to me; and then I recalled all the sorrows and the disappointments which I had since endured. I paced with hasty strides through the room, my heart became convulsed with painful emotions. At length I went up to her, and exclaimed with eagerness, "For Heaven's sake, play that air no longer!" She stopped, and looked steadfastly at me. She then said, with a smile which sunk deep into my heart, "Werther, you are ill: your dearest food is distasteful to you. But go, I entreat you, and endeavor to compose yourself." I tore

myself away. God, thou seest my torments, and wilt end them!

Dec. 6.

How her image haunts me! Waking or asleep, she fills my entire soul! Soon as I close my eyes, here, in my brain, where all the nerves of vision are concentrated, her dark eyes are imprinted. Here — I do not know how to describe it; but, if I shut my eyes, hers are immediately before me: dark as an abyss they open upon me, and absorb my senses.

And what is man — that boasted demigod? Do not his powers fail when he most requires their use? And whether he soar in joy, or sink in sorrow, is not his career in both inevitably arrested? And, whilst he fondly dreams that he is grasping at infinity, does he not feel compelled to return to a consciousness of his cold, monotonous existence?

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

It is a matter of extreme regret that we want original evidence of the last remarkable days of our friend; and we are, therefore, obliged to interrupt the progress of his correspondence, and to supply the deficiency by a connected narration.

I have felt it my duty to collect accurate information from the mouths of persons well acquainted with his history. The story is simple; and all the accounts agree, except in some unimportant particulars. It is true, that, with respect to the characters of the persons spoken of, opinions and judgments vary.

We have only, then, to relate conscientiously the facts which our diligent labor has enabled us to collect, to give the letters of the deceased, and to pay particular attention to the slightest fragment from his pen, more especially as it is so difficult to discover the real and correct motives of men who are not of the common order.

Sorrow and discontent had taken deep root in Werther's soul, and gradually imparted their character to his whole being. The harmony of his mind became completely disturbed; a perpetual excitement and mental irritation, which

weakened his natural powers, produced the saddest effects upon him, and rendered him at length the victim of an exhaustion against which he struggled with still more painful efforts than he had displayed, even in contending with his other misfortunes. His mental anxiety weakened his various good qualities; and he was soon converted into a gloomy companion, — always unhappy and unjust in his ideas, the more wretched he became. This was, at least, the opinion of Albert's friends. They assert, moreover, that the character of Albert himself had undergone no change in the mean time: he was still the same being whom Werther had loved, honored, and respected from the commencement. His love for Charlotte was unbounded: he was proud of her, and desired that she should be recognized by every one as the noblest of created beings. Was he, however, to blame for wishing to avert from her every appearance of suspicion? or for his unwillingness to share his rich prize with another, even for a moment, and in the most innocent manner? It is asserted that Albert frequently retired from his wife's apartment during Werther's visits; but this did not arise from hatred or aversion to his friend, but only from a feeling that his presence was oppressive to Werther.

Charlotte's father, who was confined to the house by indisposition, was accustomed to send his carriage for her, that she might make excursions in the neighborhood. One day the weather had been unusually severe, and the whole country was covered with snow.

Werther went for Charlotte the following morning, in order that, if Albert were absent, he might conduct her home.

The beautiful weather produced but little impression on his troubled spirit. A heavy weight lay upon his soul, deep melancholy had taken possession of him, and his mind knew no change save from one painful thought to another.

As he now never enjoyed internal peace, the condition of his fellow-creatures was to him a perpetual source of trouble and distress. He believed he had disturbed the happiness of Albert and his wife; and, whilst he censured himself strongly for this, he began to entertain a secret dislike to Albert.

His thoughts were occasionally directed to this point. "Yes," he would repeat to himself, with ill-concealed dissatisfaction, "yes, this is, after all, the extent of that confiding, dear, tender, and sympathetic love, that calm and

eternal fidelity! What do I behold but satiety and indifference? Does not every frivolous engagement attract him more than his charming and lovely wife? Does he know how to prize his happiness? Can he value her as she deserves? He possesses her, it is true. — I know that, as I know much more, — and I have become accustomed to the thought that he will drive me mad, or, perhaps, murder me. Is his friendship towards me unimpaired? Does he not view my attachment to Charlotte as an infringement upon his rights, and consider my attention to her as a silent rebuke to himself? I know, and indeed feel, that he dislikes me, — that he wishes for my absence, — that my presence is hateful to him."

He would often pause when on his way to visit Charlotte, stand still, as though in doubt, and seem desirous of returning, but would nevertheless proceed; and, engaged in such thoughts and soliloquies as we have described, he finally reached the hunting-lodge, with a sort of involuntary consent.

Upon one occasion he entered the house; and, inquiring for Charlotte, he observed that the inmates were in a state of unusual confusion. The eldest boy informed him that a dreadful misfortune had occurred at Walheim, — that a peasant had been murdered! But this made little impression upon him. Entering the apartment, he found Charlotte engaged reasoning with her father, who, in spite of his infirmity, insisted on going to the scene of the crime, in order to institute an inquiry. The criminal was unknown: the victim had been found dead at his own door that morning. Suspicions were excited: the murdered man had been in the service of a widow, and the person who had previously filled the situation had been dismissed from her employment.

As soon as Werther heard this, he exclaimed with great excitement, "Is it possible! I must go to the spot — I cannot delay a moment!" He hastened to Walheim. Every incident returned vividly to his remembrance; and he entertained not the slightest doubt that that man was the murderer to whom he had so often spoken, and for whom he entertained so much regard. His way took him past the well-known lime-trees, to the house where the body had been carried; and his feelings were greatly excited at the sight of the fondly recollected spot. That threshold where the neighbors' children had so often played together was stained with blood; love and attachment, the noblest feelings of

human nature, had been converted into violence and murder. The huge trees stood there leafless and covered with hoar-frost; the beautiful hedgerows which surrounded the old churchyard-wall were withered; and the gravestones, half covered with snow, were visible through the openings.

As he approached the inn, in front of which the whole village was assembled, screams were suddenly heard. A troop of armed peasants was seen approaching, and every one exclaimed that the criminal had been apprehended. Werther looked, and was not long in doubt. The prisoner was no other than the servant, who had been formerly so attached to the widow, and whom he had met prowling about, with that suppressed anger and ill-concealed despair which we have before described.

"What have you done, unfortunate man?" inquired Werther, as he advanced towards the prisoner. The latter turned his eyes upon him in silence, and then replied with perfect composure, "No one will now marry her, and she will marry no one." The prisoner was taken in the inn, and Werther left the place.

The mind of Werther was fearfully excited by this shocking occurrence. He ceased, however, to be oppressed by his usual feeling of melancholy, moroseness, and indifference to every thing that passed around him. He entertained a strong degree of pity for the prisoner, and was seized with an indescribable anxiety to save him from his impending fate. He considered him so unfortunate, he deemed his crime so excusable, and thought his own condition so nearly similar, that he felt convinced he could make every one else view the matter in the light in which he saw it himself. He now became anxious to undertake his defence, and commenced composing an eloquent speech for the occasion; and, on his way to the hunting-lodge, he could not refrain from speaking aloud the statement which he resolved to make to the judge.

Upon his arrival, he found Albert had been before him: and he was a little perplexed by this meeting; but he soon recovered himself, and expressed his opinion with much warmth to the judge. The latter shook his head doubtingly; and although Werther urged his case with the utmost zeal, feeling, and determination in defence of his client, yet, as we may easily suppose, the judge was not much influenced by his appeal. On the contrary, he interrupted him in his address, reasoned with him seriously, and even administered

a rebuke to him for becoming the advocate of a murderer. He demonstrated, that, according to this precedent, every law might be violated, and the public security utterly destroyed. He added, moreover, that in such a case he could himself do nothing, without incurring the greatest responsibility; that every thing must follow in the usual course, and pursue the ordinary channel.

Werther, however, did not abandon his enterprise, and even besought the judge to connive at the flight of the prisoner. But this proposal was peremptorily rejected. Albert, who had taken some part in the discussion, coincided in opinion with the judge. At this Werther became enraged, and took his leave in great anger, after the judge had more than once assured him that the prisoner could not be saved.

The excess of his grief at this assurance may be inferred from a note we have found amongst his papers, and which was doubtless written upon this very occasion.

"You cannot be saved, unfortunate man! I see clearly that we cannot be saved!"

Werther was highly incensed at the observations which Albert had made to the judge in this matter of the prisoner. He thought he could detect therein a little bitterness towards himself personally; and although, upon reflection, it could not escape his sound judgment that their view of the matter was correct, he felt the greatest possible reluctance to make such an admission.

A memorandum of Werther's upon this point, expressive of his general feelings towards Albert, has been found amongst his papers.

"What is the use of my continually repeating that he is a good and estimable man? He is an inward torment to me, and I am incapable of being just towards him."

One fine evening in winter, when the weather seemed inclined to thaw, Charlotte and Albert were returning home together. The former looked from time to time about her, as if she missed Werther's company. Albert began to speak of him, and censured him for his prejudices. He alluded to his unfortunate attachment, and wished it were possible to discontinue his acquaintance. "I desire it on our own account," he added; "and I request you will compel him to alter his

deportment towards you, and to visit you less frequently. The world is censorious, and I know that here and there we are spoken of." Charlotte made no reply, and Albert seemed to feel her silence. At least, from that time, he never again spoke of Werther; and, when she introduced the subject, he allowed the conversation to die away, or else he directed the discourse into another channel.

The vain attempt Werther had made to save the unhappy murderer was the last feeble glimmering of a flame about to be extinguished. He sank almost immediately afterwards into a state of gloom and inactivity, until he was at length brought to perfect distraction by learning that he was to be summoned as a witness against the prisoner, who asserted his complete innocence.

His mind now became oppressed by the recollection of every misfortune of his past life. The mortification he had suffered at the ambassador's, and his subsequent troubles, were revived in his memory. He became utterly inactive. Destitute of energy, he was cut off from every pursuit and occupation which compose the business of common life; and he became a victim to his own susceptibility, and to his restless passion for the most amiable and beloved of women, whose peace he destroyed. In this unvarying monotony of existence his days were consumed; and his powers became exhausted without aim or design, until they brought him to a sorrowful end.

A few letters which he left behind, and which we here subjoin, afford the best proofs of his anxiety of mind and of the depth of his passion, as well as of his doubts and struggles, and of his weariness of life.

DEC. 12.

Dear Wilhelm, I am reduced to the condition of those unfortunate wretches who believe they are pursued by an evil spirit. Sometimes I am oppressed, not by apprehension or fear, but by an inexpressible internal sensation, which weighs upon my heart, and impedes my breath! Then I wander forth at night, even in this tempestuous season, and feel pleasure in surveying the dreadful scenes around me.

Yesterday evening I went forth. A rapid thaw had suddenly set in: I had been informed that the river had risen, that the brooks had all overflowed their banks, and that the whole vale of Walheim was under water! Upon the stroke of twelve I hastened forth. I beheld a fearful sight. The

foaming torrents rolled from the mountains in the moonlight, — fields and meadows, trees and hedges, were confounded together; and the entire valley was converted into a deep lake, which was agitated by the roaring wind! And when the moon shone forth, and tinged the black clouds with silver, and the impetuous torrent at my feet foamed and resounded with awful and grand impetuosity, I was overcome by a mingled sensation of apprehension and delight. With extended arms I looked down into the yawning abyss, and cried, "Plunge!" For a moment my senses forsook me, in the intense delight of ending my sorrows and my sufferings by a plunge into that gulf! And then I felt as if I were rooted to the earth, and incapable of seeking an end to my woes! But my hour is not yet come: I feel it is not. O Wilhelm, how willingly could I abandon my existence to ride the whirlwind, or to embrace the torrent! and then might not rapture perchance be the portion of this liberated soul?

I turned my sorrowful eyes towards a favorite spot, where I was accustomed to sit with Charlotte beneath a willow after a fatiguing walk. Alas! it was covered with water, and with difficulty I found even the meadow. And the fields around the hunting-lodge, thought I. Has our dear bower been destroyed by this unpitying storm? And a beam of past happiness streamed upon me, as the mind of a captive is illumined by dreams of flocks and herds and bygone joys of home! But I am free from blame. I have courage to die! Perhaps I have, — but I still sit here, like a wretched pauper, who collects fagots, and begs her bread from door to door, that she may prolong for a few days a miserable existence which she is unwilling to resign.

DEC. 15.

What is the matter with me, dear Wilhelm? I am afraid of myself! Is not my love for her of the purest, most holy, and most brotherly nature? Has my soul ever been sullied by a single sensual desire? but I will make no protestations. And now, ye nightly visions, how truly have those mortals understood you, who ascribe your various contradictory effects to some invincible power! This night — I tremble at the avowal — I held her in my arms, locked in a close embrace: I pressed her to my bosom, and covered with countless kisses those dear lips which murmured in reply soft protestations of love. My sight became confused by the delicious intoxication of her eyes. Heavens! is it sinful to

revel again in such happiness, to recall once more those rapturous moments with intense delight? Charlotte! Charlotte! I am lost! My senses are bewildered, my recollection is confused, mine eyes are bathed in tears — I am ill; and yet I am well — I wish for nothing — I have no desires — it were better I were gone.

Under the circumstances narrated above, a determination to quit this world had now taken fixed possession of Werther's soul. Since Charlotte's return, this thought had been the final object of all his hopes and wishes; but he had resolved that such a step should not be taken with precipitation, but with calmness and tranquillity, and with the most perfect deliberation.

His troubles and internal struggles may be understood from the following fragment, which was found, without any date, amongst his papers, and appears to have formed the beginning of a letter to Wilhelm.

"Her presence, her fate, her sympathy for me, have power still to extract tears from my withered brain.

"One lifts up the curtain, and passes to the other side, — that is all! And why all these doubts and delays? Because we know not what is behind — because there is no returning — and because our mind infers that all is darkness and confusion, where we have nothing but uncertainty."

His appearance at length became quite altered by the effect of his melancholy thoughts; and his resolution was now finally and irrevocably taken, of which the following ambiguous letter, which he addressed to his friend, may appear to afford some proof.

Dec. 20.

I am grateful to your love, Wilhelm, for having repeated your advice so seasonably. Yes, you are right: it is undoubtedly better that I should depart. But I do not entirely approve your scheme of returning at once to your neighborhood; at least, I should like to make a little excursion on the way, particularly as we may now expect a continued frost, and consequently good roads. I am much pleased with your intention of coming to fetch me; only delay your journey for a fortnight, and wait for another letter from me. One should gather nothing before it is ripe, and a fortnight

sooner or later makes a great difference. Entreat my mother to pray for her son, and tell her I beg her pardon for all the unhappiness I have occasioned her. It has ever been my fate to give pain to those whose happiness I should have promoted. Adieu, my dearest friend. May every blessing of heaven attend you! Farewell.

We find it difficult to express the emotions with which Charlotte's soul was agitated during the whole of this time, whether in relation to her husband or to her unfortunate friend; although we are enabled, by our knowledge of her character, to understand their nature.

It is certain that she had formed a determination, by every means in her power to keep Werther at a distance; and, if she hesitated in her decision, it was from a sincere feeling of friendly pity, knowing how much it would cost him, — indeed, that he would find it almost impossible to comply with her wishes. But various causes now urged her to be firm. Her husband preserved a strict silence about the whole matter; and she never made it a subject of conversation, feeling bound to prove to him by her conduct that her sentiments agreed with his.

The same day, which was the Sunday before Christmas, after Werther had written the last-mentioned letter to his friend, he came in the evening to Charlotte's house, and found her alone. She was busy preparing some little gifts for her brothers and sisters, which were to be distributed to them on Christmas Day. He began talking of the delight of the children, and of that age when the sudden appearance of the Christmas-tree, decorated with fruit and sweetmeats, and lighted up with wax candles, causes such transports of joy. "You shall have a gift too, if you behave well," said Charlotte, hiding her embarrassment under a sweet smile. "And what do you call behaving well? What should I do, what can I do, my dear Charlotte?" said he. "Thursday night," she answered, "is Christmas Eve. The children are all to be here, and my father too: there is a present for each; do you come likewise, but do not come before that time." Werther started. "I desire you will not: it must be so," she continued. "I ask it of you as a favor, for my own peace and tranquillity. We cannot go on in this manner any longer." He turned away his face, walked hastily up and down the room, muttering indistinctly, "We cannot go on in this manner any longer!" Charlotte, seeing the violent

agitation into which these words had thrown him, endeavored to divert his thoughts by different questions, but in vain. "No, Charlotte!" he exclaimed; "I will never see you any more!" "And why so?" she answered. "We may — we must see each other again; only let it be with more discretion. Oh! why were you born with that excessive, that ungovernable passion for every thing that is dear to you?" Then, taking his hand, she said, "I entreat of you to be more calm: your talents, your understanding, your genius, will furnish you with a thousand resources. Be a man, and conquer an unhappy attachment towards a creature who can do nothing but pity you." He bit his lips, and looked at her with a gloomy countenance. She continued to hold his hand. "Grant me but a moment's patience, Werther," she said. "Do you not see that you are deceiving yourself, that you are seeking your own destruction? Why must you love me, me only, who belong to another? I fear, I much fear, that it is only the impossibility of possessing me which makes your desire for me so strong." He drew back his hand, whilst he surveyed her with a wild and angry look. "'Tis well!" he exclaimed, "'tis very well! Did not Albert furnish you with this reflection? It is profound, a very profound remark." — "A reflection that any one might easily make," she answered; "and is there not a woman in the whole world who is at liberty, and has the power to make you happy? Conquer yourself: look for such a being, and believe me when I say that you will certainly find her. I have long felt for you, and for us all: you have confined yourself too long within the limits of too narrow a circle. Conquer yourself; make an effort: a short journey will be of service to you. Seek and find an object worthy of your love; then return hither, and let us enjoy together all the happiness of the most perfect friendship."

"This speech," replied Werther with a cold smile, "this speech should be printed, for the benefit of all teachers. My dear Charlotte, allow me but a short time longer, and all will be well." — "But however, Werther," she added, "do not come again before Christmas." He was about to make some answer, when Albert came in. They saluted each other coldly, and with mutual embarrassment paced up and down the room. Werther made some common remarks; Albert did the same, and their conversation soon dropped. Albert asked his wife about some household matters; and,

finding that his commissions were not executed, he used some expressions which, to Werther's ear, savored of extreme harshness. He wished to go, but had not power to move; and in this situation he remained till eight o'clock, his uneasiness and discontent continually increasing. At length the cloth was laid for supper, and he took up his hat and stick. Albert invited him to remain; but Werther, fancying that he was merely paying a formal compliment, thanked him coldly, and left the house.

Werther returned home, took the candle from his servant, and retired to his room alone. He talked for some time with great earnestness to himself, wept aloud, walked in a state of great excitement through his chamber; till at length, without undressing, he threw himself on the bed, where he was found by his servant at eleven o'clock, when the latter ventured to enter the room, and take off his boots. Werther did not prevent him, but forbade him to come in the morning till he should ring.

On Monday morning, the 21st of December, he wrote to Charlotte the following letter, which was found, sealed, on his bureau after his death, and was given to her. I shall insert it in fragments; as it appears, from several circumstances, to have been written in that manner.

"It is all over, Charlotte: I am resolved to die! I make this declaration deliberately and coolly, without any romantic passion, on this morning of the day when I am to see you for the last time. At the moment you read these lines, O best of women, the cold grave will hold the inanimate remains of that restless and unhappy being who, in the last moments of his existence, knew no pleasure so great as that of conversing with you! I have passed a dreadful night — or rather, let me say, a propitious one; for it has given me resolution, it has fixed my purpose. I am resolved to die. When I tore myself from you yesterday, my senses were in tumult and disorder; my heart was oppressed, hope and pleasure had fled from me forever, and a petrifying cold had seized my wretched being. I could scarcely reach my room. I threw myself on my knees; and Heaven, for the last time, granted me the consolation of shedding tears. A thousand ideas, a thousand schemes, arose within my soul; till at length one last, fixed, final thought took possession of my heart. It was to die. I lay down to rest; and in the morning, in the quiet hour of awakening, the same determination

was upon me. To die! It is not despair: it is conviction that I have filled up the measure of my sufferings, that I have reached my appointed term, and must sacrifice myself for thee. Yes, Charlotte, why should I not avow it? One of us three must die: it shall be Werther. O beloved Charlotte! this heart, excited by rage and fury, has often conceived the horrid idea of murdering your husband — you — myself! The lot is cast at length. And in the bright, quiet evenings of summer, when you sometimes wander towards the mountains, let your thoughts then turn to me: recollect how often you have watched me coming to meet you from the valley; then bend your eyes upon the churchyard which contains my grave, and, by the light of the setting sun, mark how the evening breeze waves the tall grass which grows above my tomb. I was calm when I began this letter, but the recollection of these scenes makes me weep like a child."

About ten in the morning, Werther called his servant, and, whilst he was dressing, told him that in a few days he intended to set out upon a journey, and bade him therefore lay his clothes in order, and prepare them for packing up, call in all his accounts, fetch home the books he had lent, and give two months' pay to the poor dependants who were accustomed to receive from him a weekly allowance.

He breakfasted in his room, and then mounted his horse, and went to visit the steward, who, however, was not at home. He walked pensively in the garden, and seemed anxious to renew all the ideas that were most painful to him.

The children did not suffer him to remain alone long. They followed him, skipping and dancing before him, and told him, that after to-morrow — and to-morrow — and one day more, they were to receive their Christmas gift from Charlotte; and they then recounted all the wonders of which they had formed ideas in their child imaginations. "To-morrow — and to-morrow," said he, "and one day more!" And he kissed them tenderly. He was going; but the younger boy stopped him, to whisper something in his ear. He told him that his elder brothers had written splendid New-Year's wishes — so large! — one for papa, and another for Albert and Charlotte, and one for Werther; and they were to be presented early in the morning, on New-Year's Day. This quite overcame him. He made each of the children a present, mounted his horse, left his compliments

for papa and mamma, and, with tears in his eyes, rode away from the place.

He returned home about five o'clock, ordered his servant to keep up his fire, desired him to pack his books and linen at the bottom of the trunk, and to place his coats at the top. He then appears to have made the following addition to the letter addressed to Charlotte: —

"You do not expect me. You think I will obey you, and not visit you again till Christmas Eve. O Charlotte, to-day or never! On Christmas Eve you will hold this paper in your hand; you will tremble, and moisten it with your tears. I will — I must! Oh, how happy I feel to be determined!"

In the mean time, Charlotte was in a pitiable state of mind. After her last conversation with Werther, she found how painful to herself it would be to decline his visits, and knew how severely he would suffer from their separation.

She had, in conversation with Albert, mentioned casually that Werther would not return before Christmas Eve; and soon afterwards Albert went on horseback to see a person in the neighborhood, with whom he had to transact some business which would detain him all night.

Charlotte was sitting alone. None of her family were near, and she gave herself up to the reflections that silently took possession of her mind. She was forever united to a husband whose love and fidelity she had proved, to whom she was heartily devoted, and who seemed to be a special gift from Heaven to insure her happiness. On the other hand, Werther had become dear to her. There was a cordial unanimity of sentiment between them from the very first hour of their acquaintance, and their long association and repeated interviews had made an indelible impression upon her heart. She had been accustomed to communicate to him every thought and feeling which interested her, and his absence threatened to open a void in her existence which it might be impossible to fill. How heartily she wished that she might change him into her brother, — that she could induce him to marry one of her own friends, or could re-establish his intimacy with Albert.

She passed all her intimate friends in review before her mind, but found something objectionable in each, and could decide upon none to whom she would consent to give him.

Amid all these considerations she felt deeply but indis-

tinctly that her own real but unexpressed wish was to retain him for herself, and her pure and amiable heart felt from this thought a sense of oppression which seemed to forbid a prospect of happiness. She was wretched: a dark cloud obscured her mental vision.

It was now half-past six o'clock, and she heard Werther's step on the stairs. She at once recognized his voice, as he inquired if she were at home. Her heart beat audibly — we could almost say for the first time — at his arrival. It was too late to deny herself; and, as he entered, she exclaimed, with a sort of ill-concealed confusion, "You have not kept your word!" — "I promised nothing," he answered. "But you should have complied, at least for my sake," she continued. "I implore you, for both our sakes."

She scarcely knew what she said or did, and sent for some friends, who, by their presence, might prevent her being left alone with Werther. He put down some books he had brought with him, then made inquiries about some others, until she began to hope that her friends might arrive shortly, entertaining at the same time a desire that they might stay away.

At one moment she felt anxious that the servant should remain in the adjoining room, then she changed her mind. Werther, meanwhile, walked impatiently up and down. She went to the piano, and determined not to retire. She then collected her thoughts, and sat down quietly at Werther's side, who had taken his usual place on the sofa.

"Have you brought nothing to read?" she inquired. He had nothing. "There in my drawer," she continued, "you will find your own translation of some of the songs of Ossian. I have not yet read them, as I have still hoped to hear you recite them; but, for some time past, I have not been able to accomplish such a wish." He smiled, and went for the manuscript, which he took with a shudder. He sat down and, with eyes full of tears, he began to read.

"Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud; thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings: the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

"And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist! his heroes are around: and see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like gales of spring as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly-whistling grass.

"Minona came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair was flying slowly with the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Oft had they seen the grave of Salgar, the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma. Colma left alone on the hill with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

"*Colma.* It is night: I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent is howling down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain: forlorn on the hill of winds!

"Rise moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! His bow near him unstrung, his dogs panting around him! But here I must sit alone by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar; why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father, with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes: we are not foes, O Salgar!

"Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around! let my wanderer hear me! Salgar! it is Colma who calls. Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love, I am here! Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

"Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends! To Colma

they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears. Ah, they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar? Why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight! Speak to me! hear my voice! hear me, sons of my love! They are silent! silent forever! Cold, cold, are their breasts of clay! Oh, from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! Speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale: no answer half drowned in the storm!

"I sit in my grief: I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream. Why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill — when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! For sweet shall my voice be for my friends: pleasant were her friends to Colma.

"Such was thy song, Minona, softly-blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant, the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house: their voice had ceased in Selma! Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard their strife on the hill: their song was soft, but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal: his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned: his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of car-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp with Ullin: the song of mourning rose!

"*Ryno.* The wind and the rain are past, calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs,

O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age: red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou, as a blast in the wood — as a wave on the lonely shore?

"*Alpin.* My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead — my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar: the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more: thy bow shall lie in thy hall unstrung!

"Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert: terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain, like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm: they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow. Thy face was like the sun after rain: like the moon in the silence of night: calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

"Narrow is thy dwelling now! dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee, no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

"Who on his staff is this? Who is this whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war, he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown, why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! Weep, but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead, — low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice, — no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more, nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendor of thy steel. Thou hast left no son. The song shall preserve thy name, Future times shall hear of thee — they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

"The grief of all arose, but most the bursting sigh of

Armin. He remembers the death of his son, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor was near the hero, the chief of the echoing Galmal. Why burst the sigh of Armin? he said. Is there a cause to mourn? The song comes with its music to melt and please the soul. It is like soft mist that, rising from a lake, pours on the silent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the sun returns in his strength, and the mist is gone Why art thou sad, O Armin, chief of sea-surrounded Gorma?

"Sad I am! nor small is my cause of woe! Carmor, thou hast lost no son; thou hast lost no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives, and Annira, fairest maid. The boughs of thy house ascend, O Carmor! but Armin is the last of his race. Dark is thy bed, O Daura! deep thy sleep in the tomb! When shalt thou wake with thy songs?—with all thy voice of music?

"Arise, winds of autumn, arise: blow along the heath. Streams of the mountains, roar; roar, tempests in the groves of my oaks! Walk through broken clouds, O moon! show thy pale face at intervals; bring to my mind the night when all my children fell, when Arindal the mighty fell—when Daura the lovely failed. Daura, my daughter, thou wert fair, fair as the moon on Fura, white as the driven snow, sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift on the field, thy look was like mist on the wave, thy shield a red cloud in a storm! Armar, renowned in war, came and sought Daura's love. He was not long refused: fair was the hope of their friends.

"Erath, son of Odgal, repined: his brother had been slain by Armar. He came disguised like a son of the sea: fair was his cliff on the wave, white his locks of age, calm his serious brow. Fairest of women, he said, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not distant in the sea bears a tree on its side; red shines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I come to carry his love! she went—she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son of the rock. Armar, my love, my love! why tormentest thou me with fear? Hear, son of Arnart, hear! it is Daura who calleth thee. Erath, the traitor, fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice—she called for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve you, Daura.

"Her voice came over the sea. Arindal, my son, descended from the hill, rough in the spoils of the chase. His arrows rattled by his side; his bow was in his hand, five

dark-gray dogs attended his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore; he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick wind the thongs of the hide around his limbs; he loads the winds with his groans. Arindal ascends the deep in his boat to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered shaft. It sung, it sunk in thy heart, O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou diest. The oar is stopped at once: he panted on the rock, and expired. What is thy grief, O Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood. The boat is broken in twain. Armar plunges into the sea to rescue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blast from a hill came over the waves; he sank, and he rose no more.

"Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain; frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore: I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; the rain beat hard on the hill. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak; it died away like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left thee, Armin, alone. Gone is my strength in war, fallen my pride among women. When the storms aloft arise, when the north lifts the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock.

"Often by the setting moon I see the ghosts of my children; half viewless they walk in mournful conference together."

A torrent of tears which streamed from Charlotte's eyes and gave relief to her bursting heart, stopped Werther's recitation. He threw down the book, seized her hand, and wept bitterly. Charlotte leaned upon her hand, and buried her face in her handkerchief: the agitation of both was excessive. They felt that their own fate was pictured in the misfortunes of Ossian's heroes,—they felt this together, and their tears redoubled. Werther supported his forehead on Charlotte's arm: she trembled, she wished to be gone; but sorrow and sympathy lay like a leaden weight upon her soul. She recovered herself shortly, and begged Werther, with broken sobs, to leave her,—implored him with the utmost earnestness to comply with her request. He trembled; his heart was ready to burst: then, taking up the book again, he recommenced reading, in a voice broken by sobs.

"Why dost thou waken me, O spring? Thy voice woos me, exclaiming, I refresh thee with heavenly dews; but the time of my decay is approaching, the storm is nigh that shall wither my leaves. To-morrow the traveller shall come,—he shall come, who beheld me in beauty: his eye shall seek me in the field around, but he shall not find me."

The whole force of these words fell upon the unfortunate Werther. Full of despair, he threw himself at Charlotte's feet, seized her hands, and pressed them to his eyes and to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project now struck her for the first time. Her senses were bewildered: she held his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and, leaning towards him with emotions of the tenderest pity, her warm cheek touched his. They lost sight of every thing. The world disappeared from their eyes. He clasped her in his arms, strained her to his bosom, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. "Werther!" she cried with a faint voice, turning herself away; "Werther!" and, with a feeble hand, she pushed him from her. At length, with the firm voice of virtue, she exclaimed, "Werther!" He resisted not, but, tearing himself from her arms, fell on his knees before her. Charlotte rose, and, with disordered grief, in mingled tones of love and resentment, she exclaimed, "It is the last time, Werther! You shall never see me any more!" Then, casting one last, tender look upon her unfortunate lover, she rushed into the adjoining room, and locked the door. Werther held out his arms, but did not dare to detain her. He continued on the ground, with his head resting on the sofa, for half an hour, till he heard a noise which brought him to his senses. The servant entered. He then walked up and down the room; and, when he was again left alone, he went to Charlotte's door, and, in a low voice, said, "Charlotte, Charlotte! but one word more, one last adieu!" She returned no answer. He stopped, and listened and entreated; but all was silent. At length he tore himself from the place, crying, "Adieu, Charlotte, adieu, forever!"

Werther ran to the gate of the town. The guards, who knew him, let him pass in silence. The night was dark and stormy,—it rained and snowed. He reached his own door about eleven. His servant, although seeing him enter the house without his hat, did not venture to say any thing; and, as he undressed his master, he found that his clothes were wet. His hat was afterwards found on the point of a

rock overhanging the valley; and it is inconceivable how he could have climbed to the summit on such a dark, tempestuous night without losing his life.

He retired to bed, and slept to a late hour. The next morning his servant, upon being called to bring his coffee, found him writing. He was adding, to Charlotte, what we here annex.

"For the last, last time, I open these eyes. Alas! they will behold the sun no more. It is covered by a thick, impenetrable cloud. Yes, Nature! put on mourning: your child, your friend, your lover, draws near his end! This thought, Charlotte, is without parallel; and yet it seems like a mysterious dream when I repeat—this is my last day! The last! Charlotte, no word can adequately express this thought. The last! To-day I stand erect in all my strength—to-morrow, cold and stark, I shall lie extended upon the ground. To die! What is death? We do but dream in our discourse upon it. I have seen many human beings die; but, so straitened is our feeble nature, we have no clear conception of the beginning or the end of our existence. At this moment I am my own—or rather I am thine, thine, my adored!—and the next we are parted, severed—perhaps forever! No, Charlotte, no! How can I, how can you, be annihilated? We exist. What is annihilation? A mere word, an unmeaning sound that fixes no impression on the mind. Dead, Charlotte! laid in the cold earth, in the dark and narrow grave! I had a friend once who was every thing to me in early youth. She died. I followed her hearse; I stood by her grave when the coffin was lowered; and when I heard the creaking of the cords as they were loosened and drawn up, when the first shovelful of earth was thrown in, and the coffin returned a hollow sound, which grew fainter and fainter till all was completely covered over, I threw myself on the ground; my heart was smitten, grieved, shattered, rent—but I neither knew what had happened, nor what was to happen to me. Death! the grave! I understand not the words.—Forgive, oh forgive me! Yesterday—ah, that day should have been the last of my life! Thou angel!—for the first—first time in my existence, I felt rapture glow within my inmost soul. She loves, she loves me! Still burns upon my lips the sacred fire they received from thine. New torrents of delight overwhelm my soul. Forgive me, oh forgive!

"I knew that I was dear to you; I saw it in your first

entrancing look, knew it by the first pressure of your hand; but when I was absent from you, when I saw Albert at your side, my doubts and fears returned.

"Do you remember the flowers you sent me, when, at that crowded assembly, you could neither speak nor extend your hand to me? Half the night I was on my knees before those flowers, and I regarded them as the pledges of your love; but those impressions grew fainter, and were at length effaced.

"Every thing passes away; but a whole eternity could not extinguish the living flame which was yesterday kindled by your lips, and which now burns within me. She loves me! These arms have encircled her waist, these lips have trembled upon hers. She is mine! Yes, Charlotte, you are mine forever!

"And what do they mean by saying Albert is your husband? He may be so for this world; and in this world it is a sin to love you, to wish to tear you from his embrace. Yes, it is a crime; and I suffer the punishment, but I have enjoyed the full delight of my sin. I have inhaled a balm that has revived my soul. From this hour you are mine; yes, Charlotte, you are mine! I go before you. I go to my Father and to your Father. I will pour out my sorrows before him, and he will give me comfort till you arrive. Then will I fly to meet you. I will claim you, and remain in your eternal embrace, in the presence of the Almighty.

"I do not dream, I do not rave. Drawing nearer to the grave my perceptions become clearer. We shall exist; we shall see each other again; we shall behold your mother; I shall behold her, and expose to her my inmost heart. Your mother—your image!"

About eleven o'clock Werther asked his servant if Albert had returned. He answered, "Yes;" for he had seen him pass on horseback: upon which Werther sent him the following note, unsealed:—

"Be so good as to lend me your pistols for a journey. Adieu."

Charlotte had slept little during the past night. All her apprehensions were realized in a way that she could neither foresee nor avoid. Her blood was boiling in her veins, and a thousand painful sensations rent her pure heart. Was it the ardor of Werther's passionate embraces that she felt within her bosom? Was it anger at his daring? Was it the sad comparison of her present condition with former days

of innocence, tranquillity, and self-confidence? How could she approach her husband, and confess a scene which she had no reason to conceal, and which she yet felt, nevertheless, unwilling to avow? They had preserved so long a silence towards each other—and should she be the first to break it by so unexpected a discovery? She feared that the mere statement of Werther's visit would trouble him, and his distress would be heightened by her perfect candor. She wished that he could see her in her true light, and judge her without prejudice; but was she anxious that he should read her inmost soul? On the other hand, could she deceive a being to whom all her thoughts had ever been exposed as clearly as crystal, and from whom no sentiment had ever been concealed? These reflections made her anxious and thoughtful. Her mind still dwelt on Werther, who was now lost to her, but whom she could not bring herself to resign, and for whom she knew nothing was left but despair if she should be lost to him forever.

A recollection of that mysterious estrangement which had lately subsisted between herself and Albert, and which she could never thoroughly understand, was now beyond measure painful to her. Even the prudent and the good have before now, hesitated to explain their mutual differences, and have dwelt in silence upon their imaginary grievances, until circumstances have become so entangled, that in that critical juncture, when a calm explanation would have saved all parties, an understanding was impossible. And thus if domestic confidence had been earlier established between them, if love and kind forbearance had mutually animated and expanded their hearts, it might not, perhaps, even yet have been too late to save our friend.

But we must not forget one remarkable circumstance. We may observe from the character of Werther's correspondence, that he had never affected to conceal his anxious desire to quit this world. He had often discussed the subject with Albert; and, between the latter and Charlotte, it had not unfrequently formed a topic of conversation. Albert was so opposed to the very idea of such an action, that, with a degree of irritation unusual in him, he had more than once given Werther to understand that he doubted the seriousness of his threats, and not only turned them into ridicule, but caused Charlotte to share his feelings of incredulity. Her heart was thus tranquillized when she felt disposed to view the melancholy subject in a serious point

of view, though she never communicated to her husband the apprehensions she sometimes experienced.

Albert, upon his return, was received by Charlotte with ill-concealed embarrassment. He was himself out of humor; his business was unfinished; and he had just discovered that the neighboring official, with whom he had to deal, was an obstinate and narrow-minded personage. Many things had occurred to irritate him.

He inquired whether any thing had happened during his absence, and Charlotte hastily answered that Werther had been there on the evening previously. He then inquired for his letters, and was answered that several packages had been left in his study. He thereon retired, leaving Charlotte alone.

The presence of the being she loved and honored produced a new impression on her heart. The recollection of his generosity, kindness, and affection had calmed her agitation: a secret impulse prompted her to follow him; she took her work and went to his study, as was often her custom. He was busily employed opening and reading his letters. It seemed as if the contents of some were disagreeable. She asked some questions: he gave short answers, and sat down to write.

Several hours passed in this manner, and Charlotte's feelings became more and more melancholy. She felt the extreme difficulty of explaining to her husband, under any circumstances, the weight that lay upon her heart; and her depression became every moment greater, in proportion as she endeavored to hide her grief, and to conceal her tears.

The arrival of Werther's servant occasioned her the greatest embarrassment. He gave Albert a note, which the latter coldly handed to his wife, saying, at the same time, "Give him the pistols. I wish him a pleasant journey," he added, turning to the servant. These words fell upon Charlotte like a thunderstroke: she rose from her seat half-fainting, and unconscious of what she did. She walked mechanically towards the wall, took down the pistols with a trembling hand, slowly wiped the dust from them, and would have delayed longer, had not Albert hastened her movements by an impatient look. She then delivered the fatal weapons to the servant, without being able to utter a word. As soon as he had departed, she folded up her work, and retired at once to her room, her heart overcome with the most fearful forebodings. She anticipated some dread-

ful calamity. She was at one moment on the point of going to her husband, throwing herself at his feet, and acquainting him with all that had happened on the previous evening, that she might acknowledge her fault, and explain her apprehensions; then she saw that such a step would be useless, as she would certainly be unable to induce Albert to visit Werther. Dinner was served; and a kind friend whom she had persuaded to remain assisted to sustain the conversation, which was carried on by a sort of compulsion, till the events of the morning were forgotten.

When the servant brought the pistols to Werther, the latter received them with transports of delight upon hearing that Charlotte had given them to him with her own hand. He ate some bread, drank some wine, sent his servant to dinner, and then sat down to write as follows:—

"They have been in your hands—you wiped the dust from them. I kiss them a thousand times—you have touched them. Yes, Heaven favors my design—and you, Charlotte, provide me with the fatal instruments. It was my desire to receive my death from your hands, and my wish is gratified. I have made inquiries of my servant. You trembled when you gave him the pistols, but you bade me no adieu. Wretched, wretched that I am—not one farewell! How could you shut your heart against me in that hour which makes you mine forever? O Charlotte, ages cannot efface the impression—I feel you cannot hate the man who so passionately loves you!"

After dinner he called his servant, desired him to finish the packing up, destroyed many papers, and then went out to pay some trifling debts. He soon returned home, then went out again notwithstanding the rain, walked for some time in the count's garden, and afterwards proceeded farther into the country. Towards evening he came back once more, and resumed his writing.

"Wilhelm, I have for the last time beheld the mountains, the forests, and the sky. Farewell! And you, my dearest mother, forgive me! Console her, Wilhelm. God bless you! I have settled all my affairs! Farewell! We shall meet again, and be happier than ever."

"I have requited you badly, Albert; but you will forgive me. I have disturbed the peace of your home. I have sowed distrust between you. Farewell! I will end all

this wretchedness. And oh, that my death may render you happy! Albert, Albert! make that angel happy, and the blessing of Heaven be upon you!"

He spent the rest of the evening in arranging his papers: he tore and burned a great many; others he sealed up, and directed to Wilhelm. They contained some detached thoughts and maxims, some of which I have perused. At ten o'clock he ordered his fire to be made up, and a bottle of wine to be brought to him. He then dismissed his servant, whose room, as well as the apartments of the rest of the family, was situated in another part of the house. The servant lay down without undressing, that he might be the sooner ready for his journey in the morning, his master having informed him that the post-horses would be at the door before six o'clock.

"Past eleven o'clock! All is silent around me, and my soul is calm. I thank thee, O God, that thou bestowest strength and courage upon me in these last moments! I approach the window, my dearest of friends; and through the clouds, which are at this moment driven rapidly along by the impetuous winds, I behold the stars which illumine the eternal heavens. No, you will not fall, celestial bodies: the hand of the Almighty supports both you and me! I have looked for the last time upon the constellation of the Greater Bear: it is my favorite star; for when I bade you farewell at night, Charlotte, and turned my steps from your door, it always shone upon me. With what rapture have I at times beheld it! How often have I implored it with uplifted hands to witness my felicity! and even still— But what object is there, Charlotte, which fails to summon up your image before me? Do you not surround me on all sides? and have I not, like a child, treasured up every trifle which you have consecrated by your touch?

"Your profile, which was so dear to me, I return to you; and I pray you to preserve it. Thousands of kisses have I imprinted upon it, and a thousand times has it gladdened my heart on departing from and returning to my home.

"I have implored your father to protect my remains. At the corner of the churchyard, looking towards the fields, there are two lime-trees—there I wish to lie. Your father can, and doubtless will, do thus much for his friend. Implore it of him. But perhaps pious Christians will not choose that their bodies should be buried near the corpse of a poor, unhappy wretch like me. Then let me be laid in

some remote valley, or near the highway, where the priest and Levite may bless themselves as they pass by my tomb, whilst the Samaritan will shed a tear for my fate.

"See, Charlotte, I do not shudder to take the cold and fatal cup, from which I shall drink the draught of death. Your hand presents it to me, and I do not tremble. All, all is now concluded: the wishes and the hopes of my existence are fulfilled. With cold, unflinching hand I knock at the brazen portals of Death.

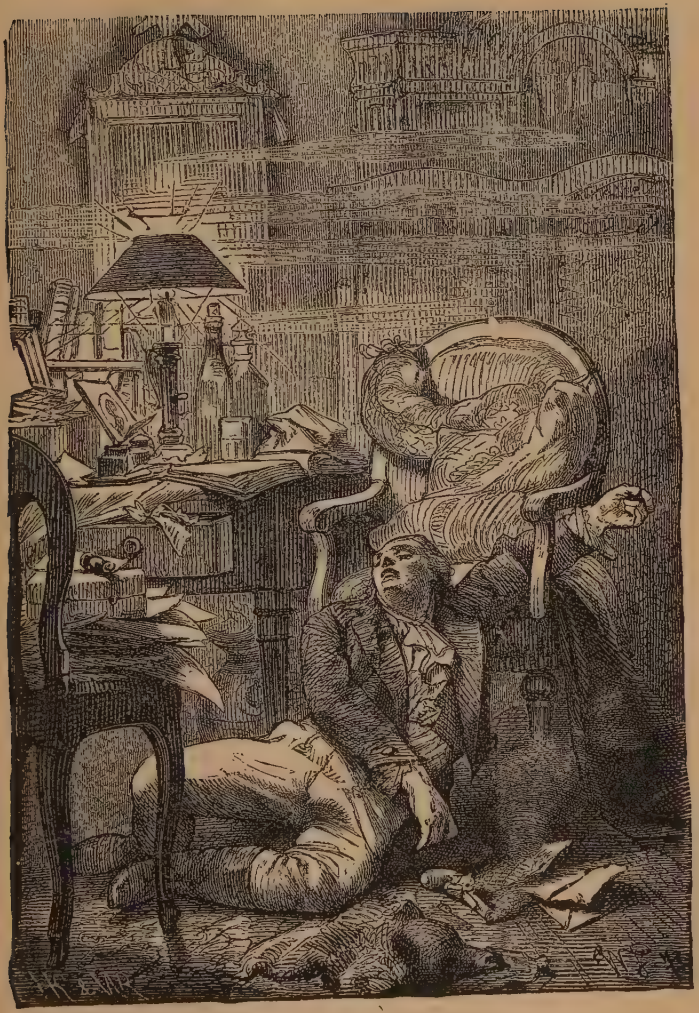
"Oh, that I had enjoyed the bliss of dying for you! how gladly would I have sacrificed myself for you, Charlotte! And could I but restore peace and joy to your bosom, with what resolution, with what joy, would I not meet my fate! But it is the lot of only a chosen few to shed their blood for their friends, and by their death to augment, a thousand times, the happiness of those by whom they are beloved.

"I wish, Charlotte, to be buried in the dress I wear at present: it has been rendered sacred by your touch. I have begged this favor of your father. My spirit soars above my sepulchre. I do not wish my pockets to be searched. The knot of pink ribbon which you wore on your bosom the first time I saw you, surrounded by the children—Oh, kiss them a thousand times for me, and tell them the fate of their unhappy friend! I think I see them playing around me. The dear children! How warmly have I been attached to you, Charlotte! Since the first hour I saw you, how impossible have I found it to leave you. This ribbon must be buried with me: it was a present from you on my birthday. How confused it all appears! Little did I then think that I should journey this road. But peace! I pray you, peace!

"They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve. I say amen. Charlotte, Charlotte! farewell, farewell!"

A neighbor saw the flash, and heard the report of the pistol; but, as every thing remained quiet, he thought no more of it.

In the morning, at six o'clock, the servant went into Werther's room with a candle. He found his master stretched upon the floor, weltering in his blood, and the pistols at his side. He called, he took him in his arms, but received no answer. Life was not yet quite extinct. The servant ran for a surgeon, and then went to fetch Albert. Charlotte heard the ringing of the bell: a cold shudder seized her. She wakened her husband, and they both rose.



The servant, bathed in tears, faltered forth the dreadful news. Charlotte fell senseless at Albert's feet.

When the surgeon came to the unfortunate Werther, he was still lying on the floor; and his pulse beat, but his limbs were cold. The bullet, entering the forehead, over the right eye, had penetrated the skull. A vein was opened in his right arm: the blood came, and he still continued to breathe.

From the blood which flowed from the chair, it could be inferred that he had committed the rash act sitting at his bureau, and that he afterwards fell upon the floor. He was found lying on his back near the window. He was in full-dress costume.

The house, the neighborhood, and the whole town were immediately in commotion. Albert arrived. They had laid Werther on the bed: his head was bound up, and the paleness of death was upon his face. His limbs were motionless; but he still breathed, at one time strongly, then weaker—his death was momently expected.

He had drunk only one glass of the wine. "Emilia Galotti" lay open upon his bureau.

I shall say nothing of Albert's distress, or of Charlotte's grief.

The old steward hastened to the house immediately upon hearing the news: he embraced his dying friend amid a flood of tears. His eldest boys soon followed him on foot. In speechless sorrow they threw themselves on their knees by the bedside, and kissed his hands and face. The eldest, who was his favorite, hung over him till he expired; and even then he was removed by force. At twelve o'clock Werther breathed his last. The presence of the steward, and the precautions he had adopted, prevented a disturbance; and that night, at the hour of eleven, he caused the body to be interred in the place which Werther had selected for himself.

The steward and his sons followed the corpse to the grave. Albert was unable to accompany them. Charlotte's life was despaired of. The body was carried by laborers. No priest attended.

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

Edward (so we shall call a wealthy nobleman in the prime of life) had been spending several hours of a fine April morning in his nursery-garden, budding the stems of some young trees with cuttings which had been recently sent to him. He had finished what he had been about; and, having laid his tools together in their box, was complacently surveying his work, when the gardener came up, and complimented his master on his industry.

"Have you seen my wife anywhere?" inquired Edward, as he moved to go away.

"My lady is alone yonder in the new grounds," said the man: "the summer-house which she has been making on the rock over against the castle is finished to-day, and really it is beautiful. It cannot fail to please your grace. The view from it is perfect, — the village at your feet; a little to your right the church, with its tower, which you can just see over; and directly opposite you the castle and the garden."

"Quite true," replied Edward: "I can see the people at work a few steps from where I am standing."

"And then, to the right of the church, again," continued the gardener, "is the opening of the valley; and you look along over a range of wood and meadow far into the distance. The steps up the rock, too, are excellently arranged. My lady understands these things: it is a pleasure to work under her orders."

"Go to her," said Edward, "and desire her to be so good as to wait for me there. Tell her I wish to see this new creation of hers, and enjoy it with her."

The gardener went rapidly off, and Edward soon followed. Descending the terrace, and stopping, as he passed, to look into the hot-houses and the forcing-pits, he came presently to the stream, and thence, over a narrow bridge, to a place where the walk leading to the summer-house branched off in two directions. One path led across the churchyard, immediately up the face of the rock. The other, into which he struck, wound away to the left, with a more gradual ascent, through a pretty shrubbery. Where the two paths joined again, a seat had been made, where he stopped a few moments to rest; and then, following the now single road, he found himself, after scrambling along among steps and slopes of all sorts and kinds, conducted at last through a narrow, more or less steep, outlet to the summer-house.

Charlotte was standing at the door to receive her husband. She made him sit down where, without moving, he could command a view of the different landscapes through the door and window, these serving as frames in which they were set like pictures. Spring was coming on: a rich, beautiful life would soon everywhere be bursting; and Edward spoke of it with delight.

"There is only one thing which I should observe," he added: "the summer-house itself is rather small."

"It is large enough for you and me, at any rate," answered Charlotte.

"Certainly," said Edward: "there is room for a third, too, easily."

"Of course; and for a fourth also," replied Charlotte. "For larger parties we can contrive other places."

"Now that we are here by ourselves, with no one to disturb us, and in such a pleasant mood," said Edward, "it is a good opportunity for me to tell you that I have for some time had something on my mind, about which I have wished to speak to you, but have never been able to muster up my courage."

"I have observed that there has been something of the sort," said Charlotte.

"And even now," Edward went on, "if it were not for a letter which the post brought me this morning, and which obliges me to come to some resolution to-day, I should very likely have still kept it to myself."

"What is it?" asked Charlotte, turning affectionately towards him.

"It concerns our friend the captain," answered Edward: "you know the unfortunate position in which he, like many others, is placed. It is through no fault of his own, but you may imagine how painful it must be for a person with his knowledge and talents and accomplishments to find himself without employment. I — I will not hesitate any longer with what I am wishing for him: I should like to have him here with us for a time."

"We must think about that," replied Charlotte: "it should be considered on more sides than one."

"I am quite ready to tell you what I have in view," returned Edward. "Through his last letters there is a prevailing tone of despondency, — not that he is really in any want: he knows thoroughly well how to limit his expenses, and I have taken care for every thing absolutely necessary. It is no distress to him to accept obligations from me: all our lives we have been in the habit of borrowing from and lending to each other; and we could not tell, if we would, how our debtor and credit account stands. It is being without occupation which is really fretting him. The many accomplishments which he has cultivated in himself it is his only pleasure — indeed it is his passion — to be daily and hourly exercising for the benefit of others. And now to sit still with his arms folded; or to go on studying, acquiring, and acquiring, when he can make no use of what he already possesses, — my dear creature, it is a painful situation; and, alone as he is, he feels it doubly and trebly."

"But I thought," said Charlotte, "that he had had offers from many different quarters. I myself wrote to numbers of my own friends, male and female, for him, and, as I have reason to believe, not without effect."

"It is true," replied Edward; "but these very offers, these various proposals, have only caused him fresh embarrassment. Not one of them is at all suitable to such a person as he is. He would have nothing to do: he would have to sacrifice himself, his time, his purposes, his whole method of life; and to that he cannot bring himself. The more I think of it all, the more I feel about it, and the more anxious I am to see him here with us."

"It is very beautiful and amiable on your part," answered Charlotte, "to enter with so much sympathy into your friend's position; only, you must allow me to ask you to think of yourself and of me, as well."

"I have done that," replied Edward. "For ourselves, we can have nothing to expect from his presence with us, except pleasure and advantage. I will say nothing of the expense. In any case, if he came to us, it would be but small; and you know he will be of no inconvenience to us at all. He can have his own rooms in the right wing of the castle, and every thing else can be arranged as simply as possible. What shall we not be thus doing for him! and how agreeable and how profitable may not his society prove to us! I have long been wishing for a plan of the property and the grounds. He will see to it, and get it made. You intend, yourself, to take the management of the estate, as soon as our present steward's term is expired; and that, you know, is a serious thing. His various information will be of immense benefit to us: I feel only too acutely how much I require a person of this kind. The country people have knowledge enough; but their way of imparting it is confused, and not always honest. The students from the towns and universities are sufficiently clever and orderly, but they are deficient in personal experience. From my friend, I can promise myself both knowledge and method; and hundreds of other circumstances I can easily conceive arising, affecting you as well as me, and from which I can foresee innumerable advantages. Thank you for so patiently listening to me. Now, do you say what you think, and say it out freely and fully: I will not interrupt you."

"Very well," replied Charlotte: "I will begin at once with a general observation. Men think most of the immediate — the present; and rightly, their calling being to do and to work. Women, on the other hand, more of how things hang together in life: and that rightly, too, because their destiny — the destiny of their families — is bound up in this interdependence; and it is exactly this which it is their mission to promote. So, now, let us cast a glance at our present and our past life; and you will acknowledge that the invitation of the captain does not fall in so entirely with our purposes, our plans, and our arrangements. I will go back to those happy days of our earliest intercourse. We loved each other, young as we then were, with all our hearts. We were parted: you from me — your father, from an insatiable desire of wealth, choosing to marry you to an elderly and rich lady; I from you, having to give my hand, without any especial motive, to an excellent man, whom I respected, if I did not love. We became again free — you first, your

poor mother at the same time leaving you in possession of your large fortune; I later, just at the time when you returned from abroad. So we met once more. We spoke of the past; we could enjoy and love the recollection of it; we might have been contented, in each other's society, to leave things as they were. You were urgent for our marriage. I at first hesitated. We were about the same age; but I, as a woman, had grown older than you as a man. At last I could not refuse you what you seemed to think the one thing you cared for. All the discomfort you had ever experienced, at court, in the army, or in travelling, you were to recover from at my side. You would settle down, and enjoy life, but only with me for your companion. I placed my daughter at a school where she could be more completely educated than would be possible in the retirement of the country; and I placed my niece Ottilie there with her as well, who, perhaps, would have grown up better at home with me, under my own care. This was done with your consent, merely that we might have our own lives to ourselves, — merely that we might enjoy undisturbed our so-long-wished-for, so-long-delayed, happiness. We came here, and settled ourselves. I undertook the domestic part of the *ménage;* you, the out-of-doors, and the general control. My own principle has been to meet your wishes in every thing, to live only for you. At least, let us give ourselves a fair trial how far in this way we can be enough for one another."

"Since the interdependence of things, as you call it, is your especial element," replied Edward, "one should either never listen to any of your trains of reasoning, or make up one's mind to allow you to be in the right; and, indeed, you have been in the right up to the present day. The foundation which we have hitherto been laying for ourselves is of the true, sound sort; only, are we to build nothing upon it? is nothing to be developed out of it? All the work we have done, — I in the garden, you in the park, — is it all only for a pair of hermits?"

"Well, well," replied Charlotte, "very well. What we have to look to is, that we introduce no alien element, nothing which shall cross or obstruct us. Remember, our plans, even those which only concern our amusements, depend mainly on our being together. You were to read to me, in consecutive order, the journal which you made when you were abroad. You were to take the opportunity of arranging it, putting all the loose matter connected with it in its

place; and, with me to work with you and help you, out of these invaluable but chaotic leaves and sheets, to put together a complete thing, which should give pleasure to ourselves and to others. I promised to assist you in transcribing; and we thought it would be so pleasant, so delightful, so charming, to travel over in recollection the world which we were unable to see together. The beginning is already made. Then, in the evenings, you have taken up your flute again, accompanying me on the piano; while, of visits backwards and forwards among the neighborhood, there is abundance. For my part, I have been promising myself out of all this the first really happy summer I have ever thought to spend in my life."

"Only, I cannot see," replied Edward, rubbing his forehead, "how, through every bit of this which you have been so sweetly and so sensibly laying before me, the captain's presence can be any interruption: I should rather have thought it would give it all fresh zest and life. He was my companion during a part of my travels. He made many observations from a different point of view from mine. We can put it all together, and so make a charmingly complete work of it."

"Well, then, I will acknowledge openly," answered Charlotte, with some impatience, "my feeling is against this plan. I have an instinct which tells me no good will come of it."

"You women are invincible in this way," replied Edward. "You are so sensible that there is no answering you; then, so affectionate, that one is glad to give way to you; full of feelings, which one cannot wound; and full of forebodings, which terrify one."

"I am not superstitious," said Charlotte: "and I care nothing for these dim sensations, merely as such; but, in general, they are the result of unconscious recollections of happy or unhappy consequences, which we have experienced as following on our own or others' actions. Nothing is of greater moment, in any state of things, than the intervention of a third person. I have seen friends, brothers and sisters, lovers, husbands and wives, whose relation to each other, through the accidental or intentional introduction of a third person, has been altogether changed, — whose whole moral condition has been inverted by it."

"That may very well be," replied Edward, "with people who live on, without looking where they are going; but

not, surely, with persons who have attained to self-consciousness."

"Self-consciousness, my dearest husband," insisted Charlotte, "is not a sufficient weapon. It is very often a most dangerous one for the person who bears it. And, out of all this, at least so much seems to arise, that we should not be in too great a hurry. Let me have a few days to think: don't decide."

"As the matter stands," returned Edward, "however many days we wait, we shall still be in too great a hurry. The arguments for and against are all before us; all we want is the conclusion; and, as things are, I think the best thing we can do is to draw lots."

"I know," said Charlotte, "that, in doubtful cases, it is your way to leave them to chance. To me, in such a serious matter, this seems almost a crime."

"Then, what am I to write to the captain?" cried Edward; "for write I must at once."

"Write him a kind, sensible, sympathizing letter," answered Charlotte.

"That is as good as none at all," replied Edward.

"And there are many cases," answered she, "in which we are obliged, and in which it is the real kindness, rather to write nothing than not to write."

CHAPTER II.

Edward was alone in his room. The repetition of the incidents of his life from Charlotte's lips; the representation of their mutual situation, their mutual purposes, — had worked him, sensitive as he was, into a very pleasant state of mind. While close to her — while in her presence — he had felt so happy, that he had thought out a warm, kind, but quiet and indefinite, epistle which he would send to the captain. When, however, he had settled himself at his writing-table, and taken up his friend's letter to read it over once more, the sad condition of this excellent man rose again vividly before him. The feelings which had been all day distressing him again awoke, and it appeared impossible to him to leave one whom he called his friend in such painful embarrassment.

Edward was unaccustomed to deny himself any thing. The only child, and consequently the spoiled child, of wealthy parents, who had persuaded him into a singular but highly advantageous marriage with a lady far older than himself; and again by her petted and indulged in every possible way, she seeking to reward his kindness to her by the utmost liberality; after her early death his own master, travelling independently of every one, equal to all contingencies and all changes, with desires never excessive, but multiple and various, — free-hearted, generous, brave, at times even noble, — what was there in the world to cross or thwart him?

Hitherto every thing had gone as he desired. Charlotte had become his; he had won her at last, with an obstinate, a romantic fidelity: and now he felt himself, for the first time, contradicted, crossed in his wishes, when those wishes were to invite to his home the friend of his youth, — just as he was longing, as it were, to throw open his whole heart to him. He felt annoyed, impatient: he took up his pen again and again, and as often threw it down again because he could not make up his mind what to write. He would not go counter to his wife's wishes: still less could he go counter to her expressed desire. Ill at ease as he was, it would have been impossible for him, even if he had wished, to write a quiet, easy letter. The most natural thing to do, was to put it off. In a few words, he begged his friend to forgive him for having left his letter unanswered: that day he was unable to write circumstantially, but shortly he hoped to be able to tell him what he felt at greater length.

The next day, as they were walking to the same spot, Charlotte took the opportunity of bringing back the conversation to the subject; perhaps because she knew that there is no surer way of rooting out any plan or purpose than by often talking it over.

It was what Edward was wishing. He expressed himself in his own way, kindly and sweetly. For although, sensitive as he was, he flamed up readily, — although the vehemence with which he desired any thing made him pressing, and his obstinacy made him impatient, — his words were so softened by his wish to spare the feelings of those to whom he was speaking, that it was impossible not to be charmed, even when one most disagreed with him.

On that morning he first contrived to bring Charlotte into the happiest humor, and then so disarmed her with the graceful turn which he gave to the conversation, that she cried out at last, —

"You are determined that what I refuse to the husband you will make me grant to the lover. At least, my dearest," she continued, "I will acknowledge that your wishes, and the warmth and sweetness with which you express them, have not left me untouched, have not left me unmoved. You drive me to make a confession: until now I, too, have had a concealment from you; I am in exactly the same position with you, and I have hitherto been putting the same restraint on my inclination which I have been exhorting you to put on yours."

"Glad am I to hear that," said Edward. "In the married state, a difference of opinion now and then, I see, is no bad thing. We learn something of one another by it."

"You are to learn at present, then," said Charlotte, "that I feel with regard to Ottilie as you do with regard to the captain. The dear child is most uncomfortable at the school, and I am thoroughly uneasy about her. Luciana, my daughter, born as she is for the world, is there training hourly for the world: languages, history, every thing that is taught there, she acquires with so much ease, that, as it were, she learns them off at sight. She has quick natural gifts, and an excellent memory: one may almost say she forgets every thing, and in a moment calls it all back again. She distinguishes herself above every one at the school with the freedom of her carriage, the grace of her movement, and the elegance of her address, and, with the inborn royalty of nature, makes herself the queen of the little circle there. The superior of the establishment regards her as a little divinity, who under her hands is shaping into excellence, and who will do her honor, gain her reputation, and bring her a large increase of pupils: the first pages of this good lady's letters, and her monthly notices of progress, are forever hymns about the excellence of such a child, which I have to translate into my own prose; while her concluding sentences about Ottilie are nothing but excuse after excuse, — attempts at explaining how it can be that a girl in other respects growing up so lovely seems coming to nothing, and shows neither capacity nor accomplishment. This, and the little she has to say besides, is no riddle to me; because I can see in this dear child the same character as that of her mother, who was my own dearest friend, who grew up with myself, and whose daughter, I am certain, if I had the care of her education, would form into an exquisite creature.

"This, however, has not fallen in with our plan; and as one

ought not to be picking and pulling, or forever introducing new elements among the conditions of our life, I think it better to bear, and to conquer as I can, even the unpleasant impression that my daughter, who knows very well that poor Ottilie is entirely dependent upon us, does not refrain from flourishing her own successes in her face, and so, to a certain extent, destroys the little good which we have done for her. Who are well enough trained never to wound others by a parade of their own advantages? and who stands so high as not at times to suffer under such a slight? In trials like these, Ottilie's character is growing in strength; but, since I have clearly known the painfulness of her situation, I have been thinking over all possible ways to make some other arrangement. Every hour I am expecting an answer to my own last letter, and then I do not mean to hesitate any more. So, my dear Edward, it is with me. We have both, you see, the same sorrows to bear, touching both our hearts in the same point. Let us bear them together, since we neither of us can press our own against the other."

"We are strange creatures," said Edward, smiling. "If we can only put out of sight any thing which troubles us, we fancy at once we have got rid of it. We can give up much in the large and general, but to make sacrifices in little things is a demand to which we are rarely equal. So it was with my mother, — as long as I lived with her, while a boy and a young man, she could not bear to let me be a moment out of her sight. If I was out later than usual in my ride, some misfortune must have happened to me. If I got wet through in a shower, a fever was inevitable. I travelled: I was absent from her altogether; and, at once, I scarcely seemed to belong to her. If we look at it closer," he continued, "we are both acting very foolishly, very culpably. Two very noble natures, both of which have the closest claims on our affection, we are leaving exposed to pain and distress, merely to avoid exposing ourselves to a chance of danger. If this is not to be called selfish, what is? You take Ottilie; let me have the captain: and for a short period, at least, let the trial be made."

"We might venture it," said Charlotte thoughtfully, "if the danger were only to ourselves. But do you think it prudent to bring Ottilie and the captain into a situation where they must necessarily be so closely intimate, — the captain a man no older than yourself, of an age (I am not saying this to flatter you) when a man becomes first capable

of love and first deserving of it, and a girl of Ottilie's attractiveness?"

"I cannot conceive how you can rate Ottilie so high," replied Edward. "I can only explain it to myself by supposing her to have inherited your affection for her mother. Pretty she is, no doubt. I remember the captain telling me so, when we came back last year, and met her at your aunt's. Attractive she is, — she has particularly pretty eyes; but I do not know that she made the slightest impression upon me."

"That was quite proper in you," said Charlotte, "seeing that I was there; and, although she is much younger than I, the presence of your old friend had so many charms for you, that you overlooked the promise of the opening beauty. It is one of your ways, and that is one reason why it is so pleasant to live with you."

Charlotte, openly as she appeared to be speaking, was keeping back something, nevertheless, which was, that, at the time when Edward first came back from abroad, she had purposely thrown Ottilie in his way, to secure, if possible, so desirable a match for her *protégée*. For of herself, at that time, in connection with Edward, she never thought at all. The captain, also, had a hint given to him to draw Edward's attention to her; but the latter, who was clinging determinately to his early affection for Charlotte, looked neither right nor left, and was only happy in the feeling that it was at last within his power to obtain for himself the one happiness which he so earnestly desired, and which a series of incidents had appeared to have placed forever beyond his reach.

They were on the point of descending the new grounds, newly laid out, in order to return to the castle, when a servant came hastily to meet them, and, with a laugh on his face, called up from below, "Will your grace be pleased to come quickly to the castle? The Herr Mittler has just galloped into the court. He shouted to us, to go all of us in search of you; and we were to ask whether there was need, 'whether there is need,' he cried after us, 'do you hear? but be quick, be quick.'"

"The odd fellow!" exclaimed Edward. "But has he not come at the right time, Charlotte? Tell him, there is need, — grievous need. He must alight. See his horse taken care of. Take him into the saloon, and let him have some luncheon. We shall be with him immediately."

"Let us take the nearest way," he said to his wife, and struck into the path across the churchyard, which he usually avoided. He was not a little surprised to find here, too, traces of Charlotte's delicate hand. Sparing, as far as possible, the old monuments, she had contrived to level it, and lay it carefully out, so as to make it appear a pleasant spot on which the eye and the imagination could equally repose with pleasure. The oldest stones had each their special honor assigned them. They were ranged according to their dates along the wall, either leaning against it, or let into it, or however it could be contrived; and the string-course of the church was thus variously ornamented.

Edward was singularly affected as he came in upon it through the little wicket: he pressed Charlotte's hand, and tears started into his eyes. But these were very soon put to flight by the appearance of their singular visitor. This gentleman had declined sitting down in the castle: he had ridden straight through the village to the churchyard-gate; and then, halting, he called out to his friends, "Are you not making a fool of me? Is there need, really? If there is, I can stay till midday. But don't keep me. I have a great deal to do before night."

"Since you have taken the trouble to come so far," cried Edward to him, in answer, "you had better come through the gate. We meet at a solemn spot. Come and see the variety which Charlotte has thrown over its sadness."

"Inside there," called out the rider, "come I neither on horseback, nor in carriage, nor on foot. These here rest in peace: with them I have nothing to do. One day I shall be carried in feet foremost. I must bear that as I can. — Is it serious, I want to know?"

"Indeed it is," cried Charlotte, "right serious. For the first time in our married lives we are in a strait and difficulty, from which we do not know how to extricate ourselves."

"You do not look as if it were so," answered he. "But I will believe you. If you are deceiving me, for the future you shall help yourselves. Follow me quickly: my horse will be none the worse for a rest."

The three soon met in the parlor, where luncheon was brought in; and Mittler told them what he had done, and was going to do on that day. This eccentric person had in early life been a clergyman, and had distinguished himself in his office by the never-resting activity with which he contrived to

make up and put an end to quarrels, — quarrels in families, and quarrels between neighbors; first among the individuals immediately about him, and afterwards among whole congregations, and among the country gentlemen round. While he was in the ministry, no married couple were allowed to separate; and the district courts were untroubled with either cause or process. A knowledge of the law, he was well aware, was necessary to him. He gave himself with all his might to the study of it, and very soon felt himself a match for the best-trained advocate. His circle of activity extended wonderfully; and people were on the point of inducing him to move to the Residence, where he would find opportunities of exercising in the higher circles what he had begun in the lowest, when he won a considerable sum of money in a lottery. With this he bought himself a small property. He let the ground to a tenant, and made it the centre of his operations, with the fixed determination, or rather in accordance with his old customs and inclinations, never to enter a house when there was no dispute to make up, and no help to be given. People who were superstitious about names, and about what they imported, maintained that it was his being called Mittler which drove him to take upon himself this strange employment.

Luncheon was laid on the table, and the stranger then solemnly pressed his host not to wait any longer with the disclosure which he had to make. Immediately after refreshing himself he would be obliged to leave them.

Husband and wife made a circumstantial confession; but scarcely had he caught the substance of the matter, when he started angrily up from the table, rushed out of the saloon, and ordered his horse to be saddled instantly.

"Either you do not know me, you do not understand me," he cried, "or you are sorely mischievous. Do you call this a quarrel? Is there any want of help here? Do you suppose that I am in the world to give *advice?* Of all occupations which man can pursue, that is the most foolish. Every man must be his own counsellor, and do what he cannot let alone. If all go well, let him be happy, let him enjoy his wisdom and his fortune; if it go ill, I am at hand to do what I can for him. The man who desires to be rid of an evil, knows what he wants; but the man who desires something better than he has is stone-blind. Yes, yes, laugh as you will, he is playing blindman's-buff: perhaps he gets hold of something; but the question is, what he has

got hold of. Do as you will: it is all one. Invite your friends to you, or let them be: it is all the same. The most prudent plans I have seen miscarry, and the most foolish succeed. Don't split your brains about it: and if, one way or the other, evil comes of what you settle, don't fret; send for me, and you shall be helped. Till which time I am your humble servant."

So saying, he sprang on his horse, without waiting the arrival of the coffee.

"Here you see," said Charlotte, "the small service a third person can be when things are off their balance between two persons closely connected: we are left, if possible, more confused and more uncertain than we were."

They would both probably have continued hesitating some time longer, had not a letter arrived from the captain in reply to Edward's last. He had made up his mind to accept one of the situations which had been offered him, although it was not in the least up to his mark. He was to share the *ennui* of certain wealthy persons of rank, who depended on his ability to dissipate it.

Edward's keen glance saw into the whole thing; and he pictured it out in just, sharp lines.

"Can we endure to think of our friend in such a position?" he cried. "You cannot be so cruel, Charlotte."

"That strange Mittler is right, after all," replied Charlotte: "all such undertakings are ventures; what will come of them, it is impossible to foresee. New elements introduced among us may be fruitful in fortune or in misfortune, without our having to take credit to ourselves for one or the other. I do not feel myself firm enough to oppose you further. Let us make the experiment; only one thing I will entreat of you, — that it be only for a short time. You must allow me to exert myself more than ever, to use all my influence among all my connections, to find him some position which will satisfy him in his own way."

Edward assured his wife of his warmest gratitude. He hastened with a light, happy heart, to write off his proposals to his friend. Charlotte in a postscript was to signify her approbation with her own hand, and unite her own kind entreaties with his. She wrote, with a rapid pen, pleasantly and affectionately, but yet with a sort of haste which was not usual with her; and, most unlike herself, she disfigured the paper at last with a blot of ink, which put her out of temper, and which she only made worse with her attempts to wipe it away.

Edward laughed at her about it; and, as there was still room, added a second postscript, that his friend was to see from this symptom the impatience with which he was expected, and measure the speed at which he came to them by the haste in which the letter was written.

The messenger was gone; and Edward thought he could not give a more convincing evidence of his gratitude than by insisting again and again that Charlotte should at once send for Ottilie from the school. She said she would think about it, and, for that evening, induced Edward to join with her in the enjoyment of a little music. Charlotte played exceedingly well on the piano, Edward not quite so well on the flute. He had taken a great deal of pains with it at times; but he lacked the patience, the perseverance, requisite for the completely successful cultivation of such a talent. Consequently his part was done unequally: some pieces well, only perhaps too quickly; while with others he hesitated, not being quite familiar with them; so that, for any one else, it would have been difficult to have gone through a duet with him. But Charlotte knew how to manage it. She held in, or let herself be run away with, and fulfilled in this way the double part of a skilful conductor and a prudent house-wife, who are able always to keep right on the whole, although particular passages will now and then fall out of order.

CHAPTER III.

The captain came, having previously written a most sensible letter, which had entirely quieted Charlotte's apprehensions. So much clearness about himself, so just an understanding of his own position and the position of his friends, promised every thing which was best and happiest.

The conversation of the first few hours, as is generally the case with friends who have not met for a long time, was eager, lively, almost exhausting. Towards evening Charlotte proposed a walk to the new grounds. The captain was delighted with the spot, and observed every beauty which had been first brought into sight and made enjoyable by the new walks. He had a practised eye, and at the same time one easily satisfied; and, although he knew very well what

was really valuable, he never, as so many persons do, made people who were showing him things of their own uncomfortable by requiring more than the circumstances admitted of, or by mentioning any thing more perfect which he remembered having seen elsewhere.

When they arrived at the summer-house, they found it dressed out for a holiday, only, indeed, with artificial flowers and evergreens, but with some pretty bunches of natural corn-ears among them, and other field and garden fruit, so as to do credit to the taste which had arranged them.

"Although my husband does not like in general to have his birthday or christening-day kept," Charlotte said, "he will not object to-day to these few ornaments being expended on a treble festival."

"Treble?" cried Edward.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "Our friend's arrival here we are bound to keep as a festival; and have you never thought, either of you, that this is the day on which you were both christened? Are you not both named Otto?"

The two friends shook hands across the little table.

"You bring back to my mind," Edward said, "this little link of our boyish affection. As children we were both called so: but, when we came to be at school together, it was the cause of much confusion; and I readily made over to him all my right to the pretty, laconic name."

"Wherein you were not altogether so very high-minded," said the captain; "for I well remember that the name of Edward had then begun to please you better, from its attractive sound when spoken by certain pretty lips."

They were now all three sitting round the same table where Charlotte had spoken so vehemently against their guest's coming to them. Edward, happy as he was, did not wish to remind his wife of that time; but he could not help saying, —

"There is good room here for one more person."

At this moment the notes of a bugle were heard across from the castle. Full of happy thoughts and feelings as the friends all were together, the sound fell in among them with a strong force of answering harmony. They listened silently; each for the moment withdrawing into himself, and feeling doubly happy in the fair circle of which he formed a part. The pause was first broken by Edward, who started up, and walked out in front of the summer-house.

"Our friend must not think," he said to Charlotte, "that

this narrow little valley forms the whole of our domain and possessions. Let us take him up to the top of the hill, where he can see farther, and breathe more freely."

"For this once, then," answered Charlotte, "we must climb up the old footpath, which is not too easy. By the next time, I hope my walks and steps will have been carried right up."

And so, among rocks and shrubs and bushes, they made their way to the summit, where they found themselves, not on a level flat, but on a sloping grassy terrace, running along the ridge of the hill. The village, with the castle behind it, was out of sight. At the bottom of the valley, sheets of water were seen spreading out right and left, with wooded hills rising immediately from their opposite margin, and, at the end of the upper water, a wall of sharp, precipitous rocks directly overhanging it, their huge forms reflected in its level surface. In the hollow of the ravine, where a considerable brook ran into the lake, lay a mill half hidden among the trees, a sweetly retired spot, most beautifully surrounded; and through the entire semicircle, over which the view extended, ran an endless variety of hills and valleys, copse and forest, the early green of which promised the near approach of a luxuriant clothing of foliage. In many places particular groups of trees caught the eye, and especially a cluster of planes and poplars directly at the spectator's feet, close to the edge of the centre lake. They were at their full growth; and they stood there, spreading out their boughs all around them, in fresh and luxuriant strength.

To these Edward called his friend's attention.

"I myself planted them," he cried, "when I was a boy. They were small trees which I rescued when my father was laying out the new part of the great castle garden, and in the middle of one summer had rooted them out. This year you will no doubt see them show their gratitude in a fresh set of shoots."

They returned to the castle in high spirits, and mutually pleased with each other. To the guest was allotted an agreeable and roomy set of apartments in the right wing of the castle; and here he rapidly got his books and papers and instruments in order, to go on with his usual occupation. But Edward, for the first few days, gave him no rest. He took him about everywhere, now on foot, now on horseback, making him acquainted with the country and with the estate; and he embraced the opportunity of imparting to him the

wishes, which he had been long entertaining, of getting at some better acquaintance with it, and learning to manage it more profitably.

"The first thing we have to do," said the captain, "is to make a magnetic survey of the property. That is a pleasant and easy matter; and, if it does not admit of entire exactness, it will be always useful, and will do, at any rate, for an agreeable beginning. It can be made, too, without any great staff of assistants; and one can be sure of getting it completed. If by and by you come to require any thing more exact, it will be easy then to find some plan to have it made."

The captain was exceedingly skilful at work of this kind. He had brought with him whatever instruments he required, and commenced immediately. Edward provided him with a number of foresters and peasants, who, with his instruction, were able to render him all necessary assistance. The weather was favorable. The evenings and the early mornings were devoted to the designing and drawing; and, in a short time, it was all filled in and colored. Edward saw his possessions grow out, like a new creation, upon the paper; and it seemed as if now, for the first time, he knew what they were, as if they now, first, were properly his own.

There occurred opportunities of speaking about the park, and the ways of laying it out, — a far better disposition of things being made possible, after a survey of this kind, than could be arrived at by experimenting on nature, on partial and accidental impressions.

"We must make my wife understand this," said Edward.

"We must do nothing of the kind," replied the captain, who did not like bringing his own notions in collision with those of others. He had learned by experience that the motives and purposes by which men are influenced are far too various to be made to coalesce upon a single point, even on the most solid representations. "We must not do it," he cried: "she will be only confused. With her, as with all people who employ themselves on such matters merely as amateurs, the important thing is, rather that she shall do something, than that something shall be done. Such persons feel their way with nature. They have fancies for this plan or that: they do not venture on removing obstacles. They are not bold enough to make a sacrifice. They do not know beforehand in what their work is to result. They try an experiment — it succeeds — it fails; they alter it; they alter,

perhaps, what they ought to leave alone, and leave what they ought to alter; and so, at last, there always remains but a patchwork, which pleases and amuses, but never satisfies."

"Acknowledge candidly," said Edward, "that you do not like this new work of hers."

"The idea is excellent," he replied: "if the execution were equal to it, there would be no fault to find. But she has tormented herself to find her way up that rock; and she now torments every one, if you must have it, that she takes up after her. You cannot walk together, you cannot walk behind one another, with any freedom. Every moment your step is interrupted one way or another. There is no end to the mistakes which she has made."

"Would it have been easy to do it otherwise?" asked Edward.

"Very easy," replied the captain. "She had only to break away a corner of the rock, — which is now but an unsightly object, made up as it is of little pieces, — and she would at once have a sweep for her walk, and stone in abundance for the rough masonry-work, to widen it in the bad places, and make it smooth. But this I tell you in strictest confidence, or else it will confuse and annoy her. What is done must remain as it is. If any more money and labor are to be spent there, there is abundance to do above the summer-house on the hill, which we can settle our own way."

If the two friends found in their occupation abundance of present employment, there was no lack either of entertaining reminiscences of early times, in which Charlotte took her part as well. They determined, moreover, that, as soon as their immediate labors were finished, they would go to work upon the journal, and in this way, too, reproduce the past.

For the rest, when Edward and Charlotte were alone, there were fewer matters of private interest between them than formerly. This was especially the case since the fault-finding about the grounds, which Edward thought so just, and which he felt to the quick. He held his tongue about what the captain had said for a long time; but at last, when he saw his wife again preparing to go to work above the summer-house with her paths and steps, he could not contain himself any longer, but, after a few circumlocutions, came out with his new views.

Charlotte was thoroughly disturbed. She was sensible enough to perceive at once that they were right; but there was the difficulty with what was already done, — and what

was made was made. She had liked it: even what was wrong had become dear to her in its details. She fought against her convictions; she pleaded for her little creations; she railed at men who were forever going to the broad and the great. They could not let a pastime, they could not let an amusement, alone, she said; but they must go and make a work out of it, never thinking of the expense which their larger plans involved. She was provoked, annoyed, and angry. Her old plans she could not give up, the new she would not quite throw from her; but, divided as she was, for the present she put a stop to the work, and gave herself time to think the thing over, and let it ripen by itself.

At the same time that she lost this source of active amusement, the others were more and more together over their own business. They took to occupying themselves, moreover, with the flower-garden and the hot-houses; and, as they filled up the intervals with the ordinary gentlemen's amusements, — hunting, riding, buying, selling, breaking horses, and such matters, — she was every day left more and more to herself. She devoted herself more assiduously than ever to her correspondence on account of the captain, and yet she had many lonely hours; so that the information which she now received from the school became of more agreeable interest.

To a long-drawn letter of the superior of the establishment, filled with the usual expressions of delight at her daughter's progress, a brief postscript was attached, with a second from the hand of a gentleman in employment there as an assistant, both of which we here communicate.

POSTSCRIPT OF THE SUPERIOR.

"Of Ottilie, I can only repeat to your ladyship what I have already stated in my former letters. I do not know how to find fault with her, yet I cannot say that I am satisfied. She is always unassuming, always ready to oblige others; but it is not pleasing to see her so timid, so almost servile.

"Your ladyship lately sent her some money, with several little matters for her wardrobe. The money she has never touched, the dresses lay unworn in their place. She keeps her things very nice and very clean, but this is all she seems to care about. Again, I cannot praise her excessive abstemiousness in eating and drinking. There is no extravagance

at our table; but there is nothing I like better than to see the children eat enough of good, wholesome food. What is carefully provided and set before them ought to be taken, and to this I never can succeed in bringing Ottilie. She is always making herself some occupation or other, always finding something which she must do, something which the servants have neglected, to escape the second course or the dessert; and now it has to be considered (which I cannot help connecting with all this) that she frequently suffers, I have lately learned, from pain in the left side of her head. It is only at times; but it is distressing, and may be of importance. So much upon this otherwise sweet and lovely girl."

THE ASSISTANT'S ENCLOSURE.

"Our excellent superior commonly permits me to read the letters in which she communicates her observations upon her pupils to their parents and friends. Such of them as are addressed to your ladyship I ever read with twofold attention and pleasure. We have to congratulate you upon a daughter who unites in herself every brilliant quality with which people distinguish themselves in the world; and I at least think you no less fortunate in having had bestowed upon you, in your adopted daughter, a child who has been born for the good and happiness of others, and assuredly also for her own. Ottilie is almost our only pupil about whom there is a difference of opinion between myself and our reverend superior. I do not complain of the very natural desire in that good lady to see outward and definite fruits arising from her labors. But there are also fruits which are not outward, which are of the true germinal sort, and which develop themselves, sooner or later, in a beautiful life. And this I am certain is the case with your *protégée*. So long as she has been under my care, I have watched her moving with an even step, slowly, steadily forward — never back. As with a child it is necessary to begin every thing at the beginning, so it is with her. She can comprehend nothing which does not follow from what precedes; let a thing be as simple and easy as possible, she can make nothing of it if it is not in a recognizable connection; but find the intermediate links, and make them clear to her, and then nothing is too difficult for her.

"Progressing so slowly, she remains behind her companions, who, with capacities of quite a different kind, hurry on

and on, learn every thing readily, connected or unconnected, recollect it with ease, and apply it with correctness. And again, some of the lessons here are given by excellent, but somewhat hasty and impatient, teachers, who pass from result to result, cutting short the process by which they are arrived at; and these are not of the slightest service to her, she learns nothing from them. There have been complaints about her handwriting. They say she will not, or can not, understand how to form her letters. I have examined closely into this. It is true she writes slowly, stiffly if you like; but the hand is neither timid, nor without character. The French language is not my department: but I have taught her something of it, in the step-by-step fashion; and this she understands easily. Indeed, it is singular that she knows a great deal, and knows it well too; and yet, when she is asked a question, it seems as if she knew nothing.

"To conclude generally, I should say she learns nothing like a person who is being educated; but she learns like one who is to educate, — not like a pupil, but like a future teacher. Your ladyship may think it strange that I, as an educator and a teacher, can find no higher praise to give to any one than by a comparison with myself. I may leave it to your own good sense, to your deep knowledge of the world and of mankind, to make the best of my most inadequate, but well-intended, expressions. You may satisfy yourself that you have much happiness to promise yourself from this child. I commend myself to your ladyship; and I beseech you to permit me to write to you again, as soon as I see reason to believe that I have any thing important or agreeable to communicate."

This letter gave Charlotte great pleasure. The contents of it agreed very nearly with the notions which she had herself conceived of Ottilie. At the same time, she could not help smiling at the excessive interest of the assistant, which seemed greater than the insight into a pupil's excellence usually calls forth. In her quiet, unprejudiced way of looking at things, this relation, among others, she was contented to permit to lie before her as a possibility: she could value the interest of so sensible a man in Ottilie, having learned, among the lessons of her life, to see how highly true regard is to be prized, in a world where indifference or dislike are the common, natural residents.

CHAPTER IV.

The topographical chart of the property and its environs was completed. It was executed on a considerable scale; the character of the particular localities was made intelligible by various colors; and, by means of a trigonometrical survey, the captain had been able to arrive at a very fair exactness of measurement. He had been rapid in his work. There was scarcely ever any one who could do with less sleep than this most laborious man; and, as his day was always devoted to an immediate purpose, every evening something had been done.

"Let us now," he said to his friend, "go on to what remains for us, — to the statistics of the estate. We shall have a good deal of work to get through at the beginning; and afterwards we shall come to the farm-estimates, and much else which will naturally arise out of them. Only we must have one thing distinctly settled and adhered to. Every thing which is properly *business* we must keep carefully separate from *life*. Business requires earnestness and method: life must have a freer handling. Business demands the utmost stringency and sequence: in life, inconsecutiveness is frequently necessary, indeed, is charming and graceful. If you are firm in the first, you can afford yourself more liberty in the second; while, if you mix them, you will find the free interfering with, and breaking in upon, the fixed."

In these sentiments Edward felt a slight reflection upon himself. Though not naturally disorderly, he could never bring himself to arrange his papers in their proper places. What he had to do in connection with others was not kept separate from what only depended on himself. Business got mixed up with amusement, and serious work with recreation. Now, however, it was easy for him, with the help of a friend, who would take the trouble upon himself; and a second "I" worked out the separation, to which the single "I" was always unequal.

In the captain's wing, they contrived a depository for what concerned the present, and an archive for the past. Here they brought all the documents, papers, and notes from their various hiding-places — rooms, drawers, and boxes — with the utmost speed. Harmony and order were introduced into the wilderness, and the different packets were marked and registered

in their several pigeon-holes. They found all they wanted in greater completeness even than they had expected; and here an old clerk was found of no slight service, who for the whole day and part of the night never left his desk, and with whom, till then, Edward had been always dissatisfied.

"I should not know him again," he said to his friend, "the man is so handy and useful."

"That," replied the captain, "is because we give him nothing fresh to do till he has finished, at his convenience, what he has already; and so, as you perceive, he gets through a great deal. If you disturb him, he becomes useless at once."

Spending their days together in this way, they never neglected visiting Charlotte regularly in the evenings. If there was no party from the neighborhood, as was often the case, they read and talked, principally on subjects connected with the improvement of the condition and comfort of social life.

Charlotte, always accustomed to make the most of opportunities, not only saw her husband pleased, but found personal advantages for herself. Various domestic arrangements, which she had long wished to make, but which she did not know exactly how to set about, were managed for her through the contrivance of the captain. Her domestic medicine-chest, hitherto but poorly furnished, was enlarged and enriched; and Charlotte herself, with the help of good books and personal instruction, was put in the way of being able to exercise her disposition to be of practical assistance more frequently and more efficiently than before.

In providing against accidents, which, though common, yet only too often find us unprepared, they thought it especially necessary to have at hand whatever is required for the recovery of drowning men, — accidents of this kind, from the number of canals, reservoirs, and waterworks in the neighborhood, being of frequent occurrence. This department the captain took expressly into his own hands; and the observation escaped Edward, that a case of this kind had made a very singular epoch in the life of his friend. The latter made no reply, but seemed to be trying to escape from a painful recollection. Edward immediately stopped; and Charlotte, who, as well as he, had a general knowledge of the story, took no notice of the expression.

"These preparations are all exceedingly valuable," said the captain one evening. "Now, however, we have not got the one thing which is most essential, — a sensible man who

understands how to manage it all. I know an army surgeon, whom I could exactly recommend for the place. You might get him at this moment, on easy terms. He is highly distinguished in his profession, and has frequently done more for me in the treatment, even of violent inward disorders, than celebrated physicians. Help upon the spot is the thing you often most want in the country."

He was written for at once; and Edward and Charlotte were rejoiced to find so good and necessary an object on which to expend so much of the money which they set apart for such accidental demands upon them.

Thus Charlotte, too, found means of making use, for her purposes, of the captain's knowledge and practical skill; and she began to be quite reconciled to his presence, and to feel easy about any consequences that might ensue. She commonly prepared questions to ask him; among other things, it was one of her anxieties to provide against whatever was prejudicial to health and comfort, — against poisons and such like. The lead-glazing on the china, the verdigris which formed about her copper and bronze vessels, etc., had long been a trouble to her. She got him to tell her about these; and, naturally, they often had to fall back on the first elements of medicine and chemistry.

An accidental but welcome occasion for entertainment of this kind was given by an inclination of Edward to read aloud. He had a particularly clear, deep voice, and earlier in life had earned himself a pleasant reputation for his feeling and lively recitations of works of poetry and oratory. At this time he was occupied with other subjects; and the books which, for some time past, he had been reading, were either chemical, or on some other branch of natural or technical science.

One of his especial peculiarities — which, by the by, he very likely shares with a number of his fellow-creatures — was, that he could not bear to have any one looking at the page from behind him while reading. In early life, when he used to read poems, plays, or stories, this had been the natural consequence of the desire which the reader feels, like the poet or the actor or the story-teller, to make surprises, to pause, to excite expectation; and this sort of effect was naturally defeated when a third person's eyes could run on before him, and see what was coming. On such occasions, therefore, he was accustomed to place himself in such a position that no one could get behind him. With a party of only

three, this was unnecessary; and as with the present subject there was no opportunity for exciting feelings or giving the imagination a surprise, he did not take any particular pains to protect himself.

One evening he had placed himself carelessly, and Charlotte happened by accident to cast her eyes upon the page. His old impatience was aroused: he turned to her, and said, almost unkindly, —

"I do wish, once for all, you would leave off doing a thing so out of taste and so disagreeable. When I read aloud to a person, is it not the same as if I was telling him something by word of mouth? The written, the printed, word is in the place of my own thoughts, of my own heart. If a window were broken into my brain or into my heart, and if the man to whom I am counting out my thoughts, or delivering my sentiments, one by one, knew already beforehand exactly what was to come out of me, should I take the trouble to put them into words? When anybody looks over my book, I always feel as if I were being torn in two."

Charlotte's tact, in whatever circle she might be, large or small, was remarkable; and she was able to set aside disagreeable or excited expressions without appearing to notice them. When a conversation grew tedious, she knew how to interrupt it; when it halted, she could set it going. And this time her good gift did not forsake her.

"I am sure you will forgive me my fault," she said, "when I tell you what it was this moment which came over me. I heard you reading something about affinities; and I thought directly of some relations of mine, two of whom are just now occupying me a great deal. Then my attention went back to the book. I found it was not about living things at all, and I looked over to get the thread of it right again."

"It was the comparison which led you wrong and confused you," said Edward. "The subject is nothing but earths and minerals. But man is a true Narcissus: he delights to see his own image everywhere; and he spreads himself underneath the universe, like the amalgam behind the glass."

"Quite true," continued the captain. "That is the way in which he treats every thing external to himself. His wisdom and his folly, his will and his caprice, he attributes alike to the animal, the plant, the elements, and the gods."

"Would you," said Charlotte, "if it is not taking you away too much from the immediate subject, tell me briefly what is meant here by affinities?"

"I shall be very glad indeed," replied the captain, to whom Charlotte had addressed herself. "That is, I will tell you as well as I can. My ideas on the subject date ten years back: whether the scientific world continues to think the same about it, I cannot tell."

"It is most disagreeable," cried Edward, "that one cannot nowadays learn a thing once for all, and have done with it. Our forefathers could keep to what they were taught when they were young; but we have, every five years, to make revolutions with them, if we do not wish to drop altogether out of fashion."

"We women need not be so particular," said Charlotte; "and, to speak the truth, I only want to know the meaning of the word. There is nothing more ridiculous in society than to misuse a strange technical word; and I only wish you to tell me in what sense the expression is made use of in connection with these things. What its scientific application is, I am quite contented to leave to the learned, who, by the by, as far as I have been able to observe, do not find it easy to agree among themselves."

"Whereabouts shall we begin," said Edward, after a pause, to the captain, "to come most quickly to the point?"

The latter, after thinking a little while, replied shortly, —

"You must let me make what will seem a wide sweep: we shall be on our subject almost immediately."

Charlotte laid her work aside, promising the fullest attention.

The captain began, —

"In all natural objects with which we are acquainted, we observe immediately that they have a certain relation to themselves. It may sound ridiculous to be asserting what is obvious to every one; but it is only by coming to a clear understanding together about what we know, that we can advance to what we do not know."

"I think," interrupted Edward, "we can make the thing more clear to her, and to ourselves, with examples. Conceive water or oil or quicksilver: among these you will see a certain oneness, a certain connection of their parts; and this oneness is never lost, except through force or some other determining cause. Let the cause cease to operate, and at once the parts unite again."

"Unquestionably," said Charlotte, "that is plain: raindrops readily unite and form streams; and, when we were children, it was our delight to play with quicksilver, and

wonder at the little globules splitting and parting, and running into one another."

"And here," said the captain, "let me just cursorily mention one remarkable thing: I mean, that the full, complete correlation of parts which the fluid state makes possible, shows itself distinctly and universally in the globular form. The falling water-drop is round; you yourself spoke of the globules of quicksilver; and a drop of melted lead let fall, if it has time to harden before it reaches the ground, is found at the bottom in the shape of a ball."

"Let me try and see," said Charlotte, "whether I can understand where you are bringing me. As every thing has a reference to itself, so it must have some relation to others."

"And that," interrupted Edward, "will be different according to the natural differences of the things themselves. Sometimes they will meet like friends and old acquaintances: they will come rapidly together, and unite without either having to alter itself at all, — as wine mixes with water. Others, again, will remain as strangers side by side; and no amount of mechanical mixing or forcing will succeed in combining them. Oil and water may be shaken up together; and the next moment they are separate again, each by itself."

"One can almost fancy," said Charlotte, "that in these simple forms one sees people that one is acquainted with; one has met with just such things in the societies amongst which one has lived; and the strangest likenesses of all with these soulless creatures, are in the masses in which men stand divided one against the other, in their classes and professions, — the nobility and the third estate, for instance, or soldiers and civilians."

"Then, again," replied Edward, "as these are united together under common laws and customs, so there are intermediate members in our chemical world, which will combine elements that are mutually repulsive."

"Oil, for instance," said the captain, "we make combine with water with the help of alkalies" —

"Do not go on too fast with your lesson," said Charlotte. "Let me see that I keep step with you. Are we not here arrived among the affinities?"

"Exactly," replied the captain: "we are on the point of apprehending them in all their power and distinctness; such natures as, when they come in contact, at once lay hold of each other, and mutually affect one another, we speak of as having an affinity one for the other. With the alkalies and

acids, for instance, the affinities are strikingly marked. They are of opposite natures: very likely their being of opposite natures is the secret of their effect on one another, — they seek one another eagerly out, lay hold of each other, modify each other's character, and form in connection an entirely new substance. There is lime, you remember, which shows the strongest inclination for all sorts of acids, — a distinct desire of combining with them. As soon as our chemical chest arrives, we can show you a number of entertaining experiments, which will give you a clearer idea than words and names and technical expressions."

"It appears to me," said Charlotte, "that, if you choose to call these strange creatures of yours related, the relationship is not so much a relationship of blood, as of soul or of spirit. It is the way in which we see all genuinely deep friendships arise among men: opposite peculiarities of disposition being what best makes internal union possible. But I will wait to see what you can really show me of these mysterious proceedings; and for the present," she added, turning to Edward, "I will promise not to disturb you any more in your reading. You have taught me enough of what it is about to enable me to attend to it."

"No, no," replied Edward: "now that you have once stirred the thing, you shall not get off so easily. It is just the most complicated cases which are the most interesting. In these you come first to see the degrees of the affinities, to watch them as their power of attraction is weaker or stronger, nearer or more remote. Affinities only begin really to interest when they bring about separations."

"What!" cried Charlotte, "is that miserable word which unhappily we hear so often nowadays in the world, — is that to be found in nature's lessons too?"

"Most certainly," answered Edward: "the title with which chemists were supposed to be most honorably distinguished was, artists of separation."

"It is not so any more," replied Charlotte; "and it is well that it is not. Uniting is a higher art, and it is a higher merit. An artist of union is what we should welcome in every province of the universe. However, as we are on the subject again, give me an instance or two of what you mean."

"We had better keep," said the captain, "to the same instances of which we have already been speaking. Thus, what we call limestone is a more or less pure calcareous earth

in combination with a delicate acid, which is familiar to us in the form of a gas. Now, if we place a piece of this stone in diluted sulphuric acid, this will take possession of the lime, and appear with it in the form of gypsum, the gaseous acid at the same time going off in vapor. Here is a case of separation · a combination arises, and we believe ourselves now justified in applying to it the words 'elective affinity;' it really looks as if one relation had been deliberately chosen in preference to another."

"Forgive me," said Charlotte, "as I forgive the natural philosopher. I cannot see any choice in this: I see a natural necessity rather, and scarcely that. After all, it is, perhaps, merely a case of opportunity. Opportunity makes relations as it makes thieves; and, as long as the talk is only of natural substances, the choice appears to me to be altogether in the hands of the chemist who brings the creatures together. Once, however, let them be brought together, and then God have mercy on them. In the present case, I cannot help being sorry for the poor acid gas, which is driven out up and down infinity again."

"The acid's business," answered the captain, "is now to get connected with water, and so serve as a mineral fountain for the refreshing of both the healthy and sick."

"That is very well for the gypsum to say," said Charlotte. "The gypsum is all right, is a body, is provided for. The other poor, desolate creature may have trouble enough to go through before it can find a second home for itself."

"I am much mistaken," said Edward, smiling, "if there be not some little *arrière pensée* behind this. Confess your wickedness! You mean me by your lime: the lime is laid hold of by the captain, in the form of sulphuric acid, torn away from your agreeable society, and metamorphosed into a refractory gypsum."

"If your conscience prompts you to make such a reflection," replied Charlotte, "I certainly need not distress myself. These comparisons are pleasant and entertaining; and who is there that does not like playing with analogies? But man is raised very many steps above these elements; and, if he has been somewhat liberal with such fine words as 'election' and 'elective affinities,' he will do well to turn back again into himself, and take the opportunity of considering carefully the value and meaning of such expressions. Unhappily, we know cases enough where an apparently indissoluble connection between two persons has, by the

accidental introduction of a third, been utterly destroyed, and one or the other of the once happily united pair been driven out into the wilderness."

"Then, you see how much more gallant the chemists are," said Edward. "They at once add a fourth, that neither may go away empty."

"Quite so," replied the captain. "And those are the cases which are really most important and remarkable, — cases where this attraction, this affinity, this separating and combining, can be exhibited, the two pairs severally crossing each other; where four creatures, connected previously, as two and two, are brought into contact, and at once forsake their first combination to form into a second. In this forsaking and embracing, this seeking and flying, we believe that we are indeed observing the effects of some higher determination: we attribute a sort of will and choice to such creatures, and feel really justified in using technical words, and speaking of 'elective affinities.'"

"Give me an instance of this," said Charlotte.

"Such things ought not to be settled with words," replied the captain. "As I said before, as soon as I can show you the experiment, I can make it all intelligible and pleasant for you. For the present, I can give you nothing but horrible scientific expressions, which at the same time will give you no idea about the matter. You ought yourself to see these substances which seem so dead, and which are yet so full of inward energy and force, at work before your eyes. You should observe them with a real personal interest. Now they seek each other out, attract each other, seize, crush, devour, destroy, each other, and then suddenly re-appear again out of their combinations, and come forward in fresh, renovated, unexpected form: thus you will comprehend how we attribute to them a sort of immortality; how we speak of them as having sense and understanding; because we feel our own senses to be insufficient to observe them adequately, and our reason too weak to follow them."

"I grant," said Edward, "that the strange scientific nomenclature, to persons who have not been reconciled to it by a direct acquaintance with or understanding of its object, must seem unpleasant, even ridiculous; but we can easily, just for once, contrive with symbols to illustrate what we are speaking of."

"If you do not think it looks pedantic," answered the captain, "I can put my meaning together with letters.

Suppose an A connected so closely with a B that all sorts of means, even violence, have been made use of to separate them, without effect. Then suppose a C in exactly the same position with respect to D. Bring the two pairs into contact: A will fling himself on D, C on B, without its being possible to say which had first left its first connection, or made the first move towards the second."

"Now, then," interposed Edward, "till we see all this with our eyes, we will look upon the formula as an analogy, out of which we can devise a lesson for immediate use. You stand for A, Charlotte, and I am your B: really and truly I cling to you, I depend on you, and follow you, just as B does with A. C is obviously the captain, who at present is in some degree withdrawing me from you. So now it is only just, that, if you are not to be left to solitude, a D should be found for you; and that is unquestionably the amiable little lady, Ottilie. You will not hesitate any longer to send and fetch her."

"All right," replied Charlotte; "although, in my opinion, the example does not exactly fit our case. However, we have been fortunate, at any rate, in to-day for once having met all together; and these natural or elective affinities have served to unite us more intimately. I will tell you, that, since this afternoon I have made up my mind to send for Ottilie. My faithful housekeeper, on whom I have hitherto depended for every thing, is going to leave me shortly, to be married. This is my motive, as far as *I* am concerned. What has decided me on account of Ottilie, you shall read to me. I will not again look on whilst you are reading. Indeed, the contents of these pages are already known to me. But read, read!"

With these words, she produced a letter, and handed it to Edward.

CHAPTER V.

LETTER OF THE LADY SUPERIOR.

"Your ladyship will forgive the brevity of my present letter. The public examinations are but just concluded, and I have to communicate to all the parents and guardians

the progress our pupils have made during the past year. I can afford to be brief, having to say much in few words. Your ladyship's daughter has proved herself first, in every sense of the word. The testimonials I enclose, and her own letter, in which she will detail to you the prizes she has won, and the happiness she feels in her success, will surely please, and, I hope, delight you. For myself, it is the less necessary that I should say much, because I see that there will soon be no more occasion to keep with us a young lady so far advanced. I send my respects to your ladyship, and in a short time shall take the liberty of offering you my opinion as to what may be of most advantage to her in future.

"My good assistant will tell you about Ottilie."

LETTER OF THE ASSISTANT.

"Our revered superior leaves it to me to write to you of Ottilie, partly because, with her ways of thinking about it, it would be painful to her to say what has to be said; partly because she herself requires some apology she would rather have me make for her.

"Knowing only too well how little able good Ottilie is to show out what lies in her, and what she is capable of, I was all along afraid of this public examination. I was the more uneasy, as it was to be of a kind which does not admit of any special preparation; and, even if it had been conducted as usual, Ottilie never can be prepared to make a display. The result has justified my anxiety only too well. She has not received any prize: she is not even amongst those whose names have been mentioned with approbation. I need not go into details. As for handwriting, the letters of the other girls were not so well formed, but their strokes were much more free. In arithmetic they were all quicker than she; and in the more difficult problems, which she does the best, there was no examination. In French she was outshone and out-talked by many; and in history she was not ready with her names and dates. In geography there was a want of attention to the political divisions; and for what she could do in music, there was neither time nor quiet enough for her few modest melodies to gain attention. In drawing she certainly would have gained the prize: her outlines were clear, and the execution most careful and full of spirit; unhappily she had chosen too wide a subject, and had not completed it.

"After the pupils had been dismissed, the examiners consulted together; and we teachers were partially admitted into the council. I very soon observed that of Ottilie nothing was said; or, when her name was mentioned, it was done with indifference, if not with downright disapproval. I hoped to obtain some favor for her by a candid description of what she was; and I ventured it with the greater earnestness, partly because I was only speaking my real convictions, and partly because, when I was young, I had been in the same unfortunate case. I was listened to with attention; but, as soon as I had ended, the presiding examiner said to me very kindly but laconically, 'We presume capabilities: they are to be converted into accomplishments. This is the aim of all education. It is what is distinctly intended by all who have the care of children, and silently and indistinctly by the children themselves. This also is the object of examinations, when both teachers and pupils are on their trial. From what we learn of you, we may entertain good hopes of the young lady; and it is to your own credit also that you have paid so much attention to your pupil's capabilities. If in the coming year you can develop these into accomplishments, neither yourself nor your pupil shall fail to receive your due praise.'

"I had made up my mind to what must follow all this; but there was something worse which I had not anticipated, and which had soon to be added to it. Our good superior, who, resembling a trusty shepherd, could not bear to have one of her flock lost, or, as was the case here, one intrusted to her charge undistinguished, could not, when the examiners were gone, conceal her displeasure, and said to Ottilie, who was quietly standing by the window, while the others were exulting over their prizes, 'Tell me, for Heaven's sake! how can a person look so stupid, if she is not so?' Ottilie replied quite calmly, 'Forgive me, my dear mother: I have my headache again to-day, and it is very painful.' Kind and sympathizing as she generally is, the superior this time answered, 'Who should know that?' and turned angrily away.

"Now, it is true, no one can believe it; for Ottilie never alters the expression of her countenance, nor have I seen her move her hand to her temple.

"Nor was this all. Your ladyship's daughter, who is at all times sufficiently lively and impetuous, was wild and overbearing after her triumph of to-day. She ran from

room to room with her prizes and testimonials, and shook them in Ottilie's face. 'You have come badly off this morning!' she cried. Ottilie replied in her calm, quiet way, 'This is not the last day of examination.' — 'But you will always be the last, for all that!' cried the other, and ran away.

"No one except myself saw that Ottilie was disturbed. She has a way, when she experiences any sharp, unpleasant emotion which she wishes to resist, of showing it in the unequal color of her face: the left cheek becomes for a moment flushed, while the right turns pale. I perceived this symptom, and could not help saying something. I took our superior aside, and spoke seriously to her about it. The excellent lady acknowledged that she had been wrong. We considered the whole affair, and talked it over at great length together: and, not to weary your ladyship, I will tell you at once the desire with which we concluded; namely, that you will have Ottilie stay with you for a while. Our reasons you will yourself readily perceive. If you consent, I will say more to you on the manner in which I think she should be treated. Your daughter, we may expect, will soon leave us; and we shall then with pleasure welcome Ottilie back.

"One thing more, which another time I might forget to mention: I have never seen Ottilie eager for any thing, or at least ask pressingly for any thing; but there have been occasions, however rare, when, on the other hand, she has wished to decline things which had been pressed upon her; and she does it with a gesture which to those who have caught its meaning is irresistible. She raises her hands, presses the palms together, and draws them against her breast, leaning her body a little forward at the same time, and turns such a look on the person urging her, that he will gladly forego what he may have wished of her. If your ladyship ever sees this attitude, as with your treatment of her it is not likely that you will, think of me, and spare Ottilie."

Edward read these letters aloud, not without smiles, and shakes of the head. Naturally, too, there were observations made on the persons and on the position of the affair.

"'Tis well!" Edward cried at last: "it is decided. She is coming. You, my love, are provided for; and now we can get forward with our work. It is becoming highly necessary for me to remove to the right wing, where the captain

resides; evenings and mornings are the time for us best to work together: and then you, on your side, will have admirable room for yourself and Ottilie."

Charlotte made no objection, and Edward sketched out the method in which they should live. One of his remarks was, "It is really very polite, on the part of your niece, to be subject to a slight pain on the left side of her head. I have it frequently on the right. If we happen to be afflicted at the same time, and sit opposite one another, I leaning on my right elbow, and she on her left, and our heads turned to opposite sides, and resting on our hands, what a pretty pair of pictures we shall make!"

The captain thought that might be dangerous. "No, no!" cried out Edward. "Only do you, my dear friend, take care of the D; for what will become of B, if poor C is taken away from it?"

"That, I should have thought, would have been evident enough," replied Charlotte.

"And it is, indeed," cried Edward: "he would turn back to his A, to his Alpha and Omega." And he sprung up, and, taking Charlotte in his arms, pressed her to his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

The carriage which brought Ottilie drove up to the door. Charlotte went out to receive her. The dear girl ran to meet her, threw herself at her feet, and embraced her knees.

"Why such humility?" said Charlotte, a little embarrassed, and endeavoring to raise her from the ground.

"It is not meant for humility," Ottilie answered, without moving from the position in which she had placed herself: "I am only thinking of the time when I could not reach higher than to your knees, and when I had just learned to know how you loved me."

She rose, and Charlotte embraced her warmly. She was introduced to the gentlemen, and was at once treated with especial courtesy as a visitor. Beauty is a welcome guest everywhere. She appeared attentive to the conversation, without taking part in it.

The next morning Edward said to Charlotte, "What an agreeable, entertaining girl she is!"

"Entertaining!" answered Charlotte, with a smile: "why, she has not opened her lips yet."

"Indeed!" said Edward, as he seemed to bethink himself: "that is very strange."

Charlotte had to give the new comer but a very few hints on the management of the household. Ottilie saw rapidly all the arrangements; and, what was more, she felt them. She comprehended easily what was to be provided for the whole party, and what for each particular member of it. Every thing was done with the utmost punctuality: she knew how to direct, without appearing to be giving orders; and, when any one had left any thing undone, she at once set it right herself.

As soon as she had found how much time she would have to spare, she begged Charlotte to divide her hours for her; and to these she adhered exactly. She worked at what was set before her in the way which the assistant had described to Charlotte. They let her alone. It was but seldom that Charlotte interfered. Sometimes she changed her pens for others which had been written with, to teach her to make bolder strokes in her handwriting; but these, she found, would be soon cut sharp and fine again.

The ladies had agreed to speak nothing but French when alone; and Charlotte insisted on it the more, as Ottilie was more talkative, when speaking a foreign language, when she had been told it was her duty to exercise herself in it. In this way she often said more than she seemed to intend. Charlotte was particularly pleased with a description, most complete, but at the same time most charming and amiable, which she gave her one day, by accident, of the school. She soon felt her to be a delightful companion, and hoped to find, ere long, an attached friend in her.

At the same time she looked over again the more early accounts which had been sent her of Ottilie, to refresh her recollection with the opinion the superior and the assistant had formed about her, and compare them with her in her own person. For Charlotte was of opinion that we cannot too quickly become acquainted with the character of those with whom we have to live, that we may know what to expect of them, where we may hope to do any thing in the way of improvement with them, and what we must make up our minds, once for all, to tolerate and let alone.

This examination led her to nothing new, indeed; but much she already knew became of greater meaning and im-

portance. Ottilie's moderation in eating and drinking, for instance, became a real distress to her.

The next thing on which the ladies were employed was Ottilie's toilet. Charlotte wished her to appear in clothes of a richer and more *recherche* sort; and at once the clever, active girl herself cut out the stuff which had been previously sent to her, and, with a very little assistance from others, was able, in a short time, to dress most tastefully. The new fashionable dresses set off her figure. An agreeable person, it is true, will show through all disguises; but we always fancy it looks fresher and more graceful when its peculiarities appear under some new drapery. And thus, from the moment of her first appearance, she became more and more a delight to the eyes of all who beheld her. As the emerald refreshes the sight with its beautiful hues, and exerts, it is said, a beneficent influence on that noble sense: so does human beauty work with far greater potency on both the outward and inward sense; whoever looks upon it is charmed against the breath of evil, and feels in harmony with himself and with the world.

In many ways, therefore, the party had gained by Ottilie's arrival. The captain and Edward kept regularly to the hours, even to the minutes, for their general meeting together. They never kept the others waiting for them, either for dinner or tea, or for their walks; and they were in less haste, especially in the evenings, to leave the table. This did not escape Charlotte's observation: she watched them both, to see whether one, more than the other, was the occasion of it. But she could not perceive any difference. They had both become more companionable. In their conversation they seemed to consider what was best adapted to interest Ottilie, what was most on a level with her capacities and her general knowledge. If she left the room when they were reading or telling stories, they would wait till she returned. They had grown softer, and altogether more united.

In return for this, Ottilie's anxiety to be of use increased every day: the more she came to understand the house, its inmates, and their circumstances, the more eagerly she entered into every thing, caught every look and every motion; half a word, a sound, was enough for her. With her calm attentiveness, and her easy, unexcited activity, she was always the same. Sitting, rising up, going, coming, fetching, carrying, returning to her place again, it was all in

the most perfect repose; a constant change, a constant agreeable movement; while, at the same time, she went about so lightly that her step was almost inaudible.

This becoming obligingness in Ottilie gave Charlotte the greatest pleasure. There was one thing, however, which she did not exactly like, of which she had to speak to her. "It is very polite in you," she said one day to her, "when people let any thing fall from their hand, to be so quick in stooping and picking it up for them: at the same time, it is a sort of confession that they have a right to require such attention; and, in the world, we are expected to be careful to whom we pay it. I will not prescribe any rule towards women. You are young. To those above you, and older than you, services of this sort are a duty; towards your equals, they are polite; to those younger than yourself and your inferiors, you may show yourself kind and good-natured by such things, — only it is not becoming in a young lady to do them for men."

"I will try to get rid of this habit," replied Ottilie: "I think, however, you will in the mean time forgive me for my want of manners, when I tell you how I came by it. We were taught history at school. I have not retained as much of it as I ought, for I never knew what use I was to make of it; a few little things, however, made a deep impression upon me, among which was the following: When Charles the First of England was standing before his so-called judges, the gold top came off the stick which he had in his hand, and fell down. Accustomed as he had been on such occasions to have every thing done for him, he seemed to look round, and expect that this time, too, some one would do him this little service. No one stirred, and he stooped down for it himself. It struck me as so piteous, that from that moment I have never been able to see any one let a thing fall, without picking it up myself. But of course, as it is not always proper, and as I cannot," she continued, smiling, "tell my story every time I do it, in future I will try and contain myself."

In the mean time the fine arrangements the two friends had been led to make for themselves went uninterruptedly forward. Every day they found something new to think about and undertake.

One day as they were walking together through the village, they had to remark with dissatisfaction how far behindhand it was in order and cleanliness, compared to villages where the inhabitants were compelled by the expense of building-ground to be careful about such things.

"You remember a wish we once expressed when we were travelling in Switzerland together," said the captain, "that we might have the laying out some country park, and how beautiful we would make it by introducing into some village situated like this, not the Swiss style of building, but the Swiss order and neatness which so much improve it."

"And how well it would answer here! The hill on which the castle stands slopes down to that projecting angle. The village, you see, is built in a semicircle, regularly enough just opposite to it. The brook runs between. It is liable to floods; and do observe the way the people set about protecting themselves from them: one with stones, another with stakes; the next puts up a boarding, and a fourth tries beams and planks; no one, of course, doing any good to another with his arrangement, but only hurting himself and the rest too. And then, there is the road going along just in the clumsiest way possible, — up hill and down, through the water, and over the stones. If the people would only lay their hands to the business together, it would cost them nothing but a little labor to run a semicircular wall along here, take the road in behind it, raising it to the level of the houses, and so give themselves a fair open space in front, making the whole place clean, and getting rid, once for all, in one good general work, of all their little trifling ineffectual makeshifts."

"Let us try it," said the captain, as he ran his eyes over the lay of the ground, and saw quickly what was to be done.

"I can undertake nothing in company with peasants and shopkeepers," replied Edward, "unless I may have unrestricted authority over them."

"You are not so wrong in that," returned the captain: "I have experienced too much trouble myself in life in matters of that kind. How difficult it is to prevail on a man to venture boldly on making a sacrifice for an after-advantage! How hard to get him to desire an end, and not to disdain the means! So many people confuse means with ends: they keep hanging over the first, without having the other before their eyes. Every evil is to be cured at the place where it comes to the surface; and they will not trouble themselves to look for the cause which produces it, or the remote effect which results from it. This is why it is so difficult to get advice listened to, especially among the many: they can see clearly enough from day to day, but their scope

seldom reaches beyond the morrow; and, if it comes to a point where with some general arrangement one person will gain while another will lose, there is no prevailing on them to strike a balance. Works of public advantage can only be carried through by an uncontrolled absolute authority."

While they were standing and talking, a man came up begging. He looked more impudent than if he were really in want; and Edward, who was annoyed at being interrupted, after two or three fruitless attempts to get rid of him by a gentler refusal, spoke sharply to him. The fellow began to grumble and mutter abusively: he went off with short steps, talking about the right of beggars. It was all very well to refuse them an alms, but that was no reason why they should be insulted. A beggar, and everybody else too, was as much under God's protection as a lord. It put Edward out of all patience.

The captain, to pacify him, said, "Let us make use of this as an occasion for extending our rural police arrangements to such cases. We are bound to give away money; but we do better in not giving it in person, especially at home. We should be moderate and uniform in every thing, in our charities as in all else: too great liberality attracts beggars instead of helping them on their way. At the same time, there is no harm when one is on a journey, or passing through a strange place, in appearing to a poor man in the street in the form of a chance deity of fortune, and making him some present which shall surprise him. The position of the village and of the castle makes it easy for us to put our charities here on a proper footing. I have thought about it before. The public-house is at one end of the village, a respectable old couple live at the other. At each of these places deposit a small sum of money; and let every beggar, not as he comes in, but as he goes out, receive something. Both houses lie on the roads which lead to the castle, so that any one who goes there can be referred to one or the other."

"Come," said Edward, "we will settle that on the spot. The exact sum can be made up another time."

They went to the innkeeper, and to the old couple; and the thing was done.

"I know very well," Edward said, as they were walking up the hill to the castle together, "that every thing in this world depends on distinctness of idea, and firmness of purpose. Your judgment of what my wife has been doing in the park

was entirely right, and you have already given me a hint how it might be improved. I will not deny that I told her of it."

"So I have been led to suspect," replied the captain, "and I could not approve of your having done so. You have perplexed her. She has left off doing any thing, and on this one subject she is vexed with us. She avoids speaking of it. She has never since invited us to go with her to the summer-house, although at odd hours she goes up there with Ottilie."

"We must not allow ourselves to be deterred by that," answered Edward. "If I am once convinced about any thing good, which could and should be done, I can never rest till I see it done. We are clever enough at other times in introducing what we want into the general conversation: suppose we have out some descriptions of English parks, with copper-plates, for our evening's amusement. Then we can follow with your plan. We will treat it first problematically, and as if we were only in jest. There will be no difficulty in passing into earnest."

The scheme was concerted, and the books were opened. In each group of designs they first saw a ground-plan of the spot, with the general character of the landscape, drawn in its rude, natural state. Then followed others, showing the changes which had been produced by art, to employ and set off the natural advantages of the locality. From these to their own property and their own grounds the transition was easy.

Everybody was pleased. The chart which the captain had sketched was brought and spread out. The only difficulty was, that they could not entirely free themselves of the plan in which Charlotte had begun. However, an easier way up the hill was found: a lodge was suggested to be built on the height at the edge of the cliff, which was to have an especial reference to the castle. It was to form a conspicuous object from the castle windows; and from it the spectator was to be able to overlook, both the castle and the garden.

The captain had carefully considered it all, and taken his measurements; and now he brought up again the village-road and the wall by the brook, and the ground which was to be raised behind it.

"Here you see," said he, "while I make this charming walk up the height, I gain exactly the quantity of stone

which I require for that wall. Let one piece of work help the other, and both will be carried out most satisfactorily and most rapidly."

"But now," said Charlotte, "comes my side of the business. A certain definite outlay of money will have to be made. We ought to know how much will be wanted for such a purpose, and then we can apportion it out: so much work, and so much money, if not by weeks, at least by months. The cash-box is under my charge. I pay the bills, and I keep the accounts."

"You do not appear to have overmuch confidence in us," said Edward.

"I have not much in arbitrary matters," Charlotte answered. "Where it is a case of inclination, we women know better how to control ourselves than you."

It was settled: the dispositions were made, and the work was begun at once.

The captain being always on the spot, Charlotte was an almost daily witness of the strength and clearness of his understanding. He, too, learned to know her better; and it became easy for them both to work together, and thus bring something to completeness. It is with work as with dancing, — persons who keep the same step must grow indispensable to one another. Out of this a mutual kindly feeling will necessarily arise; and that Charlotte had a real kind feeling towards the captain, after she came to know him better, was sufficiently proved by her allowing him to destroy her pretty seat, — which in her first plans she had taken such pains in ornamenting, — because it was in the way of his own, without experiencing the slightest feeling about the matter.

CHAPTER VII.

Now that Charlotte was occupied with the captain, it was a natural consequence that Edward should attach himself more to Ottilie. Independently of this, indeed, for some time past he had begun to feel a silent kind of attraction towards her. Obliging and attentive she was to every one, but his self-love whispered that towards him she was particularly so. She had observed his little fancies about his food. She knew

exactly what things he liked, and the way in which he liked them to be prepared; the quantity of sugar which he liked in his tea, and so on. Moreover, she was particularly careful to prevent draughts, about which he was excessively sensitive; and, indeed, about which with his wife, who could never have air enough, he was often at variance. So, too, she had come to know about fruit-gardens and flower-gardens; whatever he liked, it was her constant effort to procure for him, and to keep away whatever annoyed him; so that very soon she grew indispensable to him: she became like his guardian angel, and he felt it keenly whenever she was absent. Besides all this, too, she appeared to become more open and talkative as soon as they were alone together.

Edward, as he advanced in life, had retained something childish about himself, which corresponded singularly well with the youthfulness of Ottilie. They liked talking of early times, when they had first seen each other; and these reminiscences led them up to the first epoch of Edward's affection for Charlotte. Ottilie declared that she remembered them both as the handsomest pair at court; and when Edward would question the possibility of this, when she must have been so exceedingly young, she insisted that she recollected one particular incident as clearly as possible. He had come into the room where her aunt was; and she had hid her face in Charlotte's lap, not from fear, but from a childish surprise. She might have added, because he had made so strong an impression upon her, — because she had liked him so much.

While they were occupied in this way, much of the business which the two friends had undertaken together had come to a standstill; so that they found it necessary to inspect how things were going on, — to work up a few designs and get letters written. For this purpose, they betook themselves to their office, where they found their old copyist at his desk. They set to work, and soon gave the old man enough to do, without observing that they were laying many things on his shoulders which at other times they had always done for themselves. At the same time, the first design the captain tried would not answer; and Edward was as unsuccessful with his first letter. They fretted for a while, planning and erasing; till at last Edward, who was getting on the worst, asked what o'clock it was. And then it appeared that the captain had forgotten, for the first time for many years, to wind up his chronometer; and they seemed, if not

to feel, at least to have a dim perception, that time was beginning to be indifferent to them.

In the mean while, as the gentlemen were thus rather slackening in their energy, the activity of the ladies increased all the more. The every-day life of a family, composed of a given number of persons, is shaped out of necessary circumstances, may easily receive into itself an extraordinary affection, an incipient passion, — may receive it into itself as into a vessel; and a long time may elapse before the new ingredient produces a visible effervescence, and runs foaming over the edge.

With our friends, the feelings which were mutually arising had the most agreeable effects. Their dispositions opened out, and a general good-will arose out of the several individual affections. Every member of the party was happy, and they each shared their happiness with the rest.

Such a temper elevates the spirit while it enlarges the heart; and every thing which, under the influence of it, people do and undertake, has a tendency towards the illimitable. The friends could no longer remain shut up at home: their walks extended themselves farther and farther. Edward would hurry on before with Ottilie, to choose the path or pioneer the way; and the captain and Charlotte would follow quietly on the track of their more hasty precursors, talking on some grave subject, or delighting themselves with some spot they had newly discovered, or some unexpected natural beauty.

One day their walk led them down from the gate at the right wing of the castle, in the direction of the hotel, and thence over the bridge towards the ponds, along the sides of which they proceeded as far as it was generally thought possible to follow the water; thickly wooded hills sloping directly up from the edge, and beyond these a wall of steep rocks, making farther progress difficult, if not impossible. But Edward, whose hunting experience had made him thoroughly familiar with the spot, pushed forward along an overgrown path with Ottilie, knowing well that the old mill could not be far off, which was somewhere in the middle of the rocks there. The path was so little frequented, that they soon lost it; and for a short time they were wandering among mossy stones and thickets: it was not for long, however; the noise of the water-wheel speedily telling them that the place which they were looking for was close at hand. Stepping forward on a point of rock, they saw the strange, old, dark,

wooden building in the hollow before them, quite shadowed over with precipitous crags and huge trees. They determined without hesitation to descend across the moss and the blocks of stone. Edward led the way; and when he looked back and saw Ottilie following, stepping lightly, without fear or nervousness, from stone to stone, so beautifully balancing herself, he fancied he was looking at some celestial creature floating above him: while if, as she often did, she caught the hand which in some difficult spot he would offer her, or if she supported herself on his shoulder, then he was left in no doubt that it was a very exquisite human creature who touched him. He almost wished that she might slip or stumble, that he might catch her in his arms and press her to his heart. This, however, he would under no circumstances have done, for more than one reason. He was afraid to wound her, and he was afraid to do her some bodily injury.

What the meaning of this could be, we shall immediately learn. When they had got down, and were seated opposite each other at a table under the trees, and when the miller's wife had gone for milk, and the miller, who had come out to them, was sent to meet Charlotte and the captain, Edward, with a little embarrassment, began to speak.

"I have a request to make, dear Ottilie: you will forgive me for asking it, if you will not grant it. You make no secret (I am sure you need not make any) that you wear a miniature under your dress against your breast. It is the picture of your noble father, whom you hardly ever knew; but in every sense he deserves a place by your heart. But, excuse me, the picture is much too large; and the metal frame and the glass, if you take up a child in your arms, if you are carrying any thing, if the carriage swings violently, if we are pushing through bushes, or just now, as we were coming down these rocks, make me extremely anxious on your account. Any unforeseen blow, a fall, a touch, may be fatally injurious to you; and I am terrified at the possibility of it. For my sake do this: put away the picture, not out of your affections, not out of your room; let it have the brightest, the holiest place which you can give it; only do not wear upon your breast a thing the presence of which seems to me, perhaps from an extravagant anxiety, so dangerous."

Ottilie was silent: while he was speaking, she had kept her eyes fixed straight before her; then, without hesitation and without haste, with a look turned more towards heaven than on Edward, she unclasped the chain, drew out the picture,

and pressed it against her forehead, and then reached it over to her friend, with the words, —

"Keep it for me till we get home: I cannot give you a better proof how deeply I thank you for your affectionate care."

He did not venture to press the picture to his lips; but he seized her hand, and raised it to his eyes. They were perhaps two of the most beautiful hands which had ever been clasped together. He felt as if a stone had fallen from his heart, as if a partition-wall had been thrown down between him and Ottilie.

Under the miller's guidance, Charlotte and the captain came down by an easier path, and now joined them. There was the meeting, and a happy talk; and then they took some refreshments. They would not return by the same way as they came; and Edward struck into a rocky path on the other side of the stream, from which the ponds were again to be seen. They made their way along it with some effort, and then had to cross a variety of wood and copse, getting glimpses, on the land side, of a number of villages, and manor-houses with their green lawns and fruit-gardens; while very near them, and sweetly situated on a rising ground, a farm lay in the middle of the wood. From a gentle ascent, they had a view before and behind which showed them the richness of the country to the greatest advantage; and then, entering a grove of trees, they found themselves, on again emerging from it, on the rock opposite the castle.

They came upon it rather unexpectedly, and were of course delighted. They had made the circuit of a little world: they were standing on the spot where the new building was to be erected, and were looking again at the windows of their own home.

They went down to the summer-house, and sat all four in it for the first time together: nothing was more natural than that with one voice it should be proposed to have the way they had been that day, and which, as it was, had taken them much time and trouble, properly laid out and gravelled, so that people might loiter along it at their leisure. They each said what they thought; and they reckoned up that the circuit, over which they had taken many hours, might be travelled easily, with a good road all the way round to the castle, in a single one.

Already a plan was being suggested for shortening the

distance, and adding a fresh beauty to the landscape, by throwing a bridge across the stream, below the mill, where it ran into the lake, when Charlotte brought their inventive imagination somewhat to a standstill by putting them in mind of the expense which such an undertaking would involve.

"There are ways of meeting that too," replied Edward; "we have only to dispose of that farm in the forest, which is so pleasantly situated, and which brings in so little in the way of rent: the sum which will be set free will more than cover what we shall require; and thus, having gained an invaluable walk, we shall receive the interest of well-expended capital in substantial enjoyment, instead of, as now, in the summing up at the end of the year, vexing and fretting ourselves over the pitiful little income which is returned for it."

Even Charlotte, with all her prudence, had little to urge against this. There had been, indeed, a previous intention of selling the farm. The captain was ready immediately with a plan for breaking up the ground into small portions among the peasantry of the forest. Edward, however, had a simpler and shorter way of managing it. His present steward had already proposed to take it off his hands: he was to pay for it by instalments, and so gradually, as the money came in, they would get their work forward from point to point.

So reasonable and prudent a scheme was sure of universal approbation; and they began already in prospect to see their new walk winding along its way, and to imagine the many beautiful views and charming spots which they hoped to discover in its neighborhood.

To bring it all before them with greater fulness of detail, in the evening they produced the new chart. With the help of this they went over again the way that they had come, and found various places where the walk might take a rather different direction with advantage. Their other scheme was now once more talked through, and connected with the fresh design. The site for the new house in the park, opposite the castle, was a second time examined into and approved, and fixed upon for the termination of the intended circuit.

Ottilie had said nothing all this time. At length Edward pushed the chart, which had hitherto been lying before Charlotte, across to her, begging her to give her opinion: she still hesitated for a moment. Edward in his gentlest way

again pressed her to let them know what she thought: nothing had as yet been settled, it was all as yet in embryo.

"I would have the house built here," she said, as she pointed with her finger to the highest point of the slope on the hill. "It is true you cannot see the castle from there, for it is hidden by the wood; but for that very reason you find yourself in another quite new world: you lose village and houses and all at the same time. The view of the ponds, with the mill, and the hills and mountains in the distance, is singularly beautiful. I noticed it when passing."

"She is right!" Edward cried: "how could we have overlooked it? This is what you mean, Ottilie, is it not?" He took a lead-pencil, and drew a great black rectangular figure on the summit of the hill.

It pierced the captain's soul to see his carefully and clearly drawn chart disfigured in such a way. He collected himself, however, after a slight expression of his disapproval, and took up the idea. "Ottilie is right," he said: "we are ready enough to walk any distance to drink tea or eat fish, because they would not have tasted as well at home: we require change of scene and change of objects. Your ancestors showed their judgment in choosing this spot for their castle: for it is sheltered from the wind, with the conveniences of life close at hand. A place, on the contrary, which is more for pleasure-parties than for a regular residence would do very well there; and in the fair time of the year the most agreeable hours may be spent in it."

The more they talked it over, the more conclusive was their judgment in favor of Ottilie; and Edward could not conceal his triumph that the thought had been hers. He was as proud as if he had hit upon it himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early the following morning, the captain examined the spot. He first threw off a sketch of what should be done; and afterwards, when the thing had been more completely decided on, he made a complete design, with accurate calculations and measurements. It cost him a good deal of labor, and the business connected with the sale of the farm had to

be gone into: so that both the gentlemen now found a fresh impulse to activity.

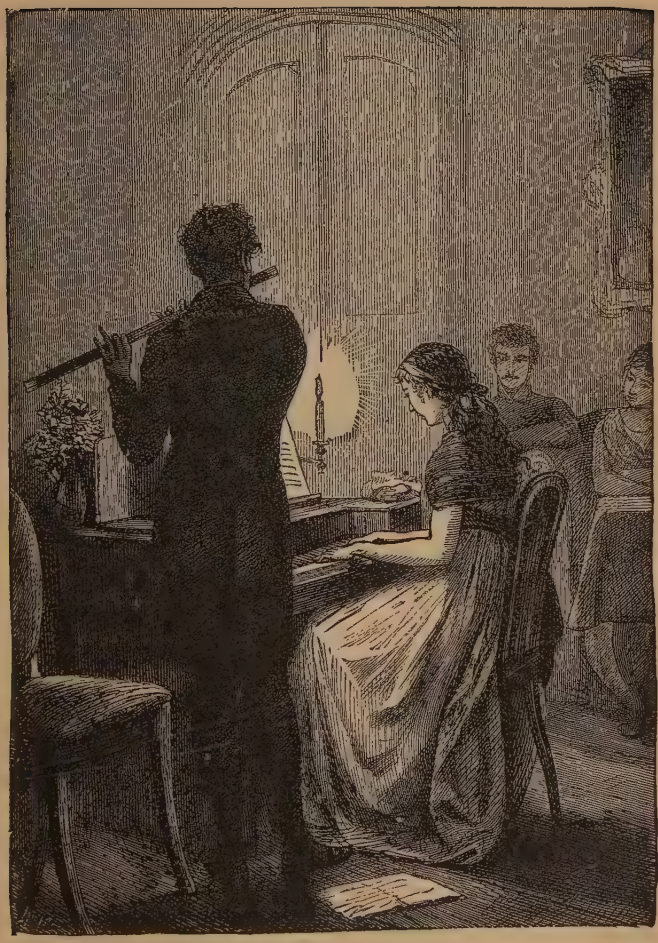
The captain made Edward observe that it would be proper, indeed that it would be a kind of duty, to celebrate Charlotte's birthday with laying the foundation-stone. Not much was wanted to overcome Edward's disinclination for such festivities; for he quickly recollected, that, a little later, Ottilie's birthday would follow, and that he could have a magnificent celebration for that.

Charlotte, to whom all this work and what it would involve was a subject for much serious and almost anxious thought, busied herself in carefully going through the time and outlay which it was calculated would be expended on it. During the day they rarely saw each other: so that the evening meeting was looked forward to with all the more anxiety.

Ottilie was, in the mean time, complete mistress of the household; and how could it be otherwise, with her quick, methodical ways of working? Indeed, her whole mode of thought was suited better to home-life than to the world, and to a more free existence. Edward soon observed that she only walked about with them out of a desire to please; that, when she staid out late with them in the evening, it was because she thought it a sort of social duty; and that she would often find a pretext in some household matter for going in again, — consequently, he soon managed so to arrange the walks they took together, that they should be at home before sunset; and he began again, what he had long left off, to read aloud poetry, particularly such as had for its subject the expression of a pure but passionate love.

They ordinarily sat in the evening in the same places round a small table, — Charlotte on the sofa, Ottilie on a chair opposite to her, and the gentlemen on each side. Ottilie's place was on Edward's right, the side where he put the candle when he was reading: at such times she would draw her chair a little nearer, to look over him; for Ottilie also trusted her own eyes better than another person's lips; and Edward would then always make a move towards her, that it might be as easy as possible for her, — indeed, he would frequently make longer stops than necessary, that he might not turn over before she had got to the bottom of the page.

Charlotte and the captain observed this, and would often look at each other, smiling; but they were both taken by



surprise at another symptom, in which Ottilie's latent feeling accidentally displayed itself.

One evening, which had been partly spoiled for them by a tedious visit, Edward proposed that they should not separate so early, — he felt inclined for music, — he would take his flute, which he had not done for many days past. Charlotte looked for the sonatas they generally played together, and they were not to be found. Ottilie, with some hesitation, said she had taken them to her room.

"And you can, you will, accompany me on the piano?" cried Edward, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I think perhaps I can," Ottilie answered. She brought the music, and sat down to the instrument. The others listened, and were sufficiently surprised to hear how perfectly Ottilie had taught herself the piece; but far more surprised were they at the way in which she contrived to adapt herself to Edward's style of playing. Adapt herself is not the right expression: Charlotte's skill and power enabled her, in order to please her husband, to keep up with him when he played too fast, and hold in for him if he hesitated; but Ottilie, who had several times heard them play the sonata together, seemed to have learned it according to the idea in which they accompanied each other: she had so completely made his defects her own, that a kind of living whole resulted from it, which did not move, indeed, according to exact rule; but the effect of it was in the highest degree pleasant and delightful. The composer himself would have been pleased to hear his work disfigured in so charming a manner.

Charlotte and the captain watched this strange, unexpected occurrence in silence, with the kind of feeling with which we often observe the actions of children, — unable, exactly, to approve of them, from the serious consequences which may follow, and yet without being able to find fault, perhaps with a kind of envy. For, indeed, the regard of these two for one another was growing also, as well as that of the others; and it was, perhaps, only the more perilous because they were both more staid, more certain of themselves, and better able to restrain themselves.

The captain had already begun to feel that a habit he could not resist was threatening to bind him to Charlotte. He forced himself to stay away at the hour when she commonly used to be at the works; by getting up very early in the morning, he contrived to finish there whatever he had to do, and retired to the castle, in order to work in his own

room. The first day or two Charlotte thought it was an accident: she looked for him in every place where she thought he might possibly be. Then she thought she understood him, and admired him all the more.

Avoiding, as the captain now did, being alone with Charlotte, the more industriously did he labor to hurry forward the preparations for keeping her rapidly approaching birthday with all splendor. While he was bringing up the new road from below, behind the village, he made the men, under pretence that he wanted stones, begin working at the top as well, and work down, to meet the others; and he had calculated his arrangements so that the two should exactly meet on the eve of the day. The excavations for the new house were already done: the rock was blown away with gunpowder; and a fair foundation-stone had been hewn, with a hollow chamber, and a flat slab adjusted to cover it.

This outward activity, these little mysterious purposes of friendship, prompted by feelings they were obliged to repress more or less, rather prevented the little party when together from being as lively as usual. Edward, who felt that there was a sort of void, one evening called upon the captain to fetch his violin, — Charlotte should play the piano, and he should accompany her. The captain was unable to refuse the general request; and they executed together one of the most difficult pieces of music with an ease and freedom and feeling which could not but afford themselves, and the two who were listening to them, the greatest delight. They promised themselves a frequent repetition of it, as well as further practice together. "They do it better than we, Ottilie," said Edward: "we will admire them — but we can enjoy ourselves together, too."

CHAPTER IX.

The birthday had come, and every thing was ready. The wall was all complete which protected the raised village-road against the water, and so was the walk: passing the church, for a short time it followed the path which had been laid out by Charlotte, and then, winding upwards among the rocks, inclined first under the summer-house to the right, and then, after a wide sweep, passed back above it to the right again, and so by degrees out on to the summit.

A large party had assembled for the occasion. They went first to church, where they found the whole congregation collected together in their holiday dresses. After service, they filed out in order: first the boys, then the young men, then the old; after them came the party from the castle, with their visitors and retinue; and the village maidens, young girls, and women brought up the rear.

At the turn of the walk, a raised stone seat had been contrived, where the captain made Charlotte and the visitors stop and rest. From here they could look over the whole distance from the beginning to the end, — the troops of men who had gone up before them, the file of women following, and now drawing up to where they were. It was lovely weather, and the whole effect was singularly beautiful. Charlotte was taken by surprise: she was touched, and she pressed the captain's hand warmly.

They followed the crowd, who had slowly ascended, and were now forming a circle round the spot where the future house was to stand. The lord of the castle, his family, and the principal strangers were now invited to descend into the vault, where the foundation-stone, supported on one side, lay ready to be let down. A well-dressed mason, a trowel in one hand and a hammer in the other, came forward, and, with much grace, spoke an address in verse, of which in prose we can give but an imperfect rendering.

"Three things," he began, "are to be looked to in a building: that it stand on the right spot, that it be securely founded, that it be successfully executed. The first is the business of the master of the house, — his, and his only. As in the city the prince and the council alone determine where a building shall be: so in the country it is the right of the lord of the soil that he shall say, 'Here my dwelling shall stand, — here, and nowhere else.'"

Edward and Ottilie were standing opposite one another as these words were spoken, but they did not venture to look up and exchange glances.

"To the third, the execution, there is neither art nor handicraft which must not in some way contribute. But the second, the founding, is the province of the mason; and, boldly to speak it out, it is the head and front of all the undertaking. A solemn thing it is, and our bidding you descend hither is full of meaning. You are celebrating your festival in the depth of the earth. Here, within this narrow excavation, you show us the honor of appearing as witnesses of our

mysterious craft. Presently we shall lower down this carefully hewn stone into its place; and soon these earth-walls, now ornamented with fair and worthy persons, will be no more accessible, but will be closed in forever.

"This foundation-stone, which with its angles typifies the just angles of the building; with the sharpness of its moulding, the regularity of it; and with the truth of its lines to the horizontal and perpendicular, the uprightness and equal height of all the walls, — we might now without more ado let down: it would rest in its place with its own weight. But even here there shall not fail of lime and means to bind it. For as human beings, who may be well inclined to each other by nature, yet hold more firmly together when the law cements them: so are stones also, whose forms may already fit together, united far better by these binding forces. It is not seemly to be idle amidst the busy, and here you will not refuse to be our fellow-laborer." With these words he reached the trowel to Charlotte, who threw mortar with it under the stone; several of the others were then desired to do the same, and then it was at once let fall. Upon which the hammer was placed next in Charlotte's, and then in the others', hands, to strike three times with it, and conclude, in this expression, the union of the stone with the soil.

"The work of the mason," the speaker continued, "now under the free sky as we are, if it be not done in concealment, yet must pass into concealment; the soil will be laid smoothly in, and thrown over this stone; and, with the walls which we rear into the daylight, we in the end are seldom remembered. The works of the stone-cutter and the carver remain under the eyes: but for us it is not to complain when the plasterer blots out the last trace of our hands, and appropriates our work to himself; when he overlays, smooths, and colors it.

"Not from regard for the opinion of others, but from respect for himself, the mason will be faithful in his calling. There is no one who has more need to feel in himself the consciousness of what he is. When the house has been erected, when the soil is levelled, and the surface paved, and the outside all overwrought with ornament, he can even see in yet through all disguises, and still recognize those exact and careful adjustments to which the whole is indebted for its existence and support.

"But as the man who commits some evil deed has to fear, that, notwithstanding all precautions, it will one day come to light: so too must he expect who has done some good thing

in secret, that it also, in spite of him, will appear in the day; and therefore we make this foundation-stone at the same time a memorial-stone. Here, in these various cavities which have been hewn into it, many things are now to be buried, to bear witness to distant posterity. These metal cases hermetically sealed contain documents in writing; matters of various note are engraved on these plates; in these beautiful glass bottles we bury the best old wine, with the date of its vintage. We have coins, too, of many kinds, from the mint of the current year. All this we have received through the liberality of him for whom we build. There is still some space left, if any guest or spectator desire to offer something for posterity."

After a slight pause the speaker looked round: but, as is commonly the case on such occasions, no one was prepared; they were all taken by surprise. At last, a merry-looking young officer set the example, and said, "If I am to contribute any thing, which as yet is not to be found in this treasure-chamber, it shall be a pair of buttons from my uniform. — I don't see why they do not deserve to go down to posterity!" No sooner said than done, and then a number of persons found something of the same sort which they could do: the young ladies did not hesitate to throw in some of their side hair-combs; smelling-bottles and other trinkets were not spared. Only Ottilie hung back, till a kind word from Edward roused her from the abstraction in which she was watching the various things being heaped in. Then she unclasped from her neck the gold chain on which her father's picture had hung, and with a light, gentle hand laid it down on the other jewels. Edward rather disarranged the proceedings by at once, in some haste, having the cover let fall, and fastened down.

The young journeyman mason who had been most active through all this, again took his place as orator, and went on, "We lay down this stone forever, for the establishing the present and the future possessors of this house. But in that we bury this treasure together with it, we do it in the remembrance — in this most enduring of works — of the perishableness of all human things. We remember that a time may come when this lid so firmly sealed shall again be lifted; and that can only be when all shall again be destroyed, which as yet we have not brought into being.

"But now — now that at once it may begin to be, back with our thoughts out of the future, — back into the present. At once, after the feast which we have this day kept together,

let us on with our labor: let no one of all those trades which are to work on our foundation, through us keep unwilling holiday. Let the building rise swiftly to its height; and, from the windows which as yet have no existence, may the master of the house, his family, and guests look forth with a glad heart over his broad lands. To him and to all here present herewith be health and happiness."

With these words he drained a richly cut tumbler at a draught, and flung it into the air, thereby to signify the excess of pleasure by destroying the vessel which had served for such a solemn occasion. This time, however, it fell out otherwise. The glass did not fall back to the earth, and indeed without a miracle.

In order to get forward with the buildings, they had already excavated the whole ground at the opposite corner; indeed, they had begun to raise the wall, and, for this purpose, reared a scaffold as high as was absolutely necessary. On the occasion of the festival, boards had been laid along the top of this; and a number of spectators were allowed to stand there. It had been meant principally for the advantage of the workmen themselves. The glass had flown up there, and had been caught by one of them, who took it as a sign of good luck for himself. He waved it round without letting it go from his hand; and the letters E and O were to be seen very richly cut upon it, running one into the other. It was one of the glasses which had been made to order for Edward when he was a boy.

The scaffoldings were again deserted; and the most active among the party climbed up to look round, and could not say enough in praise of the beauty of the prospect on all sides. How many new discoveries a person makes when, on some high point, he ascends a somewhat higher eminence. Inland many fresh villages came in sight. The line of the river could be traced like a thread of silver; indeed, one of the party thought that he distinguished the spires of the capital. On the other side, behind the wooded hill, the blue peaks of the far-off mountains were seen rising; and the country immediately about them was spread out like a map.

"If the three ponds," cried some one, "were but thrown together to make a single sheet of water, there would be every thing here which is noblest and most excellent."

"That might easily be effected," the captain said. "In early times they must have formed all one lake among the hills here."

"Only I must beseech you to spare my clump of plane-trees and poplars that stand so prettily by the centre pond," said Edward. "Look," he said, turning to Ottilie, bringing her a few steps forward, and pointing down, "those trees I planted myself."

"How long have they been standing there?" asked Ottilie.

"Just about as long as you have been in the world," replied Edward. "Yes, my dear child, I planted them when you were still lying in your cradle."

The party now betook themselves back to the castle. When dinner was over, they were invited to walk through the village to take a glance at what had been done there as well. At a hint from the captain, the inhabitants had collected in front of the houses. They were not standing in rows, but formed in natural family groups, partly occupied at their evening work, partly enjoying themselves on the new benches. They had determined, as an agreeable duty which they imposed upon themselves, to have every thing in its present order and cleanliness, at least every Sunday and holiday.

A small party, held together by such feelings as had grown up among our friends, is always unpleasantly interrupted by a large concourse of people. All four were delighted to find themselves again alone in the large drawing-room; but this sense of home was a little disturbed by a letter which was brought to Edward, giving notice of fresh guests who were to arrive the following day.

"It is as we supposed," Edward cried to Charlotte. "The count will not stay away: he is coming to-morrow."

"Then, the baroness, too, is not far off," answered Charlotte.

"Doubtless not," said Edward. "She is coming, too, to-morrow, from another place. They only beg to be allowed to stay for a night: the next day they will go on together."

"We must prepare for them in time, Ottilie," said Charlotte.

"What arrangement shall I desire to be made," Ottilie asked.

Charlotte gave a general direction, and Ottilie left the room.

The captain inquired in what relation these two persons stood towards one another, and with which he was only very generally acquainted. They had some time before, both being already married, fallen violently in love with one

another: a double marriage was not to be interfered with without attracting attention. A divorce was proposed. On the baroness's side it could be effected, on that of the count it could not. They were obliged seemingly to separate, but their position towards one another remained unchanged; and though in winter at the Residence they were unable to be together, they indemnified themselves in summer, while making tours and staying at watering-places.

They were both slightly older than Edward and Charlotte, and had been intimate with them from early times at court. The connection had never been absolutely broken off, although it was impossible to approve of their proceedings. On the present occasion, their coming was most unwelcome to Charlotte; and, if she had looked closely into her reasons for feeling it so, she would have found it was on account of Ottilie. The poor, innocent girl should not have been brought so early in contact with such an example.

"It would have been just as well if they had not come till a couple of days later," Edward was saying, as Ottilie re-entered, "till we had finished with this business of the farm. The deed of sale is complete. One copy of it I have here; but we want a second, and our old clerk has fallen ill." The captain offered his services, and so did Charlotte; but there was something or other to object to both of them.

"Give it to me," cried Ottilie, a little hastily.

"You will never be able to finish it," said Charlotte.

"And really I must have it early the day after to-morrow, and it is long," Edward added.

"It shall be ready," Ottilie cried; and the paper was already in her hands.

The next morning, as they were looking out from their highest windows for their visitors, whom they intended to go some way and meet, Edward said, "Who is that yonder, slowly riding along the road?"

The captain described accurately the figure of the horseman.

"Then, it is he," said Edward: "the particulars, which you can see better than I, agree very well with the general figure, which I can see too. It is Mittler; but what is he doing, coming riding at such a pace as that?"

The figure came nearer, and Mittler it veritably was. They received him with warm greetings, as he came slowly up the steps.

"Why did you not come yesterday?" Edward cried, as he approached.

"I do not like your grand festivities," answered he; "but I have come to-day to keep my friend's birthday with you quietly."

"How are you able to find time enough?" asked Edward, with a laugh.

"My visit, if you can value it, you owe to an observation I made yesterday. I was spending a right happy afternoon in a house where I had established peace, and then I heard that a birthday was being kept here. 'Now, this is what I call selfish, after all,' said I to myself: 'you will only enjoy yourself with those whose broken peace you have mended. Why cannot you, for once, go and be happy with friends who keep the peace for themselves?' No sooner said than done. Here I am, as I determined with myself that I would be."

"Yesterday you would have met a large party here: to-day you will find but a small one," said Charlotte. "You will meet the count and the baroness, with whom you have had enough to do already, I believe."

Out of the middle of the party, who had all four come down to welcome him, the strange man dashed in the keenest disgust, seizing, at the same time, his hat and whip. "Some unlucky star is always over me," he cried, "directly I try to rest and enjoy myself. What business have I going out of my proper character? I ought never to have come, and now I am expelled. Under one roof with those two I will not remain, and you take care of yourselves. They bring nothing but mischief. Their nature is like leaven, and propagates its own contagion."

They tried to pacify him, but it was in vain. "Whoever strikes at marriage," he cried, — "whoever, either by word or deed, undermines this, the foundation of all moral society, that man has to settle with me; and, if I cannot become his master, I take care to settle myself out of his way. Marriage is the beginning and end of all culture. It makes the savage mild, and the most cultivated has no better opportunity for displaying his gentleness. Indissoluble it must be, because it brings so much happiness that what small, exceptional unhappiness it may bring counts for nothing in the balance. And what do men mean by talking of unhappiness? All men have, at times, fits of impatience, when they fancy themselves unhappy. Let them wait till the

moment is gone by, and then they will bless their good fortune that what has stood so long continues standing. There never can be any adequate ground for separation. The condition of man is pitched so high, in its joys and in its sorrows, that what a married couple owe to one another defies calculation. It is an infinite debt, which can only be discharged through all eternity.

"Its annoyances marriage may often have: I can well believe that, and it is as it should be. We are all married to our consciences, and there are times when we should be glad to be divorced from them. Mine gives me more annoyance than ever a man or a woman can give."

Such were his words, uttered with great vivacity; and he would very likely have gone on speaking, had not the sound of the postilions' horns announced the arrival of the visitors, who, as if by a preconcerted arrangement, at the same moment drove into the castle-courtyard from opposite sides. Mittler slipped away as their host hastened to receive them, and, desiring that his horse might be brought out immediately, rode angrily off.

CHAPTER X.

The visitors were welcomed, and brought in. They were delighted to find themselves again in the same house and in the same rooms where in early times they had passed many happy days, but which they had not seen for a long time. Their friends, too, were very glad to see them. Both the count and the baroness had those tall, fine figures, which please in middle life almost better than in youth. For, although their first bloom had somewhat faded, there was an air in their appearance which was always irresistibly attractive. Their manners, too, were thoroughly charming. Their free way of taking hold of life, and dealing with it, their mirthfulness, apparent ease, and freedom from embarrassment, communicated itself at once to the rest; and a lighter atmosphere hung about the whole party, without their having observed it stealing on them.

The effect was immediately felt on the entrance of the new-comers. They were fresh from the fashionable world,

as was to be seen at once in their dress, in their equipment, and in every thing about them; and they formed a contrast, not a little striking, with our friends, their rural style, and the vehement feelings actuating them in secret. This, however, very soon disappeared in the stream of past recollection and present interests; and a rapid, lively conversation soon united them all. After a short time, they again separated. The ladies withdrew to their own apartments, and there found amusement enough in the many things they had to tell each other, and in setting to work, at the same time, to examine the new fashions, the spring-dresses, bonnets, and such like; while the gentlemen busied themselves looking at the new travelling chariots, trotting out the horses, and beginning at once to bargain and exchange.

They did not meet again till dinner: in the mean time they had changed their dress. And here, too, the newly arrived pair showed to all advantage. Every thing they wore was new, and of a style such as their friends at the castle had never seen; and yet, being accustomed to it themselves, it appeared perfectly natural and graceful.

The conversation was brilliant and varied; as, indeed, in the presence of such persons, every thing and nothing seems to be of interest. They spoke in French, that the attendants might not understand what they said, and swept, in happiest humor, over all that was passing in the great or the middle world. On one particular subject they remained, however, longer than was desirable. It was occasioned by Charlotte asking after one of her early friends, of whom she had to learn, with some distress, that she was on the point of being separated from her husband.

"It is a melancholy thing," Charlotte said, "when we fancy our absent friends are finally settled, when we believe persons very dear to us to be provided for for life, suddenly to hear that their fortunes are cast loose once more; that they have to strike into a fresh path of life, and very likely a most insecure one."

"Indeed, my dear friend," the count answered, "it is our own fault if we allow ourselves to be surprised at such things. We please ourselves with imagining matters of this earth, and particularly matrimonial connections, as very enduring: and, as concerns this last point, the plays which we see over and over again help to mislead us; being, as they are, so untrue to the course of the world. In a comedy we see a marriage as the last aim of a desire which is hindered

and crossed through a number of acts; and at the instant when it is reached the curtain falls, and the momentary satisfaction continues to ring on in our ears. But in the world it is very different. The play goes on still behind the scenes; and, when the curtain rises again, we may see and hear, perhaps, little enough of the marriage."

"It cannot be so very bad, however," said Charlotte, smiling. "We see people who have gone off the boards of the theatre, ready enough to undertake a part upon them again."

"There is nothing to be said against that," said the count. "In a new character a man may readily venture on a second trial; and, when we know the world, we see clearly that it is only this positive, eternal duration of marriage in a world where every thing is in motion, which has any thing unbecoming about it. A friend of mine, whose good-humor shone forth principally in suggestions for new laws, maintained that every marriage should be concluded only for five years. Five, he said, was a sacred number, — pretty and uneven. Such a period would be long enough for people to learn one another's character, bring a child or two into the world, quarrel, separate, and, what was best, get reconciled again. He would often exclaim, 'How happily the first part of the time would pass away!' Two or three years, at least, would be perfect bliss. On one side or other, there would not fail to be a wish to have the relation continue longer; and the amiability would increase, the nearer they got to the time of parting. The indifferent, even the dissatisfied, party, would be softened and gained over by such behavior: they would forget, as in pleasant company the hours pass always unobserved, how the time went by, and would be delightfully surprised when, after the term had run out, they first observed that they had unknowingly prolonged it."

Charming and pleasant as all this sounded, and deep (Charlotte felt it to her soul) as was the moral significance which lay below it, expressions of this kind, on Ottilie's account, were most distasteful to her. She knew very well that nothing was more dangerous than the licentious conversation which treats culpable or semi-culpable actions as if they were common, ordinary, and even laudable; and of such undesirable kind assuredly was whatever touched on the sacredness of marriage. She therefore endeavored, in her skilful way, to give the conversation another turn; and, when

she found that she could not, it vexed her that Ottilie had managed every thing so well that there was no occasion for her to leave the table. In her quiet, observant way, a nod or a look was enough for her to signify to the head servant whatever was to be done; and every thing went off perfectly, although there were a couple of strange men in livery in the way, who were rather a trouble than a convenience. And so the count, without perceiving Charlotte's hints, went on giving his opinions on the same subject. It was not his wont to be tedious in conversation; but this was a thing which weighed so heavily on his heart, and the difficulties he found in getting separated from his wife were so great, that it had made him bitter against every thing concerning the marriage-bond, — that very bond which, nevertheless, he so anxiously desired for himself and the baroness.

"The same friend," he went on, "has another law to propose. A marriage is to be held indissoluble, only either when both parties, or at least one, enter into it for the third time. Such persons must be supposed to acknowledge beyond a doubt that they find marriage indispensable for themselves; they have had opportunities of thoroughly knowing themselves; of knowing how they conducted themselves in their earlier unions; whether they have any peculiarities of temper, which are a more frequent cause of separation than bad dispositions. People would then observe one another more closely: they would pay as much attention to the married as to the unmarried, no one being able to tell how things may turn out."

"That would add no little to the interest of society," said Edward. "As things are now, when a man is married, nobody cares any more, either for his virtues or for his vices."

"Under this arrangement," the baroness rejoined, smiling, "our dear hosts have passed successfully two stages, and may make themselves ready for their third."

"Things have gone happily with them," said the count. "In their case, death has done with a good grace what in other cases the consistorial courts do with a very bad one."

"Let the dead rest," said Charlotte, with a half-serious look.

"Why so," replied the count, "when we can remember them with honor? They were generous enough to content themselves with less than their number of years for the sake of the larger good which they could leave behind them."

"Alas! that in such cases," said the baroness, with a suppressed sigh, "happiness is only bought with the sacrifice of our fairest years."

"Yes, indeed," answered the count; "and it might drive us to despair, if it were not the same with every thing in this world. Nothing goes as we hope. Children do not fulfil what they promise; young people very seldom; and, if they do, the world does not."

Charlotte, who was delighted that the conversation had changed at last, replied cheerfully, —

"Well, then, we must content ourselves with enjoying what good we are to have in fragments and pieces, as we can get it; and the sooner we can accustom ourselves to this the better."

"Certainly," the count answered, "you two have had the enjoyment of very happy times. When I recall the years when you and Edward were the loveliest couple at the court, I see nothing now to be compared with those brilliant times and such magnificent figures. When you two used to dance together, all eyes were turned upon you, fastened upon you; while you saw nothing but each other."

"So much has changed since those days," said Charlotte, "that we can listen to such pretty things about ourselves without our modesty being shocked at them."

"I often privately found fault with Edward," said the count, "for not being more firm. Those singular parents of his would certainly have given way at last, and ten fair years is no trifle to gain."

"I must take Edward's part," struck in the baroness. "Charlotte was not altogether without fault, — not altogether free from what we must call prudential considerations: and although she had a real, hearty love for Edward, and did in her secret soul intend to marry him, I can bear witness how sorely she often tried him; and it was through this that he was at last unluckily prevailed upon to leave her and go abroad, and try to forget her."

Edward nodded to the baroness, and seemed grateful for her advocacy.

"And then I must add this," she continued, "in excuse for Charlotte. The man who was at that time wooing her, had for a long time given proofs of his constant attachment to her, and, when one came to know him well, was a far more lovable person than the rest of you may like to acknowledge."

"Dear friend," the count replied, a little pointedly, "confess, now, that he was not altogether indifferent to yourself, and that Charlotte had more to fear from you than from any other rival. I find it one of the highest traits in women, that they preserve so long their regard for a man, and that absence of no duration will serve to disturb or remove it."

"This fine feature men possess, perhaps, even more," answered the baroness. "At any rate, I have observed with you, my dear count, that no one has more influence over you than a lady to whom you were once attached. I have seen you take more trouble to do things when a certain person has asked you, than the friend of this moment would have obtained of you, if she had tried."

"Such a charge as that one must bear the best way one can," replied the count. "But, as to what concerns Charlotte's first husband, I could not endure him; because he parted so sweet a pair from one another, — a really predestined pair, who, once brought together, have no reason to fear the five years, or be thinking of a second or third marriage."

"We must try," Charlotte said, "to make up for what we then allowed to slip from us."

"Ay, and you must keep to that," said the count: "your first marriages," he continued, with some vehemence, "were exactly marriages of the true detestable sort. And, unhappily, marriages generally, even the best, have (forgive me for using a strong expression) something awkward about them. They destroy the delicacy of the relation: every thing is made to rest on the broad certainty out of which one side or other, at least, is too apt to make their own advantage. It is all a matter of course; and they seem only to have got themselves tied together, that one or the other, or both, may go their own way the more easily."

At this moment, Charlotte, who was determined once for all that she would put an end to the conversation, made a bold effort at turning it, and succeeded. It then became more general. She and her husband and the captain were able to take a part in it. Even Ottilie had to give her opinion, and the dessert was enjoyed in the happiest humor. It was particularly beautiful, being composed almost entirely of the rich summer fruits in elegant baskets, with epergnes of lovely flowers arranged in exquisite taste.

The new laying-out of the park came to be spoken of, and immediately after dinner they went to look at what was going

on. Ottilie withdrew, under pretence of having household matters to look to; in reality, it was to set to work again at the transcribing. The count fell into conversation with the captain, and Charlotte afterwards joined them. When they were at the summit, the captain good-naturedly ran back to fetch the plan; and, in his absence, the count said to Charlotte, —

"He is an exceedingly pleasing person. He is very well informed, and his knowledge is always ready. His practical power, too, seems methodical and vigorous. What he is doing here would be of great importance in some higher sphere."

Charlotte listened to the captain's praises with an inward delight. She collected herself, however, and composedly and clearly confirmed what the count had said. But she was not a little startled when he continued, —

"This acquaintance falls most opportunely for me. I know of a situation for which he is perfectly suited; and I shall be doing the greatest favor to a friend of mine, a man of high rank, by recommending to him a person who is so exactly every thing which he desires."

Charlotte felt as if a stroke of thunder had fallen on her. The count did not observe it: women, being accustomed at all times to hold themselves in restraint, are always able, even in the most extraordinary cases, to maintain an apparent composure; but she heard not a word more of what the count said, though he went on speaking.

"When I have made up my mind upon a thing," he added, "I am quick about it. I have put my letter together already in my head, and I shall write it immediately. You can find me some messenger, who can ride off with it this evening."

Charlotte was suffering agonies. Startled with the proposal, and shocked at herself, she was unable to utter a word. Happily the count continued talking of his plans for the captain, the desirableness of which was only too apparent to Charlotte.

It was time that the captain returned. He came up, and unrolled his design before the count. But with what changed eyes Charlotte now looked at the friend whom she was to lose! In her necessity she bowed, and turned away, and hurried down to the summer-house. Before she had gone half-way, the tears were streaming from her eyes; and she flung herself into the narrow room in the little hermitage,

and gave herself up to an agony, a passion, a despair, of the possibility of which, but a few moments before, she had not had the slightest conception.

Edward had gone with the baroness in the other direction, towards the ponds. This ready-witted lady, who liked to be in the secret about every thing, soon observed, in a few conversational feelers which she threw out, that Edward was very fluent and free-spoken in praise of Ottilie. She contrived in the most natural way to draw him out by degrees so completely, that at last she had not a doubt remaining that here was not merely an incipient fancy, but a veritable, full-grown passion.

Married women, if they have no particular love for one another, yet are silently in league together, especially against young girls. The consequences of such an inclination presented themselves only too quickly to her world-experienced spirit. Added to this, she had been already, in the course of the day, talking to Charlotte about Ottilie: she had disapproved of her remaining in the country, particularly being a girl of so retiring a character; and she had proposed to take Ottilie with her to the residence of a friend, who was just then bestowing great expense on the education of an only daughter, and who was only looking about to find some well-disposed companion for her, to put her in the place of a second child, and let her share in every advantage. Charlotte had taken time to consider. But now this glimpse of the baroness into Edward's heart changed what had been but a suggestion at once into a settled determination; and the more rapidly she made up her mind about it, the more she outwardly seemed to flatter Edward's wishes. Never was there any one more self-possessed than this lady; and to have mastered ourselves in extraordinary cases disposes us to treat even a common case with dissimulation: it makes us inclined, as we have had to do so much violence to ourselves, to extend our control over others, and hold ourselves in a degree compensated in what we outwardly gain for what we inwardly have been obliged to sacrifice. To this feeling there is often joined a kind of secret, spiteful pleasure in the blind, unconscious ignorance with which the victim walks on into the snare. It is not immediate success we enjoy, but the thought of the surprise and exposure which is to follow. And thus was the baroness malicious enough to invite Edward to come with Charlotte, and pay her a visit at the grape-gathering, and, to his question whether they might

bring Ottilie with them, to frame an answer which, if he pleased, he might interpret to his wishes.

Edward had already begun to pour out his delight at the beautiful scenery, the broad river, the hills, the rocks, the vineyard, the old castles, the water-parties, and the jubilee at the grape-gathering, the wine-pressing, etc., — in all of which, in the innocence of his heart, he was only exuberating in the anticipation of the impression which these scenes were to make on the fresh spirit of Ottilie. At this moment they saw her approach; and the baroness said quickly to Edward that he had better say nothing to her of this intended autumn expedition, things which we set our hearts upon so long before so often failing to come to pass. Edward gave his promise: but he obliged his companion to move more quickly to meet her; and at last, when they came very close, he ran on several steps in advance. A heartfelt happiness was expressed in his whole being. He kissed her hand as he pressed into it a nosegay of wild-flowers, which he had gathered on his way.

The baroness felt bitter to her heart at the sight of it. At the same time that she was able to disapprove of what was really objectionable in this affection, she could not bear to see what was sweet and beautiful in it thrown away on such a poor, paltry girl.

When they had collected again at the supper-table, an entirely different temper was spread over the party. The count, who had in the mean time written his letter and despatched a messenger with it, occupied himself with the captain, whom he had been drawing out more and more, spending the whole evening at his side, talking of serious matters. The baroness, who sat on the count's right, found but small amusement in this; nor did Edward find any more. The latter, first because he was thirsty, and then because he was excited, did not spare the wine, and attached himself entirely to Ottilie, whom he had made sit by him. On the other side, next to the captain, sat Charlotte: for her it was hard, it was almost impossible, to conceal the emotion under which she was suffering.

The baroness had sufficient time to make her observations at leisure. She perceived Charlotte's uneasiness, and, occupied as she was with Edward's passion for Ottilie, easily satisfied herself that her abstraction and distress were owing to her husband's behavior; and she set herself to consider in what way she could best compass her ends.

Supper was over, and the party remained divided. The count, whose object was to probe the captain to the bottom, had to try many turns before he could arrive at what he wished with so quiet, so little vain, but so exceedingly laconic, a person. They walked up and down together on one side of the saloon; while Edward, excited with wine and hope, was laughing with Ottilie at a window; and Charlotte and the baroness were walking backwards and forwards, without speaking, on the other side. Their being so silent, and their standing about in this uneasy, listless way, had its effect at last in breaking up the rest of the party. The ladies withdrew to their rooms, the gentlemen to the other wing of the castle; and so this day appeared to be concluded.

CHAPTER XI.

Edward went with the count to his room. They continued talking, and he was easily prevailed upon to stay a little time longer there. The count lost himself in old times, spoke eagerly of Charlotte's beauty, which, as a critic, he dwelt upon with much warmth.

"A pretty foot is a great gift of nature," he said. "It is a grace which never perishes. I observed it to-day, as she was walking. I should almost have liked to have kissed her shoe, and repeat that somewhat barbarous but significant practice of the Sarmatians, who know no better way of showing reverence for any one they love or respect, than by using his shoe to drink his health out of."

The point of the foot did not remain the only subject of praise between two old acquaintances: they went from the person back upon old stories and adventures, and came on the hinderances people at that time had thrown in the way of the lovers' meetings, — what trouble they had taken, what arts they had been obliged to devise, only to be able to tell each other that they loved.

"Do you remember," continued the count, "an adventure in which I most unselfishly stood your friend when their Highnesses were on a visit to your uncle, and were all together in that great, straggling castle? The day went in festivities and glitter of all sorts, and a part of the night at least in pleasant conversation."

"And you, in the mean time, had observed the back way which led to the court-ladies' quarter," said Edward, "and so managed to effect an interview for me with my beloved."

"And she," replied the count, "thinking more of propriety than of my enjoyment, had kept a frightful old duenna with her. So that, while you two, between looks and words, got on extremely well together, my lot, in the mean while, was far from pleasant."

"Only yesterday," answered Edward, "when you sent word you were coming, I was recalling the story to my wife, and describing our adventure on returning. We missed the road, and got into the entrance-hall from the garden. Knowing our way from thence so well as we did, we supposed we could get along easily enough. But you remember our surprise on opening the door. The floor was covered over with mattresses, on which the giants lay in rows stretched out and sleeping. The single sentinel at his post looked wonderingly at us; but we, in the cool way young men do things, strode quietly on over the outstretched boots, without disturbing a single one of the snoring children of Anak."

"I had the strongest inclination to stumble," the count said, "that there might be an alarm given. What a resurrection we should have witnessed."

At this moment the castle-clock struck twelve.

"It is deep midnight," the count added, laughing, "and just the proper time: I must ask you, my dear baron, to show me a kindness. Do you guide me to-night, as I guided you then. I promised the baroness that I would see her before going to bed. We have had no opportunity of any private talk together the whole day. We have not seen each other for a long time, and it is only natural that we should wish for a confidential hour. If you will show me the way there, I will manage to get back again; and, in any case, there will be no boots for me to stumble over."

"I shall be very glad to show you such a piece of hospitality," answered Edward, "only the three ladies are together in the same wing. Who knows whether we shall not find them still with one another, or make some other mistake, which may have a strange appearance?"

"Do not be afraid," said the count: "the baroness expects me. She is sure by this time to be in her own room, and alone."

"Well, then, the thing is easy enough," Edward answered. He took a candle, and lighted the count down a private

staircase leading into a long gallery. At the end of this, he opened a small door. They mounted a winding flight of stairs, which brought them out upon a narrow landing-place; and then, putting the candle in the count's hand, he pointed to a tapestried door on the right, which opened readily at the first trial, and admitted the count, leaving Edward outside in the dark.

Another door on the left led into Charlotte's sleeping-room. He heard her voice, and listened. She was speaking to her maid. "Is Ottilie in bed?" she asked. "No," was the answer: "she is sitting writing in the room below." — "You may light the night-lamp," said Charlotte: "I shall not want you any more. It is late. I can put out the candle, and do whatever I may want else myself."

It was a delight to Edward to hear that Ottilie was still writing. She is working for me, he thought triumphantly. Through the darkness, he fancied he could see her sitting all alone at her desk. He thought he would go to her, and see her; and how she would turn to receive him. He felt a longing, which he could not resist, to be near her once more. But, from where he was, there was no way to the apartments which she occupied. He now found himself immediately at his wife's door. A singular change of feeling came over him. He tried the handle, but the door was bolted. He knocked gently. Charlotte did not hear him. She was walking rapidly up and down in the large dressing-room adjoining. She was repeating over and over what, since the count's unexpected proposal, she had often enough had to say to herself. The captain seemed to stand before her. At home and everywhere, he had become her all in all. And now he was to go, and it was all to be desolate again. She repeated whatever wise things one can say to one's self; she even anticipated, as people so often do, the wretched comfort, that time would come at last to her relief; and then she cursed the time which would have to pass before it could lighten her sufferings — she cursed the dead, cold time when they would be lightened. At last she burst into tears, which were the more welcome as she rarely wept. She flung herself on the sofa, and gave herself up unreservedly to her sufferings. Edward, meanwhile, could not take himself from the door. He knocked again, and a third time somewhat louder; so that Charlotte, in the stillness of the night, distinctly heard it, and started up in fright. Her first thought was, it can only be, it must be, the captain; her second,

that it was impossible. She thought she must have been deceived. But surely she had heard it, and she wished and she feared to have heard it. She went into her sleeping-room, and walked lightly up to the bolted tapestry-door. She blamed herself for her fears. "Possibly it may be the baroness wanting something," she said to herself; and she called out quietly and calmly, "Is anybody there?" A light voice answered, "It is I." — "Who?" returned Charlotte, not being able to make out the voice. She thought she saw the captain's figure standing at the door. In a slightly louder tone, she heard the word "Edward." She drew back the bolt, and her husband stood before her. He greeted her with some light jest. She was unable to reply in the same tone. He complicated the mysterious visit by his mysterious explanation of it.

"Well, then," he said at last, "I will confess, the real reason why I am come is, that I have made a vow to kiss your shoe this evening."

"It is long since you thought of such a thing as that," said Charlotte.

"So much the worse," he answered, "and so much the better."

She had sat down in an arm-chair to prevent him from seeing the scantiness of her dress. He flung himself down before her, and she could not prevent him from giving her shoe a kiss. And, when the shoe came off in his hand, he caught her foot, and pressed it tenderly against his breast.

Charlotte was one of those women who, being of a naturally calm temperament, continue in marriage, without any purpose or any effort, the air and character of lovers. She was never expressive towards her husband; generally, indeed, she rather shrank from any warm demonstration on his part. It was not that she was cold, or at all hard and repulsive; but she remained always like a loving bride, who draws back with a kind of shyness, even from what is permitted. And so Edward found her this evening, in a double sense. How greatly she longed that her husband would go: the figure of his friend seemed to hover in the air and reproach her. But what should have had the effect of driving Edward away only attracted him the more. There were visible traces of emotion about her. She had been crying; and tears, which with weak persons detract from their graces, add immeasurably to the attractiveness of those whom we know commonly as strong and self-possessed.

Edward was so agreeable, so gentle, so pressing: he begged to be allowed to stay with her. He did not demand it; but half in fun, half in earnest, he tried to persuade her: he never thought of his rights. At last, as if in mischief, he blew out the candle.

In the dim lamplight, the inward affection, the imagination, maintained their rights over the real: it was Ottilie that was resting in Edward's arms; and the captain, now faintly, now clearly, hovered before Charlotte's soul. And so, strangely intermingled, the absent and the present flowed in a sweet enchantment one into the other.

And yet the present would not let itself be robbed of its own unlovely right. They spent a part of the night talking and laughing at all sorts of things, the more freely, as the heart had no part in it. But when Edward awoke in the morning, on the bosom of his wife, the day seemed to stare in with a sad, awful look, and the sun to be shining in upon a crime. He stole lightly from her side; and she found herself, with strange enough feelings, when she awoke, alone.

CHAPTER XII.

When the party assembled again at breakfast, an attentive observer might have read in the behavior of its various members the different things which were passing in their inner thoughts and feelings. The count and the baroness met with the air of happiness which a pair of lovers feel, who, after having been forced to endure a long separation, have mutually assured each other of their unaltered affection. On the other hand, Charlotte and Edward equally came into the presence of the captain and Ottilie with a sense of shame and remorse. For such is the nature of love that it believes in no rights except its own, and all other rights vanish away before it. Ottilie was in child-like spirits. For her, she was almost what might be called open. The captain appeared serious. His conversation with the count, which had roused in him feelings that for some time past had been at rest and dormant, had made him only too keenly conscious that here he was not fulfilling his work, and at bottom was but squandering himself in a half-activity of idleness.

Hardly had their guests departed, when fresh visitors were announced, — to Charlotte most welcomely, all she wished for being to be taken out of herself, and to have her attention dissipated. They annoyed Edward, who was longing to devote himself to Ottilie; and Ottilie did not wish for them either, the copy which had to be finished the next morning early being still incomplete. They staid a long time, and immediately that they were gone she hurried off to her room.

It was now evening. Edward, Charlotte, and the captain had accompanied the strangers some little way on foot, before the latter got into their carriage; and, previous to returning home, they agreed to take a walk along the water-side.

A boat had come, which Edward had had fetched from a distance at no little expense; and they decided that they would try whether it was easy to manage. It was made fast on the bank of the middle pond, not far from some old ash-trees, on which they calculated to make an effect in their future improvements. There was to be a landing-place made there, and under the trees a seat was to be raised and architecturally adorned: it was to be the spot for which people were to make when they went across the water.

"And where had we better have the landing-place on the other side?" said Edward. "I should think, under my plane-trees."

"They stand a little too far to the right," said the captain. "You are nearer the castle if you land farther down. However, we must think about it."

The captain was already standing in the stern of the boat, and had taken up an oar. Charlotte got in, and Edward with her, — he took the other oar; but, as he was on the point of pushing off, he thought of Ottilie, — he recollected that joining in the sail would detain him too long; who could tell when he would get back? He made up his mind shortly and promptly, sprang back to the bank, and, reaching the other oar to the captain, hurried home, making excuses to himself as he ran.

Arriving there, he learned that Ottilie had shut herself up, — she was writing. In spite of the agreeable feeling that she was doing something for him, it was the keenest mortification to him not to be able to see her. His impatience increased every moment. He walked up and down the large drawing-room: he tried a thousand things, and could not fix his attention upon any. He was longing to see her alone, before Charlotte came back with the captain. It was dark by this time, and the candles were lighted.

At last she came in, beaming with loveliness: the sense that she had done something for her friend had lifted all her being above itself. She put down the original and her transcript on the table before Edward.

"Shall we collate them?" she said, with a smile.

Edward did not know what to answer. He looked at her — he looked at the transcript. The first few sheets were written with the greatest carefulness in a delicate woman's hand; then the strokes appeared to alter, to become more light and free; but who can describe his surprise as he ran his eyes over the concluding page? "For Heaven's sake," he cried, "what is this? this is my hand!" He looked at Ottilie, and again at the paper: the conclusion, especially, was exactly as if he had written it himself. Ottilie said nothing, but she looked at him with her eyes full of the warmest delight. Edward stretched out his arms. "You love me!" he cried: "Ottilie, you love me!" They fell on each other's breast: which had been the first to catch the other it would have been impossible to distinguish.

From that moment the world was all changed for Edward. He was no longer what he had been, and the world was no longer what it had been. They parted — he held her hands; they gazed in each other's eyes. They were on the point of embracing each other again.

Charlotte entered with the captain. Edward inwardly smiled at their excuses for having staid out so long. "Oh! how far too soon you have returned," he said to himself.

They sat down to supper. They talked about the people who had been there that day. Edward, full of love and ecstasy, spoke well of every one, — always sparing, often approving. Charlotte, who was not altogether of his opinion, remarked this temper in him, and jested with him about it, — he, who had always the sharpest thing to say on departed visitors, was this evening so gentle and tolerant.

With fervor and heartfelt conviction, Edward cried, "One has only to love a single creature with all one's heart, and the whole world at once looks lovely!"

Ottilie dropped her eyes on the ground, and Charlotte looked straight before her.

The captain took up the word, and said, "It is the same with deep feelings of respect and reverence: we first learn to recognize what there is that is to be valued in the world, when we find occasion to entertain such sentiments towards a particular object."

Charlotte made an excuse to retire early to her room, where she could give herself up to thinking over what had passed in the course of the evening between herself and the captain.

When Edward, jumping on shore, and, pushing off the boat, had himself committed his wife and his friend to the uncertain element, Charlotte found herself face to face with the man on whose account she had been already secretly suffering so bitterly, sitting in the twilight before her, and sweeping along the boat with the sculls in easy motion. She felt a depth of sadness, very rare with her, weighing on her spirits. The undulating movement of the boat, the splash of the oars, the faint breeze playing over the watery mirror, the sighing of the reeds, the long flight of the birds, the fitful twinkling of the first stars, — there was something spectral about it all in the universal stillness. She fancied her friend was bearing her away to set her on some far-off shore, and leave her there alone: strange emotions were passing through her, and she could not give way to them and weep.

The captain was describing to her the manner in which, according to his opinion, the improvements should be continued. He praised the construction of the boat: it was so convenient, he said, because one person could so easily manage it with a pair of oars. She should herself learn how to do this: there was often a delicious feeling in floating along alone upon the water, one's own ferryman and steersman.

The parting which was impending sank on Charlotte's heart as he was speaking. Is he saying this on purpose? she thought to herself. Does he know it yet? Does he suspect it? or is it only accident, and is he unconsciously foretelling me my fate?

A weary, impatient heaviness took hold of her: she begged him to make for land as soon as possible, and return with her to the castle.

It was the first time the captain had sailed on the ponds; and although he had, upon the whole, ascertained their depth, he did not know accurately the particular spots. Dusk was coming on: he directed his course to a place where he thought it would be easy to get on shore, and from which he knew the footpath which led to the castle was not far distant. Charlotte, however, repeated her wish to get to land quickly; and the place which he thought of being at a short distance, he gave it up, and, exerting himself as much

as he possibly could, made straight for the bank. Unhappily the water was shallow, and he ran aground some way off from it. Owing to the rate at which he was going, the boat got stuck; and all his efforts to move it were in vain. What was to be done? There was no alternative but to get into the water and carry his companion ashore.

It was done without difficulty or danger. He was strong enough not to totter with her, or give her any cause for anxiety; but in her agitation she had thrown her arms about his neck. He held her fast, and pressed her to himself, and at last laid her down upon a grassy bank, not without emotion and confusion . . . she was still lying on his neck . . . he once more locked her in his arms, and pressed a warm kiss upon her lips. The next moment he was at her feet: he took her hand, and held it to his mouth, and cried, —

"Charlotte, will you forgive me?"

The kiss which he had ventured to give, and which she had all but returned to him, brought Charlotte to herself again: she pressed his hand, but she did not attempt to raise him up. She bent down over him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said,—

"We cannot now prevent this moment from forming an epoch in our lives, but it depends on us to bear ourselves in a manner which shall be worthy of us. You must go away, my dear friend; and you are going. The count has plans for you, to give you better prospects: I am glad, and I am sorry. I did not mean to speak of it till it was certain, but this moment obliges me to tell you my secret. . . . Since it does not depend on ourselves to alter our feelings, I can only forgive you, I can only forgive myself, if we have the courage to alter our situation." She raised him up, took his arm to support herself, and they walked back to the castle without speaking.

But now she was standing in her own room, where she could not but feel and know that she was Edward's wife. Her strength, and the various discipline in which through life she had trained herself, came to her assistance in the conflict. Accustomed as she had always been to look steadily into herself and to control herself, she did not now find it difficult, with an earnest effort, to come to the resolution which she desired. She could almost smile when she remembered the strange visit of the night before. Suddenly she was seized with a wonderful instinctive feeling, a

thrill of fearful delight which changed into holy hope and longing. She knelt earnestly down, and repeated the oath which she had taken to Edward before the altar.

Friendship, affection, renunciation, floated in glad, happy images before her. She felt restored to health and to herself. A sweet weariness came over her, and she calmly fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.

Edward, on his part, was in a very different temper. So little he thought of sleeping, that it did not once occur to him even to undress himself. A thousand times he kissed the transcript of the document; but it was the beginning of it, in Ottilie's childish, timid hand: the end he scarcely dared to kiss, for he thought it was his own hand which he saw. Oh, that it were another document! he whispered to himself; and, as it was, he felt it was the sweetest assurance that his highest wish would be fulfilled. Thus it remained in his hands, thus he continued to press it to his heart, although disfigured by a third name subscribed to it. The waning moon rose up over the wood. The warmth of the night drew Edward out into the free air. He wandered this way and that way: he was at once the most restless and the happiest of mortals. He strayed through the gardens — they seemed too narrow for him; he hurried out into the park, and it was too wide. He was drawn back toward the castle: he stood under Ottilie's window. He threw himself down on the steps of the terrace below. "Walls and bolts," he said to himself, "may still divide us, but our hearts are not divided. If she were here before me, into my arms she would fall, and I into hers; and what can one desire but that sweet certainty!" All was stillness round him; not a breath was moving; so still it was, that he could hear the unresting creatures underground at their work, to whom day or night are alike. He abandoned himself to his delicious dreams: at last he fell asleep, and did not wake till the sun with his royal beams was mounting up in the sky and scattering the early mists.

He found that he was the first person awake on his do-

main. The laborers seemed to be staying away too long; they came; he thought they were too few, and the work set out for the day too slight for his desires. He inquired for more workmen: they were promised, and in the course of the day they came. But these, too, were not enough for him to carry his plans out as rapidly as he wished. To do the work gave him no pleasure any longer: it should all be done. And for whom? The paths should be gravelled, that Ottilie might walk pleasantly upon them; seats should be made at every spot and corner, that Ottilie might rest on them. The new building, too, was hurried forward. It should be finished for Ottilie's birthday. In all he thought and all he did, there was no more moderation. The sense of loving and of being loved urged him out into the unlimited. How changed was now to him the look of all the rooms, their furniture and their decorations! He did not feel as if he was in his own house any more. Ottilie's presence absorbed every thing. He was utterly lost in her: no other thought ever rose before him, no conscience disturbed him, every restraint which had been laid upon his nature burst loose. His whole being centred upon Ottilie. This impetuosity of passion did not escape the captain, who longed to prevent, if he could, its evil consequences. All those plans which were now being hurried on with this immoderate speed had been drawn out and calculated for a long, quiet, easy execution. The sale of the farm had been completed, the first instalment had been paid. Charlotte, according to the arrangement, had taken possession of it. But the very first week after, she found it more than usually necessary to exercise patience and resolution, and to keep her eye on what was being done. In the present hasty style of proceeding, the money which had been set apart for the purpose would not go far.

Much had been begun, and much yet remained to be done. How could the captain leave Charlotte in such a situation? They consulted together, and agreed that it would be better that they themselves should hurry on the works, and for this purpose employ money which could be made good again at the period fixed for the discharge of the second instalment of what was to be paid for the farm. It could be done almost without loss. They would have a freer hand. Every thing would progress simultaneously. There were laborers enough at hand; and they could get more accomplished at once, and arrive swiftly and surely at their aim. Edward gladly gave

his consent to a plan which so entirely coincided with his own views.

During this time Charlotte persisted with all her heart in what she had determined for herself, and her friend stood by her with a like purpose manfully. This very circumstance, however, produced a greater intimacy between them. They spoke openly to one another of Edward's passion, and consulted what had better be done. Charlotte kept Ottilie more about herself, watching her narrowly; and, the more she understood her own heart, the deeper she was able to penetrate into the heart of the poor girl. She saw no help for it, except in sending her away.

It now appeared a happy thing to her that Luciana had gained such high honors at the school; for her great aunt, as soon as she heard of it, desired to take her entirely to herself, to keep her with her, and bring her out into the world. Ottilie could, therefore, return thither. The captain would leave them well provided for, and every thing would be as it had been a few months before; indeed, in many respects better. Charlotte thought she could soon recover her own place in Edward's affection; and she settled it all, and laid it all out before herself so sensibly, that she only strengthened herself more completely in her delusion — as if it were possible for them to return within their old limits, — as if a bond which had been violently broken could again be joined together as before.

In the mean time, Edward felt very deeply the hinderances which were thrown in his way. He soon observed that they were keeping him and Ottilie separate; that they made it difficult for him to speak with her alone, or even to approach her, except in the presence of others. And, while he was angry about this, he was angry at many things besides. If he caught an opportunity for a few hasty words with Ottilie, it was not only to assure her of his love, but to complain of his wife and of the captain. He never felt, that, with his own irrational haste, he was on the way to exhaust the cash-box. He bitterly complained, that, in the execution of the work, they were not keeping to the first agreement: and yet he had been himself a consenting party to the second; indeed, it was he who had occasioned it and made it necessary.

Hatred is a partisan, but love is even more so. Ottilie also estranged herself from Charlotte and the captain. As Edward was complaining one day to Ottilie of the latter, saying that he was not treating him like a friend, or, under

the circumstances, acting quite uprightly, she answered unthinkingly, "I have once or twice had a painful feeling that he was not quite honest with you. I heard him say once to Charlotte, 'If Edward would but spare us that eternal flute of his! He can make nothing of it, and it is too disagreeable to listen to him.' You may imagine how it hurt me, when I like accompanying you so much."

She had scarcely uttered the words when her conscience whispered to her that she had much better have been silent. However, the thing was said. Edward's features worked violently. Never had any thing stung him more. He was touched on his tenderest point. It was his amusement: he followed it like a child. He never made the slightest pretensions: what gave him pleasure should be treated with forbearance by his friends. He never thought how intolerable it is for a third person to have his ears offended by insufficient skill. He was indignant: he was hurt in a way which he could not forgive. He felt himself discharged from all obligations.

The necessity of being with Ottilie, of seeing her, whispering to her, exchanging his confidence with her, increased with every day. He determined to write to her, and ask her to carry on a secret correspondence with him. The strip of paper on which he had, laconically enough, made his request, lay on his writing-table, and was swept off by a draught of wind as his valet entered to dress his hair. The latter was in the habit of picking up bits of paper which might be lying about, to try the heat of the iron. This time he got hold of the little note, and he twisted it up hastily: it was singed. Edward, observing the mistake, snatched it out of his hand. After the man was gone, he sat down to write it over again. The second time it would not run so readily off his pen. It gave him a little uneasiness: he hesitated, but he got over it. He squeezed the paper into Ottilie's hand the first moment he was able to approach her. Ottilie answered him immediately. He put the note unread in his waistcoat pocket, which, being made short in the fashion of the time, was shallow, and did not hold it as it ought. It worked out, and fell without his observing it on the ground. Charlotte saw it, picked it up, and, after giving a hasty glance at it, reached it to him.

"Here is something in your handwriting," she said, "which you may be sorry to lose."

He was perplexed. Is she dissembling? he thought,

Does she know what is in the note, or is she deceived by the resemblance of the hand? He hoped, he believed, the latter. He was warned — doubly warned: but those strange accidents, through which a higher intelligence seems to be speaking to us, his passion was not able to interpret. Rather, as he went farther and farther on, he felt the restraint under which his friend and his wife seemed to be holding him the more intolerable. His pleasure in their society was gone. His heart was closed against them; and, though he was obliged to endure their society, he could not succeed in rediscovering or in re-animating within his heart any thing of his old affection for them. The silent reproaches which he was forced to make to himself about it were disagreeable to him. He tried to help himself with a kind of humor, which, however, being without love, was also without its usual grace.

Over all such trials, Charlotte found assistance to rise in her own inward feelings. She knew her own determination. Her own affection, fair and noble as it was, she would utterly renounce.

And sorely she longed to go to the assistance of the other two. Separation, she knew well, would not alone suffice to heal so deep a wound. She resolved that she would speak openly about it to Ottilie herself. But she could not do it. The recollection of her own weakness stood in her way. She thought she could talk generally to her about the sort of thing. But general expressions about "the sort of thing" fitted her own case equally well, and she could not bear to touch it. Whatever hint she would give Ottilie recoiled back on her own heart. She would warn, and she was obliged to feel that she might herself still be in need of warning.

She contented herself, therefore, with silently keeping the lovers more apart, and by this gained nothing. The slight hints which frequently escaped her had no effect upon Ottilie; for Ottilie had been assured by Edward that Charlotte was devoted to the captain, that Charlotte herself wished for a separation, and that he was at this moment considering the readiest means by which it could be brought about.

Ottilie, led by the sense of her own innocence along the road to the happiness for which she longed, only lived for Edward. Strengthened by her love for him in all good, more light and happy in her work for his sake, and more frank and open towards others, she found herself in a heaven upon earth.

So, all together, each in his or her own fashion, reflecting or unreflecting, they continued the routine of their lives. All seemed to go its ordinary way; as, in monstrous cases, when every thing is at stake, men will still live on, as if it were all nothing.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the mean time, a letter came from the count to the captain, — two indeed, — one which he might produce, holding out fair, excellent prospects in the distance; the other containing a distinct offer of an immediate situation, a place of high importance and responsibility at the court, his rank as major, a very considerable salary, and other advantages. A number of circumstances, however, made it desirable, that, for the moment, he should not speak of it; and consequently he only informed his friends of his remote expectations, concealing what was so close at hand.

He went warmly on, at the same time, with his present occupation, and quietly made arrangements to secure the works being all continued without interruption after his departure. He was now himself desirous that as much as possible should be finished off at once, and was ready to hasten things forward to prepare for Ottilie's birthday. And so, though without having come to any express understanding, the two friends worked side by side together. Edward was now well pleased that the cash-box was filled by their having taken up money. The whole affair went forward at fullest speed.

The captain had done his best to oppose the plan of throwing the three ponds together into a single sheet of water. The lower embankment would have to be made much stronger, the two intermediate embankments to be taken away; and altogether, in more than one sense, it seemed a very questionable proceeding. However, both these schemes had been already undertaken; the soil which was removed above, being carried at once down to where it was wanted. And here there came opportunely on the scene a young architect, an old pupil of the captain, who, partly by introducing workmen who understood work of this

nature, and partly by himself, whenever it was possible, contracting for the work itself, advanced things not a little; while, at the same time, they could feel more confidence in their being securely and lastingly executed. In secret, this was a great pleasure to the captain. He could now be confident that his absence would not be so severely felt. It was one of the points on which he was most resolute with himself, never to leave any thing which he had taken in hand uncompleted, unless he could see his place satisfactorily supplied. And he could not but hold in small respect persons who introduce confusion around themselves only to make their absence felt, and are ready to disturb, in wanton selfishness, what they will not be at hand to restore.

So they labored on, straining every nerve to make Ottilie's birthday splendid, without any open acknowledgment that this was what they were aiming at, or, indeed, without their directly acknowledging it to themselves. Charlotte, wholly free from jealousy as she was, could not think it right to keep it as a real festival. Ottilie's youth, the circumstances of her fortune, and her relationship to their family, were not at all such as made it fit that she should appear as the queen of the day; and Edward would not have it talked about, because every thing was to spring out, as it were, of itself, with a natural and delightful surprise.

They therefore came, all of them, to a sort of tacit understanding, that on this day, without further circumstance, the new house in the park was to be opened, and they might take the occasion to invite the neighborhood, and give a holiday to their own people. Edward's passion, however, knew no bounds. Longing as he did to give himself to Ottilie, his presents and promises there were no limits to. The birthday gifts which on the great occasion he was to offer to her seemed, as Charlotte had arranged them, far too insignificant. He spoke to his valet, who had the care of his wardrobe, and who, consequently, had extensive acquaintance among the tailors and mercers and fashionable milliners; and he, who not only understood himself what valuable presents were, but also the most graceful way in which they should be offered, immediately ordered an elegant box, covered with red morocco, and studded with steel nails, to be filled with presents worthy of such a shell. Another thing, too, he suggested to Edward. Among the stores at the castle was a small stock of fireworks which had never been let off. It would be easy to get some more, and have

something really fine. Edward caught the idea, and his servant promised to see to its being executed. This matter was to remain a secret.

While this was going on, the captain, as the day drew nearer, had been making arrangements for a body of police to be present, — a precaution which he always thought desirable when large numbers of men are to be brought together. And, indeed, against beggars, and against all other inconveniences by which the pleasure of a festival might be disturbed, he had made effectual provision.

Edward and his confidant, on the contrary, were mainly occupied with their fireworks. They were to be let off on the side of the middle water in front of the great ash-tree. The party were to take up their station on the opposite side, under the planes, that at a sufficient distance from the scene, in ease and safety, they might see them to the best effect, with the reflections on the water, the water-rockets, and floating-lights, and all the other designs.

Under some other pretext, Edward had the ground underneath the plane-trees cleared of bushes and grass and moss. And now first could be seen the beauty of their forms, together with their full height and spread right up from the earth. He was delighted with them. It was just this very time of the year that he had planted them. "How long ago could it have been?" he said to himself. As soon as he got home, he turned over the old diary-books, which his father, especially when in the country, was very careful in keeping. He might not find an entry of this particular planting; but another important domestic matter, which Edward well remembered, and which had occurred on the same day, would surely be mentioned. He turned over a few volumes. The circumstance he was looking for was there. How amazed, how overjoyed he was, when he discovered the strangest coincidence! The day and the year on which he had planted those trees, was the very day, the very year, when Ottilie was born.

CHAPTER XV.

The long-wished-for morning dawned at last on Edward, and very soon a number of guests arrived. They had sent

out a large number of invitations; and many who had missed the laying of the foundation-stone, which was reported to have been so charming, were the more careful not to be absent on the second festivity.

Before dinner the carpenter's people appeared, with music, in the court of the castle. They bore an immense garland of flowers, composed of a number of single wreaths, winding in and out, one above the other; saluting the company, they made request, according to custom, for silk handkerchiefs and ribbons, at the hands of the fair sex, with which to dress themselves out. While dinner was going on in the castle, they marched off, singing and shouting; and, after amusing themselves a while in the village, and coaxing many a ribbon out of the women there, old and young, they came at last, with crowds behind them, and crowds expecting them, out upon the height where the park-house was now standing. After dinner, Charlotte rather held back her guests. She did not wish that there should be any solemn or formal procession; and they found their way in little parties, broken up as they pleased, without rule or order, to the scene of action. Charlotte staid behind with Ottilie, and did not improve matters by doing so. For Ottilie being really the last that appeared, it seemed as if the trumpets and the clarionets had only been waiting for her, and as if the gayeties had been ordered to commence directly on her arrival.

To remove the rough exterior from the house, it had been hung with green boughs and flowers. They had dressed it out in an architectural fashion, according to a design of the captain's: only that, without his knowledge, Edward had desired the architect to work in the date upon the cornice in flowers; and this was necessarily permitted to remain. The captain had only arrived on the scene in time to prevent Ottilie's name from figuring in splendor on the gable. The beginning, which had been made for this, he contrived to turn skilfully to some other use, and to get rid of such of the letters as had been already finished.

The wreath was set up, and was to be seen far and wide about the country. The flags and the ribbons fluttered gayly in the air; and a short oration was, the greater part of it, dispersed by the wind. The solemnity was at an end. There was now to be a dance on the smooth lawn in front of the building, which had been enclosed with boughs and branches. A handsome journeyman carpenter led up to Edward a bright girl of the village, and called himself upon Ottilie, who stood

out with him. These two couples speedily found others to follow them; and Edward contrived pretty soon to change partners, catching Ottilie, and making the round with her. The younger part of the company joined merrily in the dance with the people, while the elder among them stood and looked on.

Then, before they broke up and walked about, an order was given that they should all collect again at sunset under the plane-trees. Edward was the first upon the spot, ordering every thing, and making his arrangements with his valet, who was to be on the other side, in company with the firework-maker, managing his exhibition of the spectacle.

The captain was far from satisfied at some of the preparations which he saw made, and he endeavored to get a word with Edward about the crush of spectators which was to be expected. But the latter, somewhat hastily, begged that he might be allowed to manage this part of the day's amusements himself.

The upper end of the embankment, having been recently raised, was still far from compact. It had been staked; but there was no grass upon it, and the earth was uneven and insecure. The crowd pressed on, however, in great numbers. The sun went down; and the company was served with refreshments under the plane-trees, to pass the time till it should have become sufficiently dark. The place was approved of beyond measure; and they looked forward to frequently enjoying the view, over so lovely a sheet of water, on future occasions.

A calm evening — a perfect calm — promised every thing in favor of the spectacle, when suddenly loud and violent shrieks were heard. Large masses of the earth had given way on the edge of the embankment, and a number of people were precipitated into the water. The pressure from the throng had gone on increasing till at last it had become more than the newly-laid soil would bear, and the bank had fallen in. Everybody wanted to obtain the best place, and now there was no getting either backwards or forwards.

People ran this and that way, more to see what was going on than to render assistance. What could be done when no one could reach the place?

The captain, with a few determined persons, hurried down and drove the crowd off the embankment back upon the shore, in order that those who were really of service might have free room to move. One way or another they contrived to

seize hold of such as were sinking; and, with or without assistance, all who had been in the water were got out safe upon the bank, with the exception of one boy, whose struggles in his fright, instead of bringing him nearer to the embankment, had only carried him farther from it. His strength seemed to be failing — now only a hand was seen above the surface, and now a foot. By an unlucky chance the boat was on the opposite shore filled with fireworks: it was a long business to unload it, and help was slow in coming. The captain's resolution was taken: he flung off his coat; all eyes were directed towards him, and his sturdy, vigorous figure gave every one hope and confidence; but a cry of surprise rose out of the crowd as they saw him fling himself into the water; every eye watched him as the strong swimmer swiftly reached the boy, and bore him, although to appearance dead, to the embankment.

Now the boat came up. The captain stepped in, and inquired of those who were present whether all had been saved. The surgeon was speedily on the spot, and took charge of the inanimate boy. Charlotte joined them, and entreated the captain to go now and take care of himself, to hurry back to the castle and change his clothes. He would not go, however, till persons on whose sense he could rely, who had been close to the spot at the time of the accident, and who had assisted in saving those who had fallen in, assured him that all were safe.

Charlotte saw him on his way to the house; and then she remembered that the wine and the tea, and every thing else which he could want, had been locked up, for fear any of the servants should take advantage of the disorder of the holiday, as on such occasions they are too apt to do. She hurried through the scattered groups of her company, which were loitering about the plane-trees. Edward was there, talking to every one — beseeching every one to stay. He would give the signal directly, and the fireworks should begin. Charlotte went up to him, and entreated him to put off an amusement which was no longer in place, and which at the present moment no one could enjoy. She reminded him of what ought to be done for the boy who had been saved, and for his preserver.

"The surgeon will do whatever is right, no doubt," replied Edward. "He is provided with every thing which he can want, and we should only be in the way if we crowded about him with our anxieties."

Charlotte persisted in her opinion, and made a sign to Ottilie, who at once prepared to retire with her. Edward seized her hand, and cried, "We will not end this day in a lazaretto. She is too good for a sister of mercy. Without us, I should think, the half-dead may wake, and the living dry themselves."

Charlotte did not answer, but went. Some followed her; others followed these; in the end, no one wished to be the last, and all followed. Edward and Ottilie found themselves alone under the plane-trees. He most urgently insisted on staying, notwithstanding the anxiety with which she entreated him to go back with her to the castle. "No, Ottilie!" he cried: "the extraordinary is not brought to pass in the smooth, common way, — the wonderful accident of this evening brings us more speedily together. You are mine, — I have often said it to you, and sworn it to you. We will not say it and swear it any more — we will make it BE."

The boat came over from the other side. The valet was in it: he asked, with some embarrassment, what his master wished to have done with the fireworks.

"Let them off!" Edward cried to him, "let them off! — It was only for you that they were provided, Ottilie; and you shall be the only one to see them. Let me sit beside you, and enjoy them with you." Tenderly, timidly, he sat down at her side, without touching her.

Rockets went hissing up, cannon thundered, Roman candles shot out their blazing balls, squibs flashed and darted, wheels spun round, first singly, then in pairs, then all at once, faster and faster, one after the other, and more and more together. Edward, whose bosom was on fire, watched the blazing spectacle with eyes gleaming with delight; but Ottilie, with her delicate and nervous feelings, in all this noise and fitful blazing and flashing found more to distress her than to please. She leaned shrinking against Edward; and he, as she drew to him and clung to him, felt the delightful sense that she belonged entirely to him.

The night had scarcely re-assumed its rights, when the moon rose, and lighted their path as they walked back. A figure, with his hat in his hand, stepped across their way, and begged an alms of them: in the general holiday he said that he had been forgotten. The moon shone upon his face, and Edward recognized the features of the importunate beggar; but, happy as he then was, it was impossible for him to be angry with any one. He could not recollect, that, especially

for that particular day, begging had been forbidden under the heaviest penalties: he thrust his hand into his pocket, took the first coin which he found, and gave the fellow a piece of gold. His own happiness was so unbounded that he would have liked to have shared it with every one.

In the mean time all had gone well at the castle. The skill of the surgeon, every thing which was required being ready at hand, Charlotte's assistance, — all had worked together, and the boy was brought to life again. The guests dispersed, wishing to catch a glimpse or two of what was to be seen of the fireworks from the distance; and, after a scene of such confusion, were glad to get back to their own quiet homes.

The captain also, after having rapidly changed his dress, had taken an active part in what required to be done. It was now all quiet again, and he found himself alone with Charlotte. Gently and affectionately he now told her that his time for leaving them approached. She had gone through so much that evening that this discovery made but a slight impression upon her: she had seen how her friend could sacrifice himself; how he had saved another, and had himself been saved. These strange incidents seemed to foretell an important future to her, but not an unhappy one.

Edward, who now entered with Ottilie, was likewise informed of the captain's impending departure. He suspected that Charlotte had known longer how near it was; but he was far too much occupied with himself, and with his own plans, to take it amiss, or care about it.

On the contrary, he listened attentively, and with signs of pleasure, to the account of the excellent and honorable position in which the captain was to be placed. The course of the future was hurried impetuously forward by his own secret wishes. Already he saw the captain married to Charlotte, and himself married to Ottilie. It would have been the richest present which any one could have made him, on the occasion of the day's festival.

But how surprised was Ottilie, when, on going to her room, she found upon the table the beautiful box! Instantly she opened it; inside, all the things were so nicely packed and arranged, that she did not venture to take them out, she scarcely even ventured to lift them. There were muslin, cambric, silk, shawls, and lace, all rivalling each other in delicacy, beauty, and costliness: nor were ornaments forgotten. The intention had been, as she saw well, to supply her with more than one complete suit of clothes; but it was all so costly, so little like

what she had been accustomed to, that she scarcely dared, even in thought, to believe it could be really for her.

CHAPTER XVI.

The next morning the captain had disappeared, having left a grateful, feeling letter, addressed to his friends, upon his table. He and Charlotte had already taken a half-leave of each other the evening before. She felt that the parting was forever, and she resigned herself to it; for in the count's second letter, which the captain had at last shown to her, there was a hint of a prospect of an advantageous marriage; and, although he had paid no attention to it at all, she accepted it for as good as certain, and gave him up firmly and fully.

Now, therefore, she thought that she had a right to require of others the same control over themselves which she had exercised herself: it had not been impossible to her, and it ought not to be impossible to them. With this feeling, she began the conversation with her husband; and she entered upon it the more openly and easily, from a sense that the question must now, once for all, be decisively set at rest.

"Our friend has left us," she said: "we are now once more together as we were, and it depends upon ourselves whether we choose to return altogether into our old position."

Edward, who heard nothing except what flattered his own passion, believed that Charlotte, in these words, was alluding to her previous widowed state, and, in a roundabout way, was making a suggestion for a separation; so that he answered, with a laugh, "Why not? all we want is, to come to an understanding." But he found himself sorely enough undeceived, as Charlotte continued, "And we have now a choice of opportunities for placing Ottilie in another situation. Two openings have offered themselves for her, either of which will do very well. Either she can return to the school, as my daughter has left it, and is with her great-aunt; or she can be received into a desirable family, where, as the companion of an only child, she will enjoy all the advantages of a solid education."

Edward, with a tolerably successful effort at commanding

himself, replied, "Ottilie has been so much spoiled, by living so long with us here, that she will scarcely like to leave us now."

"We have all of us been too much spoiled," said Charlotte, "and yourself not least. This is an epoch which requires us seriously to bethink ourselves. It is a solemn warning to us to consider what is really for the good of all the members of our little circle, and we ourselves must not be afraid of making sacrifices."

"At any rate, I cannot see that it is right that Ottilie should be sacrificed," replied Edward; "and that would be the case if we were now to allow her to be sent away among strangers. The captain's good genius has sought him out here; we can feel easy, we can feel happy, at seeing him leave us: but who can tell what may be before Ottilie? There is no occasion for haste."

"What is before us is sufficiently clear," Charlotte answered with some emotion; and, as she was determined to have it all out at once, she went on, "You love Ottilie: every day you are becoming more attached to her. A reciprocal feeling is rising on her side as well, and feeding itself in the same way. Why should we not acknowledge in words what every hour makes obvious? And are we not to have the common prudence to ask ourselves in what it is to end?"

"We may not be able to find an answer on the moment," replied Edward, collecting himself; "but so much may be said, that, if we cannot exactly tell what will come of it, we may resign ourselves to wait and see what the future may tell us about it."

"No great wisdom is required to prophesy here," answered Charlotte; "and, at any rate, we ought to feel that you and I are past the age when people may walk blindly where they should not or ought not to go. There is no one else to take care of us: we must be our own friends, our own managers. No one expects us to commit ourselves in an outrage upon decency; no one expects that we are going to expose ourselves to censure or to ridicule."

"How can you so mistake me?" said Edward, unable to reply to his wife's clear, open words. "Can you find it a fault in me, if I am anxious about Ottilie's happiness? I do not mean future happiness, — no one can count on that, — but what is present, palpable, and immediate. Consider — don't deceive yourself — consider frankly Ottilie's case,

torn away from us, and sent to live among strangers. I, at least, am not cruel enough to propose such a change for her."

Charlotte saw too clearly into her husband's intentions through this disguise. For the first time she felt how far he had estranged himself from her. Her voice shook a little. "Will Ottilie be happy if she divides us?" she said. "If she deprives me of a husband, and his children of a father?"

"Our children, I should have thought, were sufficiently provided for," said Edward with a cold smile, adding rather more kindly, "but why at once expect the very worst?"

"The very worst is too sure to follow this passion of yours," returned Charlotte. "Do not refuse good advice while there is yet time; do not throw away the means which I propose to save us. In troubled cases those must work and help who see the clearest: this time it is I. Dear, dearest Edward! listen to me! Can you propose to me that now at once I shall renounce my happiness, renounce my fairest rights, renounce you?"

"Who says that?" replied Edward with some embarrassment.

"You yourself," answered Charlotte: "in determining to keep Ottilie here, are you not acknowledging every thing which must arise out of it? I will urge nothing on you; but, if you cannot conquer yourself, at least you will not be able much longer to deceive yourself."

Edward felt how right she was. It is fearful to hear spoken out in words what the heart has gone on long permitting to itself in secret. To escape only for a moment, Edward answered, "It is not yet clear to me what you want."

"My intention," she replied, "was to talk over with you these two proposals: each of them has its advantages. The school would be best suited to her, as she now is; but the other situation is larger and wider, and promises more, when I think what she may become." She then detailed to her husband circumstantially what would lie before Ottilie in each position, and concluded with the words, "For my own part, I should prefer the lady's house to the school, for more reasons than one, but particularly because I should not like the affection, the love indeed, of the young man there which Ottilie has gained, to increase."

Edward appeared to assent, but only in order to find some

means of delay. Charlotte, who desired to commit him to a definite step, seized the opportunity, as Edward made no immediate opposition, to settle Ottilie's departure, for which she had already privately made all preparations, for the next day.

Edward shuddered: he thought he was betrayed. His wife's affectionate speech he fancied was an artfully contrived trick to separate him forever from his happiness. He appeared to leave the thing entirely to her, but in his heart his resolution was already taken. To gain time to breathe, to put off the immediate, intolerable misery of Ottilie's being sent away, he determined to leave his house. He told Charlotte he was going; but he had blinded her to his real reason by telling her that he would not be present at Ottilie's departure, indeed, that from that moment he would see her no more. Charlotte, who believed that she had gained her point, approved most cordially. He ordered his horse, gave his valet the necessary directions what to pack up, and where he should follow him; and then, on the point of departure, he sat down and wrote, —

"EDWARD TO CHARLOTTE.

"The misfortune, my love, which has befallen us may or may not admit of remedy; only this I feel, that, if I am not at once to be driven to despair, I must find some means of delay for myself and for all of us. In making myself the sacrifice, I have a right to make a request. I am leaving my home, and I only return to it under happier and more peaceful auspices. While I am away, you keep possession of it — *but with Ottilie.* I choose to know that she is with you, and not among strangers. Take care of her: treat her as you have treated her, only more lovingly, more kindly, more tenderly! I promise that I will not attempt any secret intercourse with her. Leave me, as long a time as you please, without knowing any thing about you. I will not allow myself to be anxious, nor need you be uneasy about me; only, with all my heart and soul, I beseech you, make no attempt to send Ottilie away, or to introduce her into any other situation. Beyond the circle of the castle and the park, placed in the hands of strangers, she belongs to me; and I will take possession of her! If you have any regard for my affection, for my wishes, for my sufferings, you will leave me alone to my madness; and, if any hope of recovery

from it should ever hereafter offer itself to me, I will not resist."

This last sentence had proceeded from his pen, not from his heart. Even when he saw it upon the paper, he began bitterly to weep. That he, under any circumstances, should renounce the happiness — even the wretchedness — of loving Ottilie! He only now began to feel what he was doing: he was going away without knowing what was to be the result. At any rate, he was not to see her again *now:* with what certainty could he promise himself that he would ever see her again? But the letter was written, the horses were at the door: every moment he was afraid he might see Ottilie somewhere, and then his whole purpose would go to the winds. He collected himself: he remembered, that, at any rate, he would be able to return at any moment he pleased, and that by his absence he would have advanced nearer to his wishes; on the other side, he pictured Ottilie to himself forced to leave the house if he staid. He sealed the letter, ran down the steps, and sprang upon his horse.

As he rode past the inn, he saw the beggar to whom he had given so much money the night before, sitting under the trees: the man was comfortably enjoying his dinner, and, as Edward passed, stood up, and made him the humblest obeisance. That figure had appeared to him yesterday, when Ottilie was on his arm; now it only served as a bitter reminiscence of the happiest hour of his life. His grief redoubled. The feeling of what he was leaving behind was intolerable. He looked again at the beggar. "Happy wretch!" he cried, "you can still feed upon the alms of yesterday, and I cannot any more on the happiness of yesterday!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Ottilie heard some one ride away, and went to the window in time just to catch a sight of Edward's back. It was strange, she thought, that he should have left the house without seeing her, without having even wished her good-morning. She grew uncomfortable; and her anxiety did not diminish when Charlotte took her out for a long walk, and talked of

various other things, but not once, and apparently on purpose, mentioning her husband. When they returned, she found the table laid only with two covers.

It is unpleasant to miss even the most trifling thing to which we have been accustomed. In serious things, such a loss becomes miserably painful. Edward and the captain were not there. This had been the first time after a long interval that Charlotte herself had set out the table, and it seemed to Ottilie as if she was deposed. The two ladies sat opposite each other: Charlotte talked, without the least embarrassment, of the captain and his appointment, and of the little hope there was of seeing him again for a long time. The only comfort Ottilie could find for herself was in the idea that Edward had ridden after his friend, to accompany him a part of his journey.

On rising from table, however, they saw Edward's travelling carriage under the window. Charlotte, a little as if she was put out, asked who had had it brought round there. She was told it was the valet, who had some things there to pack up. It required all Ottilie's self-command to conceal her wonder and her distress.

The valet came in, and asked if they would be so good as to let him have a drinking-cup of his master's, a pair of silver spoons, and a number of other things, which seemed to Ottilie to imply that he had gone some distance, and would be away for a long time.

Charlotte gave him a very cold, dry answer. She did not know what he meant, — he had every thing belonging to his master under his own care. What the man wanted was, to speak a word to Ottilie, and on some pretence or other to get her out of the room: he made some clever excuse, and persisted in his request so far that Ottilie asked if she should go to look for the things for him? But Charlotte quietly said that she had better not. The valet had to depart, and the carriage rolled away.

It was a dreadful moment for Ottilie. She understood nothing, comprehended nothing. She could only feel that Edward had been parted from her for a long time. Charlotte felt for her situation, and left her to herself.

We will not attempt to describe what she went through, or how she wept. She suffered infinitely. She prayed that God would help her only over this one day. The day passed, and the night; and, when she came to herself again, she felt herself a changed being.

She had not regained her composure. She was not resigned: but, after having lost what she had lost, she was still alive; and there was still something for her to fear. Her anxiety, after returning to consciousness, was at once lest, now that the gentlemen were gone, she might be sent away too. She never guessed at Edward's threats, which had secured her remaining with her aunt. Yet Charlotte's manner served partially to re-assure her. The latter exerted herself to find employment for the poor girl, and hardly ever — never if she could help it — left her out of her sight; and although she knew well how little words can do against the power of passion, yet she knew, too, the sure though slow influence of thought and reflection, and therefore missed no opportunity of inducing Ottilie to talk with her on every variety of subject.

It was no little comfort to Ottilie when one day Charlotte took an opportunity of making (she did it on purpose) the wise observation, "How keenly grateful people were to us when we were able by stilling and calming them to help them out of the entanglements of passion! Let us set cheerfully to work," she said, "at what the men have left incomplete: we shall be preparing the most charming surprise for them when they return to us, and our temperate proceedings will have carried through and executed what their impatient natures would have spoiled."

"Speaking of temperance, my dear aunt, I cannot help saying how I am struck with the intemperance of men, particularly in respect of wine. It has often pained and distressed me, when I have observed how, for hours together, clearness of understanding, judgment, considerateness, and whatever is most amiable about them, will be utterly gone, and, instead of the good which they might have done if they had been themselves, most disagreeable things sometimes threaten. How often may not wrong, rash determinations have arisen entirely from that one cause!"

Charlotte assented, but she did not go on with the subject. She saw only too clearly that it was Edward of whom Ottilie was thinking. It was not exactly habitual with him, but he allowed himself much more frequently than was at all desirable to stimulate his enjoyment and his power of talking and acting by such indulgence. If what Charlotte had just said had set Ottilie thinking again about men, and particularly about Edward, she was all the more struck and startled when her aunt began to speak of the impending

marriage of the captain as of a thing quite settled and acknowledged, whereby every thing appeared quite different from what Edward had previously led her to entertain. It made her watch every expression of Charlotte's, every hint, every action, every step. Ottilie had become jealous, sharp-eyed, and suspicious, without knowing it.

Meanwhile, Charlotte with her clear glance looked through all the circumstances of their situation, and made arrangements which would provide, among other advantages, full employment for Ottilie. She contracted her household, not parsimoniously, but into narrower dimensions; and indeed, in one point of view, these moral aberrations might be taken for a not unfortunate accident. For in the style in which they had been going on, they had fallen imperceptibly into extravagance; and from a want of seasonable reflection, from the rate at which they had been living, and from the variety of schemes into which they had been launching out, their fine fortune, which had been in excellent condition, had been shaken, if not seriously injured.

She did not interfere with the improvements going on in the park, but, on the contrary, sought to advance whatever might form a basis for future operations. But here, too, she assigned herself a limit. Her husband on his return should still find abundance to amuse himself with.

In all this work she could not sufficiently value the assistance of the young architect. In a short time the lake lay stretched out under her eyes, its new shores turfed and planted with the most discriminating and excellent judgment. The rough work at the new house was all finished. Every thing which was necessary to protect it from the weather she took care to see provided, and there for the present she allowed it to rest in a condition in which what remained to be done could hereafter be readily commenced again. Thus hour by hour she recovered her spirits and her cheerfulness. Ottilie only seemed to have done so. She was only forever watching, in all that was said and done, for symptoms which might show her whether Edward would be soon returning; and this one thought was the only one in which she felt any interest.

She therefore welcomed the proposal that they should get together the boys of the peasants, and employ them in keeping the park clean and neat. Edward had long entertained the idea. A pleasant-looking sort of uniform was made for them, which they were to put on in the evenings, after they

had been properly cleaned and washed. The wardrobe was kept in the castle; the more sensible and ready of the boys themselves were intrusted with the management of it, the architect acting as chief director. In a very short time, the children acquired a kind of character. It was found easy to mould them into what was desired, and they went through their work not without a sort of manœuvre. As they marched along, with their garden-shears, their long-handled pruning-knives, their rakes, their little spades and hoes and sweeping-brooms; others following after these with baskets to carry off the stones and rubbish; and others, last of all, trailing along the heavy iron roller, — it was a thoroughly pretty, delightful procession. The architect observed in it a beautiful series of situations and occupations to ornament the frieze of a garden-house. Ottilie, on the other hand, could see nothing in it but a kind of parade, to salute the master of the house on his near return.

And this stimulated her, and made her wish to begin something of the sort herself. They had before endeavored to encourage the girls of the village in knitting and sewing and spinning, and whatever else women could do; and, since what had been done for the improvement of the village itself, there had been a perceptible advance in these descriptions of industry. Ottilie had given what assistance was in her power; but she had given it at random, as opportunity or inclination prompted her: now she thought she would go to work more satisfactorily and methodically. But a company is not to be formed out of a number of girls as easily as out of a number of boys. She followed her own good sense: and, without being exactly conscious of it, her efforts were solely directed towards connecting every girl as closely as possible each with her own home, her own parents, brothers, and sisters; and she succeeded with many of them. One lively little creature only was incessantly complained of as showing no capacity for work, and as never likely to do any thing if she were left at home.

Ottilie could not be angry with the girl, for to herself the little thing was especially attached: she clung to her, went after her, and ran about with her, whenever she was permitted; and then she would be active and cheerful, and never tire. It appeared to be a necessity of the child's nature to hang about a beautiful mistress. At first Ottilie allowed her to be her companion: then she herself began to feel a sort of affection for her; and, at last, they never parted at all, and Nanny attended her mistress wherever she went.

The latter's footsteps were often bent towards the garden, where she liked to watch the beautiful show of fruit. It was just the end of the raspberry and cherry season, the few remains of which were no little delight to Nanny. On the other trees there was a promise of a magnificent crop for the autumn; and the gardener talked of nothing but his master, and how he wished that he might be at home to enjoy it. Ottilie could listen to the good old man forever! He thoroughly understood his business; and Edward — Edward — Edward — was forever the theme of his praise.

Ottilie observed how well all the grafts which had been budded in the spring had taken. "I only wish," the gardener answered, "my good master may come to enjoy them. If he were here this autumn, he would see what beautiful sorts there are in the old castle garden, which the late lord, his honored father, put there. I think the fruit-gardeners that are now don't succeed as well as the Carthusians used to do. We find many fine names in the catalogue; and then we bud from them, and bring up the shoots; and, at last, when they come to bear, it is not worth while to have such trees standing in our garden."

Over and over again, whenever the faithful old servant saw Ottilie, he asked when his master might be expected home; and, when Ottilie had nothing to tell him, he would look vexed and let her see in his manner that he thought she did not care to tell him: the sense of uncertainty which was thus forced upon her became painful beyond measure, and yet she could never be absent from these beds and borders. What she and Edward had sown and planted together were now in full flower, requiring no further care from her, except that Nanny should be at hand with the watering-pot: and who shall say with what sensations she watched the later flowers, which were just beginning to show, and which were to be in the bloom of their beauty on Edward's birthday, the holiday to which she had looked forward with such eagerness, when these flowers were to have expressed her affection and her gratitude to him; but the hopes which she had formed of that festival were dead now, and doubt and anxiety never ceased to haunt the soul of the poor girl.

Into real, open, hearty understanding with Charlotte, there was no more a chance of her being able to return; for, indeed, the position of these two ladies was very different. If things could remain in their old state, if it were possible that they could return again into the smooth, even way of

calm, ordered life, Charlotte gained every thing: she gained happiness for the present, and a happy future opened before her. On the other hand, for Ottilie all was lost, — one may say all, for she had first found in Edward what life and happiness meant; and, in her present position, she felt an infinite and dreary chasm of which before she could have formed no conception. For a heart which seeks, does indeed feel that it wants something; a heart which has lost, feels that something is gone, — its yearning and its longing changes into uneasy impatience: and a woman's spirit, which is accustomed to waiting and to enduring, must now pass out from its proper sphere, become active, and attempt and do something to make its own happiness.

Ottilie had not given up Edward — how could she? — although Charlotte, wisely enough, in spite of her conviction to the contrary, assumed it as a thing of course, and resolutely took it as decided that a quiet, rational regard was possible between her husband and Ottilie. How often, however, did not Ottilie remain at nights, after bolting herself into her room, on her knees before the open box, gazing at the birthday presents, of which as yet she had not touched a single thing, — not cut out or made up a single dress! How often with the sunrise did the poor girl hurry out of the house, in which she once had found all her happiness, away into the free air, into the country which then had had no charms for her. Even on the solid earth she could not bear to stay: she would spring into the boat, and row out into the middle of the lake, and there, drawing out some book of travels, lie rocked by the motion of the waves, reading and dreaming that she was far away, where she would never fail to find her friend, — she remaining ever nearest to his heart, and he to hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It may easily be supposed that Mittler, — the strange, busy gentleman, whose acquaintance we have already made, — when he had received information of the calamity that had come upon his friends, felt desirous, though neither side had as yet called on him for assistance, to give proof of his friendship, and do what he could to help them in their mis-

fortune. He thought it advisable, however, to wait first a little while; knowing too well, as he did, that it was more difficult to persons of culture in their moral perplexities, than the uncultivated. He left them, therefore, for some time to themselves: but at last he could withhold no longer; and he hastened to find Edward, whom he had already traced. His road led him to a pleasant valley, with green, sweetly wooded meadows, down the centre of which ran a never-failing stream, sometimes winding slowly along, then tumbling and rushing among rocks and stones. The gently sloping hills were covered with rich corn-fields and well-kept orchards. The villages not being situated too near each other, the whole had a peaceful character about it; and the detached scenes seemed designed expressly, if not for painting, at least for life.

At last he caught sight of a neatly-kept farm, with a clean, modest dwelling-house situated in the middle of a garden. He conjectured that this was Edward's present abode, and he was not mistaken.

As for the latter, in his solitude he gave himself up entirely to his passion, thinking out plan after plan, and indulging in all sorts of hopes. He could not deny that he longed to see Ottilie there; that he would like to carry her off there, to tempt her there; and whatever else (putting, as he now did, no check upon his thoughts) pleased to suggest itself, whether permitted or unpermitted. Then his imagination wavered, picturing every manner of possibility. If he could not have her there, if he could not lawfully possess her, he would secure to her the possession of the property for her own. There she should live for herself, silently, independently; she should be happy in that spot, — sometimes his self-torturing mood would lead him farther, — be happy in it, perhaps, with another.

Thus days passed in incessant oscillation between hope and suffering, between tears and happiness, between purposes, preparations, and despair. The sight of Mittler did not surprise him: he had long expected that he would come; and, now that he did, he was rather glad to see him. He believed that he had been sent by Charlotte. He had prepared all manner of excuses and delays, and, if these would not serve, decided refusals; or else, perhaps, he might hope to learn something of Ottilie, — and then he would welcome him as a messenger from heaven.

Not a little vexed and annoyed was Edward, therefore,

when Mittler told him he had not come from the castle, but of his own accord. His heart closed up, and at first the conversation was at a standstill. Mittler, however, knew very well that a heart pre-occupied with love has urgent need of utterance, of fully confiding to a friend what is passing within it; and he allowed himself, therefore, after a short interchange of words, for this once to go out of his character, and act the part of confidant in place of mediator. He had calculated justly. He had been finding fault in a good-natured way with Edward, for burying himself in that lonely place, whereupon Edward replied, —

"I do not know how I could spend my time more agreeably. I am always occupied with her, I am always close to her. I have the inestimable comfort of being able to think where Ottilie is at each moment, — where she is going, where she is standing, where she is reposing. I see her moving and acting before me as usual, ever doing or designing something which is to give me pleasure. But this will not always answer, for how can I be happy away from her? And then my fancy begins to work: I think what Ottilie should do to come to me; I write sweet, loving letters in her name to myself; and then I answer them, and collect the sheets. I have promised that I will take no steps to seek her, and that promise I will keep. But what ties her, that she should make no advances to me? Has Charlotte had the barbarity to exact a promise, to exact an oath, from her, not to write to me, not to send me a word, a hint, about herself? Very likely she has. It is but natural; and yet to me it is monstrous, it is horrible. If she loves me, — as I think, as I know, she does, — why does not she come to a resolution? why does not she venture to flee to me, and throw herself into my arms? I often think she ought to do it; and she could do it. If I ever hear a noise in the hall, I look towards the door. It must be she — she is coming — I look up to see her enter. Alas! because the possible is impossible, I let myself imagine that the impossible must become possible. At night, when I lie awake, and the lamp is casting an uncertain light about the room, I wish her form, her spirit, a sense of her presence, to hover past me, approach me, seize me, but for a moment, so that I might have an assurance that she is thinking of me, that she is mine. Only one pleasure remains to me. When I was with her I never dreamed of her; now when I am far away, and, oddly enough, since I have made the acquaintance of other attractive persons in this neigh-

borhood, for the first time her figure appears to me in my dreams, as if she would say to me, 'Look at them, and at me. You will not find one more beautiful, more lovely, than I.' And thus her image mingles with my every dream. In whatever happens to me with her, our two beings become intertwined. Now we are signing a contract together. There is her handwriting, and there is mine; there is her name, and there is mine; and they are interwoven with, extinguished by, each other. Sometimes she does something which injures the pure idea I have of her; and then I feel how intensely I love her, by the indescribable anguish it causes me. Again, unlike herself, she will tease and vex me; and then at once the figure changes, her sweet, round, heavenly face becomes lengthened: it is not she, it is another; but I lie vexed, dissatisfied, and wretched. Laugh not, dear Mittler, or laugh on as you will. I am not ashamed of this attachment, of this — if you please to call it so — foolish, frantic passion. No, I never loved before. It is only now that I know what to love means. Till now, what I have called life was nothing but its prelude, — amusement, sport to kill the time with. I never lived till I knew her, till I loved her — entirely and only loved her. People have often said of me, not to my face, but behind my back, that in most things I was but a botcher and a bungler. It may be so, for I had not then found in what I could show myself a master. I should like to see the man who outdoes me in the talent of love. A miserable life it is, full of anguish and tears; but it is so natural, so dear, to me, that I could hardly change it for another."

Edward had relieved himself slightly by this violent unloading of his heart. But, in doing so, every feature of his strange condition had been brought out so clearly before his eyes, that, overpowered by the pain of the struggle, he burst into tears, which flowed all the more freely as his heart had been made weak by telling it all.

Mittler, who was the less disposed to put a check on his inexorable good sense and strong, vigorous feeling, because by this violent outbreak of passion on Edward's part he saw himself driven far from the purpose of his coming, showed sufficiently decided marks of his disapprobation. Edward should act as a man, he said: he should remember what he owed to himself as a man. He should not forget that the highest honor was to command ourselves in misfortune; to bear pain, if it must be so, with equanimity and self-collect-

edness. That was what we should do, if we wished to be valued and looked up to as examples of what was right.

Stirred and penetrated as Edward was with the bitterest feelings, words like these could but have a hollow, worthless sound.

"It is well," he cried, "for the man who is happy, who has all that he desires, to talk; but he would be ashamed of it if he could see how intolerable it was to the sufferer. Nothing short of an infinite endurance would be enough; and, easy and contented as he was, what could he know of an infinite agony? There are cases," he continued, "yes, there are, where comfort is a lie, and despair is a duty. Go, heap your scorn upon the noble Greek, who well knows how to delineate heroes, when in their anguish he lets those heroes weep. He has even a proverb, 'Men who can weep are good.' Leave me, all you with dry heart and dry eye. Curses on the happy, to whom the wretched serve but for a spectacle! When body and soul are torn in pieces with agony, they are to bear it, — yes, to be noble and bear it, if they are to be allowed to go off the scene with applause. Like the gladiators, they must die gracefully before the eyes of the multitude. My dear Mittler, I thank you for your visit; but really you would oblige me much, if you would go out, and look about you in the garden. We will meet again. I will try to compose myself, and become more like you."

Mittler was unwilling to let a conversation drop, which it might be difficult to begin again, and still persevered. Edward, too, was quite ready go on with it; besides that of itself, it was tending towards the issue which he desired.

"Indeed," said the latter, "this thinking and arguing backwards and forwards leads to nothing. In this very conversation I myself have first come to understand myself: I have first felt decided as to what I must make up my mind to do. My present and my future life I see before me: I have to choose only between misery and happiness. Do you, my best friend, bring about the separation which must take place, which, in fact, is already made; gain Charlotte's consent for me. I will not enter into the reasons why I believe there will be the less difficulty in prevailing upon her. You, my dear friend, must go. Go, and give us all peace; make us all happy."

Mittler hesitated. Edward continued, —

"My fate and Ottilie's cannot be divided, and shall not be shipwrecked. Look at this glass: our initials are engraved

upon it. A gay reveller flung it into the air, that no one should drink of it more. It was to fall on the rock and be dashed to pieces; but it did not fall, it was caught. At a high price I bought it back: and now I drink out of it daily to convince myself that the connection between us cannot be broken; that Destiny has decided."

"Alas, alas!" cried Mittler, "what must I not endure with my friends? Here comes superstition, which of all things I hate the worst, — the most mischievous and accursed of all the plagues of mankind. We trifle with prophecies, with forebodings, and dreams, and give a seriousness to our every-day life with them; but when the seriousness of life itself begins to show, when every thing around us is heaving and rolling, then come in these spectres to make the storm more terrible."

"In this uncertainty of life," cried Edward, "poised as it is between hope and fear, leave the poor heart its guiding-star. It may gaze towards it, if it cannot steer towards it."

"Yes, I might leave it; and it would be very well," replied Mittler, "if there were but one consequence to expect: but I have always found that nobody will attend to symptoms of warning. Man cares for nothing except what flatters him, and promises him fair; and his faith is alive exclusively for the sunny side."

Mittler, finding himself carried off into the shadowy regions, in which the longer he remained in them the more uncomfortable he always felt, was the more ready to assent to Edward's eager wish that he should go to Charlotte. Indeed, if he staid, what was there further which at that moment he could urge on Edward? To gain time, to inquire in what state things were with the ladies, was the best thing which even he himself could suggest as at present possible.

He hastened to Charlotte, whom he found as usual, calm and in good spirits. She told him readily of every thing which had occurred; for, from what Edward had said, he had only been able to gather the effects. On his own side, he felt his way with the utmost caution. He could not prevail upon himself even cursorily to mention the word separation. It was indeed a surprise to him, but, from his point of view, an unspeakably delightful one, when Charlotte, at the end of a number of unpleasant things, finished with saying, —

"I must believe, I must hope, that things will all work

round again, and that Edward will return to me. How can it be otherwise, as soon as I become a mother?"

"Do I understand you right?" returned Mittler.

"Perfectly," Charlotte answered.

"A thousand times blessed be this news!" he cried, clasping his hands together. "I know the strength of this argument on the mind of a man. Many a marriage have I seen first cemented by it, and restored again when broken. Such a good hope as this is worth more than a thousand words. Now, indeed, it is the best hope which we can have. For myself, though," he continued, "I have all reason to be vexed about it. In this case I can see clearly no self-love of mine will be flattered. I shall earn no thanks from you by my services: my case is the same as that of a certain medical friend of mine, who succeeds in all cures which he undertakes with the poor for the love of God, but can seldom do any thing for the rich who will pay him. Here, thank God, the thing cures itself, after all my talking and trying had proved fruitless!"

Charlotte now asked him if he would carry the news to Edward; if he would take a letter to him from her, and then see what should be done. But he declined undertaking this. "All is done," he cried: "do you write your letter — any messenger will do as well as I — I will come back to wish you joy. I will come to the christening!"

For this refusal she was vexed with him, as she frequently was. His eager, impetuous character brought about much good; but his over-haste was the occasion of many a failure. No one was more dependent than he on the impressions which he formed on the moment.

Charlotte's messenger came to Edward, who received him half in terror. The letter was to decide his fate, and it might as well contain No as Yes. He did not venture, for a long time, to open it. At last he tore off the cover, and stood petrified at the following passage, with which it concluded: —

"Remember the night-adventure when you visited your wife as a lover, — how you drew her to you, and clasped her as a well-beloved bride in your arms. In this strange accident let us revere the providence of heaven, which has woven a new link to bind us, at the moment when the happiness of our lives was threatening to fall asunder, and to vanish."

What passed from that moment in Edward's soul it would be difficult to describe. Under the weight of such a stroke, old habits and fancies come out again to assist to kill the time and fill up the chasms of life. Hunting and fighting are an ever-ready resource of this kind for a nobleman: Edward longed for some outward peril, as a counterbalance to the storm within him. He craved for death, because the burden of life threatened to become too heavy for him to bear. It comforted him to think that he would soon cease to be, and so would make those whom he loved happy by his departure.

No one made any difficulty in his doing what he purposed, because he kept his intention a secret. He made his will with all due formalities. It gave him a very sweet feeling to secure Ottilie's fortune: provision was made for Charlotte, for the unborn child, for the captain, and for the servants. The war, which had again broken out, favored his wishes: he had disliked exceedingly the half-soldiering which had fallen to him in his youth, and that was the reason why he had left the service. Now it gave him a fine exhilarating feeling to be able to rejoin it, under a commander of whom it could be said, that under his conduct death was likely and victory was sure.

Ottilie, when Charlotte's secret was made known to her, bewildered by it, like Edward, and more than he, retired into herself, — she had nothing further to say: hope she could not, and wish she dared not. A glimpse into what was passing in her we can gather from her diary, some passages of which we think to communicate.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

There often happens to us in common life what, in an epic poem, we are accustomed to praise as a stroke of art in the poet; namely, that when the chief figures go off the scene, withdraw into inactivity, some other or others, whom hitherto we have scarcely observed, come forward and fill their places. And these, putting out all their force, at once fix our attention and sympathy on themselves, and earn our praise and admiration.

Thus, after the captain and Edward were gone, the architect, of whom we have spoken, appeared every day a more important person. The ordering and executing of a number of undertakings depended entirely upon him, and he proved himself thoroughly understanding and business-like in the style in which he went to work; while in a number of other ways he was able also to make himself of assistance to the ladies, and find amusement for their weary hours. His outward air and appearance were of the kind which win confidence and awake affection. A youth in the full sense of the word, well-formed, tall, perhaps a little too stout; modest without being timid, and easy without being obtrusive, — there was no work and no trouble which he was not delighted to take upon himself; and, as he could keep accounts with great facility, the whole economy of the household soon was no secret to him: and everywhere his salutary influence made itself felt. Any stranger who came he was commonly set to entertain; and he was skilful, either at declining unexpected visits, or at least so far preparing the ladies for them as to spare them any disagreeableness.

One day he had a good deal of trouble with a young lawyer, who had been sent by a neighboring nobleman to speak about a matter which, although of no particular moment, yet touched Charlotte to the quick. We have to mention this incident because it gave occasion for a number

of things which otherwise might perhaps have remained long untouched.

We remember certain alterations which Charlotte had made in the churchyard. The entire body of the monuments had been removed from their places, and had been ranged along the walls of the church, leaning against the string-course. The remaining space had been levelled, except a broad walk which led up to the church, and past it to the opposite gate; and it had been all sown with various kinds of trefoil, which had shot up and flowered most beautifully.

The new graves were to follow one after another in a regular order from the end, but the spot on each occasion was to be carefully smoothed over and again sown. No one could deny, that on Sundays and holidays, when the people went to church, the change had given it a most cheerful and pleasant appearance. At the same time, the clergyman, an old man clinging to old customs, who at first had not been especially pleased with the alteration, had become thoroughly delighted with it, all the more because when, like Philemon with his Baucis, resting under the old linden-trees at his back door, instead of the humps and mounds, he had a beautiful, clean lawn to look out upon; which, moreover, Charlotte having secured the use of the spot to the parsonage, was no little convenience to his household.

Notwithstanding this, however, many members of the congregation had been displeased that the means of marking the spots where their forefathers rested had been removed, and all memorials of them thereby obliterated. However well preserved the monuments might be, they could only show who had been buried, but not where he had been buried; and the *where*, as many maintained, was every thing.

Of this opinion was a family in the neighborhood, who for many years had been in possession of a considerable vault for a general resting-place of themselves and their relations, and in consequence had settled a small annual sum for the use of the church. And now this young lawyer had been sent to cancel this settlement, and to show that his client did not intend to pay it any more, because the condition under which it had been hitherto made had not been observed by the other party, and no regard had been paid to objection and remonstrance. Charlotte, who was

the originator of the alteration herself, chose to speak to the young man, who, in a decided though not a violent manner, laid down the grounds on which his client proceeded, and gave occasion in what he said for much serious reflection.

"You see," he said, after a slight introduction, in which he sought to justify his peremptoriness, "you see, it is right for the lowest as well as for the highest to mark the spot which holds those who are dearest to him. The poorest peasant, who buries a child, finds it some consolation to plant a light wooden cross upon the grave, and hang a garland upon it, to keep alive the memorial, at least as long as the sorrow remains; although such a mark, like the mourning, will pass away with time. Those better off exchange these wooden crosses for others made of iron, and fix and protect them in various ways; and here we have endurance for many years. But because this too will sink at last, and become invisible, those who are able to bear the expense see nothing fitter than to raise a stone which shall promise to endure for generations, and which can be restored and made fresh again by posterity. Yet it is not this stone which attracts us: it is that which is contained beneath it, which is intrusted, where it stands, to the earth. It is not the memorial so much, of which we speak, as the person himself; not of what once was, but of what is. Far better, far more closely, can I embrace some dear departed one in the mound which rises over his bed, than in a monumental writing which only tells us that once he was. In itself, indeed, it is but little; but around it, as around a central mark, the wife, the husband, the kinsman, the friend, after their departure, shall gather again: and the living shall have the right to keep far off all strangers and evil-wishers from the side of the dear one who is sleeping there.

"And, therefore, I hold it quite fair and fitting that my principal shall withdraw his grant to you. It is, indeed, but too reasonable that he should do it; for the members of his family are injured in a way for which no compensation could be even proposed. They are deprived of the sad, sweet feelings of laying offerings on the remains of their dead, and of the one comfort in their sorrow of one day lying down at their side."

"The matter is not of that importance," Charlotte answered, "that we should disquiet ourselves about it with the vexation of a lawsuit. I regret so little what I have done,

that I will gladly myself indemnify the church for what it loses through you. Only I must confess candidly to you, your arguments have not convinced me: the pure feeling of a universal equality at last after death seems to me more composing than this hard, determined persistence in our personalities, and in the conditions and circumstances of our lives. What do you say to it?" she added, turning to the architect.

"It is not for me," replied he, "either to argue or to attempt to judge in such a case. Let me venture, however, to say what my own art and my own habits of thinking suggest to me. Since we are no longer so happy as to be able to press to our breasts the inurned remains of those we have loved; since we are neither wealthy enough nor of cheerful heart enough to preserve them undecayed in large elaborate sarcophagi; since, indeed, we cannot even find place any more for ourselves and ours in the churches, and are banished out into the open air, — we all, I think, ought to approve the method which you, my gracious lady, have introduced. If the members of a congregation are laid out side by side, they are resting by the side of and among their kindred: and, since the earth has to receive us all, I can find nothing more natural or more desirable than that the mounds, which, if they are thrown up, are sure to sink slowly in again together, should be smoothed off at once; and the covering, which all bear alike, will press lighter upon each."

"And is it all, is it all to pass away," said Ottilie, "without one token of remembrance, without any thing to call back the past?"

"By no means," continued the architect: "it is not from remembrance, it is from *place*, that men should be set free. The architect, the sculptor, are highly interested that men should look to their art, to their hand, for a continuance of their being; and, therefore, I should wish to see well-designed, well-executed monuments, not sown up and down by themselves at random, but erected all in a single spot, where they can promise themselves endurance. Inasmuch as even the good and the great are contented to surrender the privilege of resting in person in the churches, *we* may, at least, erect there, or in some fair hall near the burying-place, either monuments or monumental writings. A thousand forms might be suggested for them, and a thousand ornaments with which they might be decorated."

"If the artists are so rich," replied Charlotte, "then, tell me how it is that they are never able to escape from little obelisks, dwarf pillars, and urns for ashes. Instead of your thousand forms of which you boast, I have never seen any thing but a thousand repetitions."

"It is very generally so with us," returned the architect, "but it is not universal; and very likely the right taste and the proper application of it may be a peculiar art. In this case especially we have this great difficulty, that the monument must be something cheerful, and yet commemorate a solemn subject; while its matter is melancholy, it must not itself be melancholy. As regards designs for monuments of all kinds, I have collected numbers of them; and I will take some opportunity of showing them to you: but at all times the fairest memorial of a man remains some likeness of himself. This, better than any thing else, will give a notion of what he was: it is the best text for many or for few notes, — only it ought to be made when he is at his best age, and that is generally neglected. No one thinks of preserving forms while they are alive; and, if it is done at all, it is done carelessly and incompletely: and then comes death; a cast is swiftly taken, this mask is set upon a block of stone, — and that is what is called a bust. How seldom is the artist in a position to put any real life into such things as these!"

"You have contrived," said Charlotte, "without perhaps knowing it or wishing it, to lead the conversation altogether in my favor. The likeness of a man is quite independent: everywhere that it stands, it stands for itself; and we do not require it to mark the site of a particular grave. But I must acknowledge to you to having a strange feeling: even to portraits I have a kind of dislike. Whenever I see them, they seem to be silently reproaching me. They point to something far away from us, gone from us; and they remind me how difficult it is to pay right honor to the present. If we think how many people we have seen and known, and consider how little we have been to them, and how little they have been to us, it is no very pleasant reflection. We have met a man of genius without having enjoyed much with him, a learned man without having learned from him, a traveller without having been instructed, a man to love without having shown him any kindness.

"And unhappily this is not the case only with accidental meetings. Societies and families behave in the same way towards their dearest members, towns towards their worthi-

est citizens, people towards their most admirable princes, nations towards their most distinguished men.

"I have heard people asked why we heard nothing but good spoken of the dead, while of the living it is never without some exception. The reply was, because from the former we have nothing any more to fear; while the latter may still, here or there, fall in our way. So unreal is our anxiety to preserve the memory of others, generally no more than a mere selfish amusement; and the real, holy, earnest feeling would be what should prompt us to be more diligent and assiduous in our attentions toward those who still are left to us."

CHAPTER II.

Under the stimulus of this accident, and of the conversations which arose out of it, they went the following day to look over the burying-place, for the ornamenting of which, and relieving it in some degree of its sombre look, the architect made many a happy proposal. His interest, too, had to extend itself to the church as well, a building which had attracted his attention from the moment of his arrival.

It had been standing for many centuries, built in old German style, the proportions good, the decorating elaborate and excellent; and one might easily gather that the architect of the neighboring monastery had left the stamp of his art and of his love on this smaller building also: on the spectator it still made a solemn and agreeable impression, although the change in its internal arrangements for the Protestant service had taken from it something of its repose and majesty.

The architect found no great difficulty in prevailing on Charlotte to give him a considerable sum of money to restore it externally and internally, in the original spirit; and thus, as he thought, to bring it into harmony with the resurrection-field which lay in front of it. He had himself much practical skill; and a few laborers, who were still busy at the lodge, might easily be kept together until this pious work, too, should be completed.

The building itself, therefore, with all its environs, and whatever was attached to it, was now carefully and thor-

oughly examined; and then showed itself, to the greatest surprise and delight of the architect, a little side chapel, which nobody had thought of, beautifully and delicately proportioned, and displaying still greater care and pains in its decoration. It contained, at the same time, many remnants, carved and painted, of the implements used in the old services, when the different festivals were distinguished by a variety of pictures and ceremonies, and each was celebrated in its own peculiar style.

It was impossible for him not at once to take this chapel into his plan; and he determined to bestow especial pains on the restoring of this little spot as a memorial of old times, and of their taste. He saw exactly how he would like to have the vacant surfaces of the walls ornamented, and delighted himself with the prospect of exercising his talent for painting upon them; but of this, at first, he made a secret to the rest of the party.

Before doing any thing else, he fulfilled his promise of showing the ladies the various imitations of, and designs from, old monuments, vases, and other such things which he had made; and, when they came to speak of the simple barrow-sepulchres of the northern nations, he brought a collection of weapons and implements which had been found in them. He had got them exceedingly nicely and conveniently arranged in drawers and compartments, laid on boards cut to fit them, and covered over with cloth; so that these solemn old things, in the way he treated them, had a smart, dressy appearance; and it was like looking into the box of a trinket merchant.

Having once begun to show his curiosities, and finding them prove serviceable to entertain our friends in their loneliness, every evening he would produce one or other of his treasures. They were most of them of German origin, — pieces of metal, old coins, seals, and such like. All these things directed the imagination back upon old times; and when at last they came to amuse themselves with the first specimens of printing, woodcuts, and the earliest copper-plate engraving; and when the church, in the same spirit, was growing out, every day, more and more in form and color like the past, — they had almost to ask themselves whether they really were living in a modern time, whether it were not a dream that manners, customs, modes of life, and convictions were all really so changed.

After such preparation, a great portfolio, which at last

he produced, had the best possible effect. It contained, indeed, principally only outlines and figures; but, as these had been traced upon original pictures, they retained perfectly their ancient character; and most captivating indeed this character was to the spectators. All the figures breathed only the purest feeling; every one, if not noble, at any rate was good; cheerful composure, ready recognition of One above us, to whom all reverence is due; silent devotion, in love and tranquil expectation, was expressed on every face, on every gesture. The old bald-headed man, the curly-pated boy, the light-hearted youth, the earnest man, the glorified saint, the angel hovering in the air, — all seemed happy in an innocent, satisfied, pious expectation. The commonest object had a trait of celestial life; and every nature seemed adapted to the service of God, and to be, in some way or other, employed upon it.

Towards such a region most of them gazed as towards a vanished golden age, or on some lost paradise; only, perhaps, Ottilie had a chance of finding herself among beings of her own nature. Who could offer any opposition when the architect asked to be allowed to paint the spaces between the arches and the walls of the chapel in the style of these old pictures, and thereby leave his own distinct memorial at a place where life had gone so pleasantly with him?

He spoke of it with some sadness; for he could see, in the state in which things were, that his sojourn in such delightful society could not last forever, — indeed, that perhaps it would now soon be ended.

For the rest, these days were not rich in incidents, yet full of occasions for serious entertainment. We therefore take the opportunity of communicating something of the remarks Ottilie noted down among her manuscripts, to which we cannot find a fitter transition than through a simile that suggested itself to us on contemplating her exquisite pages.

There is, we are told, a curious contrivance in the service of the English marine. The ropes in use in the royal navy, from the largest to the smallest, are so twisted that a red thread runs through them from end to end, which cannot be extracted without undoing the whole, and by which the smallest pieces may be recognized as belonging to the crown.

Just so is there drawn through Ottilie's diary a thread of attachment and affection which connects it all together and characterizes the whole. And thus these remarks, these observations, these extracted sentences, and whatever else it

may contain, were, to the writer, of peculiar meaning. Even the few separate pieces which we select and transcribe will sufficiently explain our meaning.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"To rest hereafter at the side of those whom we love is the most delightful thought which man can have when once he looks out beyond the boundary of life. What a sweet expression is that, 'He was gathered to his fathers!'"

"Of the various memorials and tokens which bring nearer to us the distant and the separated, none is so satisfactory as a picture. To sit and talk to a beloved picture, even though it be unlike, has a charm in it, like the charm which there sometimes is in quarrelling with a friend. We feel, in a strange, sweet way, that we are divided and yet cannot separate."

"A person, in whose company we happen to be, affords us, sometimes, entertainment similar to that of a picture. He need not speak to us, he need not look at us, or take any notice of us; we look at him, we feel the relation in which we stand to him; such relation can even grow without his doing any thing towards it, without his having any feeling of it: he is to us exactly as a picture."

"One is never satisfied with a portrait of a person that one knows. I have always felt for the portrait-painter on this account. One so seldom requires of people what is impossible, and of them we do really require what is impossible: they must gather up into their picture the relation of everybody to its subject, all their likings and all dislikings; they must not only paint a man as they see him, but as every one else sees him. It does not surprise me if such artists become by degree stunted, indifferent, and of but one idea; and, indeed, it would not matter what came of it, if it were not that in consequence we have to go without the pictures of so many persons near and dear to us."

"It is too true, the architect's collection of weapons and old implements, which were found with the bodies of their owners, covered in with great hills of earth and rock, proves to us how useless is man's so great anxiety to preserve his

personality after he is dead; and so inconsistent people are! The architect confesses to have himself opened these barrows of his forefathers, and yet goes on occupying himself with memorials for posterity."

"But after all why should we take it so much to heart? Is all that we do, done for eternity? Do we not put on our dress in the morning, to throw it off again at night? Do we not go abroad to return home again? And why should we not wish to rest by the side of our friends, though it were but for a century?"

"When we see the many gravestones which have fallen in, which have been defaced by the footsteps of the congregation which lie buried under the ruins of the churches, that have themselves crumbled together over them, we may fancy the life after death to be as a second life, into which a man enters in the figure, or the picture, or the inscription, and lives longer there than when he was really alive. But this figure also, this second existence, dies out too, sooner or later. Time will not allow himself to be cheated of his rights with the monuments of men or with themselves."

CHAPTER III.

It causes us so agreeable a sensation to occupy ourselves with what we can only half do, that no person ought to find fault with the amateur applying himself to an art he can never learn, nor blame an artist disposed to pass beyond the boundaries of his art, and amuse himself in some other branch of art akin to his own. With such complacency of feeling we regard the preparation of the architect for the painting the chapel. The colors were got ready, the measurements taken, the cartoons designed. He had made no attempt at originality, but kept close to his outlines: his only care was to make a proper distribution of the sitting and floating figures, so as tastefully to ornament his space with them.

The scaffoldings were erected. The work went forward: and, as soon as any thing had been done on which the eye

could rest, he could have no objection to Charlotte and Ottilie coming to see how he was getting on.

The life-like faces of the angels, their robes waving against the blue sky-ground, delighted the eye; while their still and holy air calmed and composed the spirit, and produced the most delicate effect.

The ladies had joined him on the scaffolding; and Ottilie had scarcely observed how easily and regularly the work was being done, than the power which had been fostered in her by her early education at once appeared to develop. She took a brush, and, with a few words of direction, painted a richly folding robe with as much delicacy as skill.

Charlotte, who was always glad when Ottilie would occupy or amuse herself with any thing, left them both in the chapel, and went to follow the train of her own thoughts, and work her way for herself through her cares and anxieties which she was unable to communicate to a creature.

When ordinary men allow themselves to be worked up by common, every-day difficulties into fever-fits of passion, we can give them nothing but a compassionate smile. But we look with a kind of awe on a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny has been sown, which must abide the unfolding of the germ, and neither dare nor can do any thing to precipitate either the good or the ill, either the happiness or the misery, which is to arise out of it.

Edward had sent an answer by Charlotte's messenger, who had come to him in his solitude. It was written with kindness and interest, but was rather composed and serious than warm and affectionate. He had vanished almost immediately after, and Charlotte could learn no news about him; till, at last, she accidentally found his name in the newspaper, where he was mentioned with honor among those who had most distinguished themselves in a late important engagement. She now understood the method which he had taken; she perceived that he had escaped from great danger; only she was convinced at the same time that he would seek out greater; and it was all too clear to her, that, in every sense, he would hardly be withheld from any extremity.

She had to bear about this perpetual anxiety in her thoughts; and, turn which way she would, there was no light in which she could look at it that would give her comfort.

Ottilie, never dreaming of any thing of this, had taken to the work in the chapel with the greatest interest; and she had easily obtained Charlotte's permission to go on with it

regularly. So now all went swiftly forward, and the azure heaven was soon peopled with worthy inhabitants. By continual practice, both Ottilie and the architect had gained more freedom with the last figures: they became perceptibly better. The faces, too, which had been all left to the architect to paint, showed by degrees a very singular peculiarity. They began all of them to resemble Ottilie. The contact with the beautiful girl had made so strong an impression on the soul of the young man, who had no variety of faces preconceived in his mind, that by degrees, on the way from the eye to the hand, nothing was lost, and both worked in exact harmony together. Enough; one of the last faces succeeded perfectly, so that it seemed as if Ottilie herself was looking down out of the spaces of the sky.

They had finished the vault. The walls they proposed to leave plain, and only to cover them over with a bright brown color. The delicate pillars and the quaintly moulded ornaments were to be distinguished from them by a dark shade. But, as in such things one thing always leads on to another, they determined at least on having festoons of flowers and fruit, which should, as it were, unite together heaven and earth. Here Ottilie was in her element. The gardens provided the most perfect patterns; and, although the wreaths were as rich as they could make them, it was all finished sooner than they had supposed possible.

It was still looking rough and disorderly. The scaffolding-poles had been run together, the planks thrown one on the top of the other, the uneven pavement was yet more disfigured by the party-colored stains of the paint which had been spilt on it.

The architect begged that the ladies would give him a week to himself, and during that time would not enter the chapel. One fine evening he came to them, and begged them both to go and see it. He did not wish to accompany them, he said, and at once took his leave.

"Whatever surprise he may have designed for us," said Charlotte, as soon as he was gone, "I cannot myself just now go down there. You can go by yourself, and tell me all about it. No doubt he has been doing something which we shall like. I will enjoy it first in your description, and afterwards it will be the more charming in the reality."

Ottilie, who knew well that in many cases Charlotte took care to avoid every thing which could produce emotion, and particularly disliked to be surprised, set off down the walk by

herself, and looked round involuntarily for the architect, who, however, was nowhere to be seen, and must have concealed himself somewhere. She walked into the church, which she found open. It had been finished before, cleaned, and consecrated. She went on to the chapel-door; its heavy mass, all overlaid with iron, yielded easily to her touch; and she found an unexpected sight in a familiar spot.

A solemn, beautiful light streamed in through the one tall window. It was filled with stained glass, gracefully put together. The entire chapel had thus received a strange tone, and called forth a peculiar frame of mind. The beauty of the vaulted ceiling and the walls was set off by the elegance of the pavement, which was composed of peculiarly shaped tiles, fastened together with gypsum, and forming exquisite patterns as they lay. This, and the colored glass for the windows, the architect had prepared without their knowledge; and a short time was sufficient to have it put in its place.

Seats had been provided as well. Among the relics of the old church some finely carved chancel-chairs had been discovered, which now were standing about at convenient places along the walls.

The parts which she knew so well, now meeting her as an unfamiliar whole, delighted Ottilie. She stood still, walked up and down, looked and looked again. At last she seated herself in one of the chairs; and it seemed, as she gazed up and down, as if she was, and yet was not: as if she felt, and did not feel; as if all this would vanish from before her, and she would vanish from herself; and it was only when the sun left the window, on which before it had been shining full, that she awoke to possession of herself, and hastened back to the castle.

She did not hide from herself the strange epoch at which this surprise had occurred to her. It was the evening of Edward's birthday. Very differently she had hoped to keep it. How was not every thing to be dressed out for this festival! and now all the splendor of the autumn flowers remained ungathered. Those sunflowers were still turned to the sky; those asters still looked out with quiet, modest eye; and whatever of them all had been wound into wreaths had served as patterns for the decorating a spot which, if it was not to remain a mere artist's fancy, was only adapted as a general mausoleum.

And then she had to remember the impetuous eagerness with which Edward had kept her birthday-feast. She

thought of the newly erected lodge, under the roof of which they had promised themselves so much enjoyment. The fireworks flashed and hissed again before her eyes and ears: the more lonely she was, the more keenly her imagination brought it all before her. But she felt herself only the more alone. She no longer leaned upon his arm, and she had no hope ever any more to rest herself upon it.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"I have been struck with an observation of the young architect.

"In the case of the creative artist, as in that of the artisan, it is clear that man is least permitted to appropriate to himself what is most entirely his own. His works forsake him as the birds forsake the nest in which they were hatched.

"The fate of the architect is the strangest of all in this way. How often he expends his whole soul, his whole heart and passion, to produce buildings into which he himself may never enter. The halls of kings owe their magnificence to him, but he has no enjoyment of them in their splendor. In the temple he draws a partition-line between himself and the Holy of holies: he may never more set his foot upon the steps which he has laid down for the heart-thrilling ceremonial, as the goldsmith may only adore from far off the monstrance whose enamel and whose jewels he has himself set together. The builder surrenders to the rich man, with the key of his palace, all pleasure and all right there, and never shares with him in the enjoyment of it. And must not art in this way, step by step, draw off from the artist, when the work, like a child who is provided for, has no more to fall back upon its father? And what a power there must be in art itself, for its own self-advancing, when it has been obliged to shape itself almost solely out of what was open to all, only out of what was the property of every one, and therefore also of the artist!"

"There is a conception among ancient nations, which is awful, and may almost seem terrible. They pictured their forefathers to themselves sitting round on thrones, in enormous caverns, in silent converse; when a new-comer entered, if he were worthy enough, they rose up, and inclined

their heads to welcome him. Yesterday, as I was sitting in the chapel, and other carved chairs stood round like that in which I was, the thought of this came over me, with a soft, pleasant feeling. Why cannot you stay sitting here? I said to myself; stay here sitting, meditating with yourself long, long, long, till at last your friends come, and you rise up to them, and with a gentle inclination direct them to their places. The colored window-panes convert the day into a solemn twilight; and some one should set up for us an ever-burning lamp, that the night might not be utter darkness."

"We may imagine ourselves in what situation we please, we always conceive ourselves as *seeing*. I believe man dreams only so that he may never cease to see. Some day, perhaps, the inner light will come out from within us; and we shall not any more require another.

"The year dies away: the wind sweeps over the stubble, and there is nothing left to stir under its touch. But the red berries on yonder tall tree seem as if they would still remind us of brighter things, and the stroke of the thrasher's flail awakes the thought how much of nourishment and life lies buried in the mowed ear."

CHAPTER IV.

How strangely, after all this, with the sense so vividly impressed on her of mutability and perishableness, must Ottilie have been affected by the news which could not any longer be kept concealed from her, that Edward had exposed himself to the uncertain chances of war! Unhappily, none of the observations which she had occasion to make upon it escaped her. But it is well for us that man can only endure a certain degree of unhappiness: what is beyond that either annihilates him, or passes by him, and leaves him apathetic. There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so, how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril, and yet go on as usual with our ordinary every-day life?

It was, therefore, as if some good genius was caring for Ottilie, that, all at once, this stillness, in which she seemed to be sinking from loneliness and want of occupation, was suddenly invaded by a wild army, which, while it gave her externally abundance of employment, and so took her out of herself, at the same time awoke in her the consciousness of her own power.

Charlotte's daughter, Luciana, had scarcely left the school and gone out into the great world; scarcely had she found herself at her aunt's house in the midst of a large society,—than her anxiety to please produced its effect in really pleasing: and a young, very wealthy, man, soon experienced a passionate desire to make her his own. His large property gave him a right to have the best of every thing for his use; and nothing seemed to be wanting to him except a perfect wife, for whom, as for the rest of his good fortune, he should be the envy of the world.

This incident in her family had been for some time occupying Charlotte. It had engaged all her attention, and taken up her whole correspondence, except so far as this was directed to the obtaining news of Edward: so that latterly Ottilie had been left more than was usual to herself. She knew, indeed, of an intended visit from Luciana. She had been making various changes and arrangements in the house in preparation for it, but she had no notion that it was so near. Letters, she supposed, would first have to pass, settling the time, and making arrangements: when the storm broke suddenly over the castle and over herself.

Up drove, first, lady's maids and men-servants, their carriage loaded with trunks and boxes. The household was already swelled to double or to treble its size, and then appeared the visitors themselves. There was the great-aunt, with Luciana and some of her friends, and then the bridegroom with some of his friends. The entrance-hall was full of things,—bags, portmanteaus, and leather articles of every sort. The boxes had to be got out of their covers, and that was infinite trouble; and of luggage and of rummage there was no end. At intervals, moreover, there were violent showers, giving rise to much inconvenience. Ottilie encountered all this confusion with the easiest equanimity, and her happy talent showed in its fairest light. In a very little time she had brought things to order, and disposed of them. Every one found his room; every one had his things exactly as they wished; and all thought themselves well

attended to, because they were not prevented from attending on themselves.

The journey had been long and fatiguing, and they would all have been glad of a little rest after it. The bridegroom would have liked to pay his respects to his mother-in-law, express his pleasure, his gratitude, and so on. But Luciana could not rest. She had now arrived at the happiness of being able to mount a horse. The bridegroom had beautiful horses, and mount they must on the spot. Clouds and wind, rain and storm, they were nothing to Luciana; and now it was as if they only lived to get wet through, and to dry themselves again. If she took a fancy to go out walking, she never thought what sort of dress she had on, or what her shoes were like; she must go and see the grounds of which she had heard so much: what could not be done on horseback, she ran through on foot. In a little while she had seen every thing, and given her opinion about every thing, and with such rapidity of character it was not easy to contradict or oppose her. The whole household had much to suffer, but most particularly the lady's maids, who were at work from morning to night, washing and ironing and stitching.

As soon as she had exhausted the house and the park, she thought it was her duty to pay visits all round the neighborhood. As they rode and drove very fast, the visits extended to a considerable distance. The castle was overrun with people returning visits; and, that they might not miss one another, certain days were set apart for being at home.

Charlotte, in the mean time, with her aunt, and the man of business of the bridegroom, were occupied in determining about the settlements; and it was left to Ottilie, with those under her, to take care that all this crowd of people were properly provided for. Game-keepers and gardeners, fishermen and shop-dealers, were set in motion; Luciana always showing herself like the blazing nucleus of a comet with its long tail trailing behind it. The ordinary amusements of the parties soon became too insipid for her taste. Hardly would she leave the old people in peace at the card-table. Whoever could by any means be set moving (and who could resist the charm of being pressed by her into service?) must up, if not to dance, then to play at forfeits, or some other game, where they were to be victimized and tormented. Notwithstanding all that, however, and although afterwards the redeeming of the forfeits had to be settled with herself,

yet of those who played with her, never any one, especially never any man, let him be of what sort he would, went quite empty-handed away. Indeed, some old people of rank who were there, she succeeded in completely winning over to herself, by having contrived to find out their birthdays or christening-days, and marking them with some particular celebration. In all this she showed a skill not a little remarkable. Every one saw himself favored, and each considered himself to be the one most favored, — a weakness of which the oldest person of the party was the most notably guilty.

It seemed to be a sort of pride with her, that men who had any thing remarkable about them, — rank, character, or fame, — she must and would gain for herself. Gravity and seriousness she made give way to her; and, wild, strange creature as she was, she found favor even with discretion itself. Not that the young were at all cut short in consequence. Everybody had his share, his day, his hour, in which she contrived to charm and to enchain him. It was, therefore, natural enough that before long she should have had the architect in her eye, looking out so unconsciously as he did from under his long black hair, and standing so calm and quiet in the background. To all her questions she received short, sensible answers; but he did not seem inclined to allow himself to be carried away farther: and at last, half-provoked, half in malice, she resolved that she would make him the hero of a day, and so gain him for her court.

It was not for nothing that she had brought that quantity of luggage with her. Much, indeed, had followed her afterwards. She had provided herself with an endless variety of dresses. When it took her fancy, she would change her dress three or four times a day, usually wearing something of an ordinary kind, but making her appearance suddenly at intervals in a thorough masquerade-dress, as a peasant-girl or a fish-maiden, as a fairy or a flower-girl; and this would go on from morning till night. Sometimes she would even disguise herself as an old woman, that her young face might peep out the fresher from under the cap; and so utterly in this way did she confuse and mix together the actual and the fantastic, that people thought they were living with a sort of drawing-room witch.

But the principal use which she had for these disguises were pantomimic tableaux and dances, in which she was skilful in expressing a variety of character. A cavalier

in her suite had arranged to play on the piano, by way of accompaniment to her gestures, what little music was required: they needed only to exchange a few words, and they at once understood one another.

One day, in a pause of a brilliant ball, they were called upon suddenly to extemporize (it was on a private hint from themselves) one of these exhibitions. Luciana seemed embarrassed, taken by surprise, and, contrary to her custom, let herself be asked more than once. She could not decide upon her character, desired the party to choose, and asked, like an *improvvisatore*, for a subject. At last her musical assistant, with whom all had been previously arranged, sat down at the instrument, and began to play a mourning-march, calling on her to give them the "Artemisia" which she had been studying so admirably. She consented, and, after a short absence, re-appeared, to the sad, tender music of the dead march, in the form of the royal widow, with measured step, carrying an urn of ashes before her. A large black tablet was borne in after her, and a carefully cut piece of chalk in a gold pencil-case.

One of her admirers and helpers, into whose ear she whispered something, went directly to call the architect, to desire him, and, if he would not come, to drag him up, as master-builder, to draw the grave for the mausoleum, and to tell him at the same time that he was not to play the statist, but enter earnestly into his part as one of the performers.

Embarrassed as the architect outwardly appeared (for in his black, close-fitting, modern civilian's dress, he formed a wonderful contrast with the gauze, crape, fringes, tinsel, tassels, and crown), he very soon composed himself internally: and the scene became all the more strange. With the greatest gravity he placed himself in front of the tablet, which was supported by a couple of pages, and drew carefully an elaborate tomb, which, indeed, would have suited better a Lombard than a Carian prince; but it was in such beautiful proportions, so solemn in its parts, so full of genius in its decoration, that the spectators watched it growing with delight, and wondered at it when it was finished.

All this time he had not once turned towards the queen, but had given his whole attention to what he was doing. At last, when, bowing to her, he signified that he thought he had fulfilled her commands, she reached out the urn to him, expressing her desire to see it represented on the top of the monument. He complied, although unwillingly; as it would

not suit the character of the rest of his design. Luciana was now at last freed from her impatience. Her intention had been by no means to get a scientific drawing out of him. If he had only made a few strokes, sketched something which should have looked like a monument, and devoted the rest of his time to her, it would have been far more what she had wished, and would have pleased her a great deal better. His manner of proceeding had thrown her into the greatest embarrassment. For although in her sorrow, in her directions, in her gestures, in her approbation of the work as it slowly rose before her, she had tried to manage some sort of change of expression, and although she had hung about close to him, only to place herself into some sort of relation to him, yet he had kept himself throughout too stiff; so that too often she had been driven to take refuge with her urn: she had to press it to her heart and look up to heaven; and at last, a situation of that kind having a necessary tendency to intensify, she made herself more like a widow of Ephesus than a Queen of Caria. Thus the representation lasted a long time. The musician, who had usually patience enough, did not know any more what strain to strike up. He thanked God when he saw the urn stand on the pyramid, and involuntarily his tune, as the queen was going to express her gratitude, changed to a merry air, by which the whole thing lost its character. The company, however, was quite cheered up by it, and forthwith separated; some going up to express their delight and admiration of the lady for her excellent performance, and some praising the architect for his most artist-like and beautiful drawing.

The bridegroom especially paid marked attention to the architect. "I am vexed," he said, "that the drawing should be so perishable: you will permit me, however, to have it taken to my room, where I should much like to talk to you about it."

"If it would give you any pleasure," said the architect, "I can lay before you a number of highly finished designs for buildings and monuments of this kind, of which this is but a mere hasty sketch."

Ottilie was standing at no great distance, and went up to them. "Do not forget," she said to the architect, "to take an opportunity of letting the baron see your collection. He is a friend of art and of antiquity. I should like you to become better acquainted."

Luciana was passing at the moment. "What are they speaking of?" she asked.

"Of a collection of works of art," replied the baron, "which this gentleman possesses, and which he is good enough to say that he will show us."

"Oh, let him bring them immediately!" cried Luciana: "you will bring them, will you not?" she added, in a soft and sweet tone, taking both his hands in hers.

"The present is scarcely a fitting time," the architect answered.

"What!" Luciana cried, in a tone of authority: "you will not obey the command of your queen?" and then she begged him again with some piece of absurdity.

"Do not be obstinate," said Ottilie, in a scarcely audible voice.

The architect left them with a bow, signifying neither assent nor refusal.

He was hardly gone, when Luciana was flying up and down the saloon with a greyhound. "Alas!" she exclaimed, as she ran accidentally against her mother, "am I not an unfortunate creature? I have not brought my monkey with me. They told me I had better not, but I am sure it was nothing but the laziness of my people; and it is such a delight to me. But I will have it brought after me: somebody shall go and fetch it. If I could only see a picture of the dear creature, it would be a comfort to me: I certainly will have his picture taken, and it shall never be out of my sight."

"Perhaps I can comfort you," replied Charlotte. "There is a whole volume full of the most wonderful ape-faces in the library, which you can have fetched if you like."

Luciana shrieked for joy. The great folio was produced instantly. The sight of these hideous creatures, so like to men, and with the resemblance even more caricatured by the artist, gave Luciana the greatest delight. It was her especial delight to find some one of her acquaintance whom the animals resembled. "Is that not like my uncle!" she remorselessly exclaimed; "and here, look, here is my milliner M——; and here is Parson S——; and here the image of that creature — bodily! After all, these monkeys are the real *incroyables;* and it is inconceivable why they are not admitted into the best society."

It was in the best society that she said this, and yet no one took it ill of her. People had become accustomed to allow her so many liberties in her prettinesses, that at last they came to allow them in what was unpretty.

During this time, Ottilie was talking to the bridegroom: she

was looking anxiously for the return of the architect, whose serious and tasteful collection was to deliver the party from the apes; and, in the expectation of it, she had made it the subject of her conversation with the baron, and directed his attention on various things which he was to see. But the architect staid away; and when at last he made his appearance, he lost himself in the crowd, without having brought any thing with him, and without seeming as if he had been asked for any thing.

For a moment Ottilie became — what shall we call it? — annoyed, put out, perplexed. She had been saying so much about him — she had promised the bridegroom an hour of enjoyment after his own heart; and, with all the depth of his love for Luciana, he was evidently suffering from her present behavior.

The monkeys had to give place to a collation. Round games followed, and then more dancing; at last, a general uneasy vacancy, with fruitless attempts at resuscitating exhausted amusements, which lasted this time, as indeed they usually did, long past midnight. It had already become a habit with Luciana to be never able to get out of bed in the morning or into it at night.

About this time, the incidents noticed in Ottilie's diary become more rare; while we find a larger number of maxims and sentences drawn from life and relating to life. It is not conceivable that the larger proportion of these could have arisen from her own reflection; and most likely some one had shown her varieties of them, and she had written out what took her fancy. Many, however, with an internal bearing, can be easily recognized by the red thread.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"We like to look into the future, because we feel as if we could guide by our silent wishes in our own favor the chances hovering in it."

"We seldom find ourselves in a large party without thinking, the accident which brings so many here together, should bring our friends to us as well."

"Let us live in as small a circle as we will, we are either debtors or creditors before we have had time to look round."

"If we meet a person who is under an obligation to us, we remember it immediately. But how often may we meet people to whom we are ourselves under obligation, without its even occurring to us!"

"It is nature to communicate one's self: it is culture to receive what is communicated as it is given."

"No one would talk much in society, if he only knew how often he misunderstands others.

"One alters so much what one has heard from others in repeating it, only because one has not understood it."

"Whoever indulges long in monologue in the presence of others, without flattering his listeners, provokes ill-will."

"Every word a man utters provokes the opposite opinion."

"Argument and flattery are but poor elements out of which to form a conversation."

"The most pleasant kind of society is that in which those composing it have an easy and natural respect for one another."

"There is nothing wherein people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at."

"The ridiculous arises out of a moral contrast, in which two things are brought together before the mind in an innocent way."

"The material man often laughs where there is nothing to laugh at. Whatever moves him, his inner nature comes to the surface."

"The man of understanding finds almost every thing ridiculous; the man of higher insight scarcely any thing."

"Some one found fault with an elderly man for continuing to pay attention to young ladies. 'It is the only means,' he replied, 'of keeping one's self young; and everybody likes to do that.'"

"People will allow their faults to be shown them: they will let themselves be punished for them; they will patiently endure many things because of them; they only become impatient when they have to lay them aside."

"Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. We should not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities."

"There is a saying, 'He will die soon,' when a man acts unlike himself."

"What kind of defects may we bear with and even cultivate in ourselves? Such as rather give pleasure to others than injure them."

"The passions are defects or excellencies only in excess."

"Our passions are true phœnixes: as the old burn out, the new straight rise up out of the ashes."

"Violent passions are incurable diseases: the means which will cure them are what first make them thoroughly dangerous."

"Passion is both raised and softened by confession. In nothing, perhaps, were the middle way more desirable, than in knowing what to say and what not to say to those we love."

CHAPTER V.

So swept on Luciana in the social whirlpool, driving the rush of life along before her. Her court multiplied daily, partly because her impetuosity roused and attracted so many, partly because she knew how to attach the rest to her by kindness and attention. Generous she was in the highest degree: her aunt's affection for her, and her bridegroom's love, had heaped her with beautiful and costly presents; but she seemed as if nothing which she had was her own, and as if she did not know the value of the things which had

streamed in upon her. One day she saw a young lady looking rather poorly dressed by the side of the rest of the party; and she did not hesitate a moment to take off a rich shawl which she was wearing, and hang it over her, — doing it, at the same time, in such a humorous, graceful way, that no one could refuse such a present so given. One of her courtiers always carried about a purse, with orders to inquire, in whatever place they passed through, for the most aged and most helpless persons, and give them relief, at least for the moment. In this way she gained for herself all round the country a reputation for charitableness, which grew, at times, somewhat inconvenient, through being molested by far too many persons needing help.

Nothing, however, so much added to her popularity as her steady and consistent kindness towards an unhappy young man, who shrank from society because, while otherwise handsome and well formed, he had lost his right hand, although with high honor, in action. This mutilation weighed so heavily upon his spirits, it was so annoying to him that every new acquaintance he made had to be told the story of his misfortune, that he chose rather to shut himself up altogether, devoting himself to reading and other studious pursuits, and would have no dealings whatever with society.

She heard of the state of this young man. At once she contrived to prevail upon him to come to her, first to small parties, then to greater, and then out into the world with her. She showed more attention to him than to any other person: particularly she endeavored, by the services which she pressed upon him, to make him sensible of what he had lost in laboring herself to supply it. At dinner, she would make him sit next to her: she cut up his food for him, that he might only have to use his fork. If people older or of higher rank prevented her from being close to him, she would extend her attention to him across the entire table; and the servants were hurried off to supply to him what distance threatened to deprive him of. At last she encouraged him to write with his left hand. All his attempts he was to address to her; and thus, whether far or near, she always kept herself in correspondence with him. The young man did not know what had happened to him, and from that moment a new life opened out before him.

One may perhaps suppose that such behavior must have caused some uneasiness to her bridegroom. But, in fact, it was quite the reverse. He admired her exceedingly for her

exertions, and had the more reason for feeling entirely satisfied about her, as she had certain features in her character almost in excess, which kept any thing in the slightest degree dangerous utterly at a distance. She would run about with anybody, just as she fancied: no one was free from danger of a push or a pull, or of being made the object of some sort of freak; but no person ever ventured to do the same to her, — no person dared to touch her, or return, in the remotest degree, any liberty which she had taken herself. She kept every one within the strictest bounds of propriety in their behavior to herself; while she, in her own behavior, was every moment overleaping them.

On the whole, one might have supposed it to be a maxim with her to expose herself indifferently to praise or blame, to regard or to dislike. If in various ways she took pains to win people's favor, she commonly herself spoiled all the good she had done, by an ill tongue which spared no one. Not a visit was ever paid in the neighborhood, not a single piece of hospitality was ever shown to herself and her party among the surrounding castles or mansions, but what on her return her excessive recklessness let it appear that all men and all human things she was only inclined to see on the ridiculous side.

There were three brothers, who, purely out of compliment to each other which should marry first, had been overtaken by old age before they had got the question settled: here was a little, young wife with a great, old husband; there, on the other hand, was a dapper little man and an unwieldy giantess. In one house, every step one took one stumbled over a child; another, however many people were crammed into it, never would seem full, because there were no children there at all. Old couples (supposing the estate was not entailed) should get themselves buried as quickly as possible, that such a thing as a laugh might be heard again in the house. Young married people should travel: housekeeping did not sit well upon them. And as she treated the persons, so she treated what belonged to them, — their houses, their furniture, their dinner-services, — every thing. The ornaments of the walls of the rooms most particularly provoked her funny remarks. From the oldest tapestry to the most modern printed paper; from the noblest family pictures to the most frivolous new copperplate, — one as well as the other had to suffer, one as well as the other had to be pulled in pieces by her satirical tongue: so that, indeed, one had to wonder how, for twenty miles round, any thing continued to exist.

It was not, perhaps, exactly malice which produced all this destructiveness; it was wilfulness and selfishness that ordinarily set her off upon it: but a genuine bitterness grew up in her feelings towards Ottilie.

She looked down with disdain on the calm, uninterrupted activity of the sweet girl, which every one had observed and admired: and, when something was said of the care which Ottilie took of the garden and of the hot-houses, she not only spoke scornfully of it, in affecting to be surprised, if it were so, at there being neither flowers nor fruit to be seen, not caring to consider that they were living in the depth of winter, but every faintest scrap of green, every leaf, every bud which showed, she chose to have picked every day, and squandered on ornamenting the rooms and tables; and Ottilie and the gardener were not a little distressed to see their hopes for the next year, and perhaps for a longer time, destroyed in this wanton recklessness.

As little would she be content to leave Ottilie to her quiet work at home, in which she could live with so much comfort. Ottilie had to go with them on their pleasure-parties and sleighing-parties: she had to be at the balls which were being got up all about the neighborhood. She was not to mind the snow, or the cold, or the night-air, or the storm: other people did not die of such things, and why should she? The delicate girl suffered not a little from it all, but Luciana gained nothing. For although Ottilie went about very simply dressed, she was always, at least so the men thought, the most beautiful. A soft attractiveness gathered them all about her: no matter whereabouts in the great rooms she was, first or last, it was always the same. Even Luciana's bridegroom often conversed with her, — the more so, indeed, because he desired her advice and assistance in a matter just then engaging his attention.

He had cultivated the acquaintance of the architect. On seeing his collection of works of art, he had taken occasion to talk much with him on history and on other matters, and especially from seeing the chapel had learned to appreciate his talent. The baron was young and wealthy. He was a collector: he wished to build. His love for the arts was keen, his knowledge slight. In the architect he thought that he had found the man he wanted, that with his assistance there was more than one aim at which he could arrive at once. He had spoken to his bride of what he wished. She praised him for it, and was infinitely delighted with the proposal.

But it was more, perhaps, that she might withdraw this young man from Ottilie (with whom she fancied she saw that he was somewhat in love), than because she thought of applying his talents to any purpose. He had shown himself, indeed, very ready to help at any of her extemporized festivities, and had suggested various resources for this thing and that. But she always thought she understood better than he what should be done; and, as her inventive genius was usually somewhat common, her designs could be as well executed with the help of a clever *valet de chambre* as with that of the most finished artist. Further than to an altar on which something was to be offered, or to a crowning, whether of a living head or of one of plaster of Paris, the force of her imagination could not ascend, when a birthday, or other such occasion, made her wish to pay some one an especial compliment.

Ottilie was able to give the baron the most satisfactory answer to his inquiries as to the position the architect held in their family. Charlotte had already, as she was aware, been exerting herself to find some situation for him: had it not been indeed for the arrival of the party, the young man would have left them immediately on the completion of the chapel, the winter having brought all building operations to a standstill; and it was, therefore, most fortunate if a new patron could be found to assist him, and to make use of his talents.

Ottilie's own intercourse with the architect was as pure and unconscious as possible. His agreeable presence and his industrious nature had charmed and entertained her, as the presence of an elder brother might. Her feelings for him remained at the calm, unimpassioned level of blood relationship: for in her heart there was no room for more, — it was filled to overflowing with love for Edward; only God, who interpenetrates all things, could share with him the possession of that heart.

Soon they were in the depth of winter: the weather grew wilder, the roads more impracticable; and therefore it seemed all the pleasanter to spend the waning days in agreeable society. With short intervals of ebb, the crowd from time to time flooded up over the house. Officers found their way there from distant garrison-towns; the cultivated among them being a most welcome addition, the ruder the inconvenience of every one. Of civilians, too, there was no lack; and one day the count and the baroness quite unexpectedly came driving up together

Their presence gave the castle the air of a genuine court. The men of rank and character formed a circle about the baron, and the ladies yielded precedence to the baroness. The surprise at seeing both together, and in such high spirits, was not allowed to be of long continuance. There was a report that the count's wife was dead, and the new marriage was to take place as soon as ever decency would allow it.

Well did Ottilie remember their first visit, and every word which was then uttered about marriage and separation, binding and dividing, hope, expectation, disappointment, renunciation. Here were these two persons, at that time without prospect for the future, now standing before her, so near their wished-for happiness; and an involuntary sigh escaped from her heart.

No sooner did Luciana hear that the count was an amateur of music, than at once she must get up something of a concert. She herself would sing, and accompany herself on the guitar. It was done. The instrument she did not play without skill; her voice was agreeable; as for the words, one understood about as little of them as one commonly does when a German beauty sings to the guitar. However, every one assured her that she had sung with exquisite expression; and she found quite enough approbation to satisfy her. A singular misfortune befell her, however, on this occasion. Among the party there happened to be a poet, whom she hoped particularly to attach to herself, wishing to induce him to write a song or two, and address them to her. This evening, therefore, she produced scarcely any thing except songs of his composing. Like the rest of the party, he was perfectly courteous to her; but she had looked for more. She spoke to him several times, going as near the subject as she dared; but nothing further could she get. At last, unable to bear it any longer, she sent one of her train to him, to sound him, and find out whether he had not been delighted to hear his beautiful poems so beautifully executed.

"My poems?" he replied with amazement. "Pray excuse me, my dear sir," he added: "I heard nothing but the vowels, and not all of those; however, I am in duty bound to express my gratitude for so amiable an intention." The dandy said nothing, and kept his secret: the other endeavored to get himself out of the scrape by a few well-timed compliments. She did not conceal her desire to have something of his which should be written for herself.

If it would not have been too ill-natured, he might have handed her the alphabet, to imagine for herself, out of that, such laudatory poem as would please her, and set it to the first melody that came to hand; but she was not to escape out of this business without mortification. A short time after, she had to learn that the very same evening he had written to one of Ottilie's favorite melodies a most lovely poem, which was something more than complimentary.

Luciana, like all persons of her sort, who never can distinguish between where they show to advantage and where to disadvantage, now determined to try her fortune in reciting. Her memory was good: but, if the truth must be told, her execution was spiritless; and she was vehement without being passionate. She recited ballad stories, and whatever else is usually delivered in declamation. At the same time she had contracted an unhappy habit of accompanying what she recited with gestures, by which, in a disagreeable way, what is purely epic and lyric is more confused than connected with the dramatic.

The count, a keen-sighted man, soon saw through the party, — their inclinations, dispositions, wishes, and capabilities, — and by some means or other contrived to bring Luciana to a new kind of exhibition, which was perfectly suited to her.

"I see here," he said, "a number of persons with fine figures, who would surely be able to imitate picturesque movements and postures. Suppose they were to try, if the thing is new to them, to represent some real and well-known picture. An imitation of this kind, if it requires some labor in arrangement, has an inconceivably charming effect."

Luciana was quick enough in perceiving that here she was on her own ground entirely. Her fine shape, her well-rounded form, the regularity and yet expressiveness of her features, her light-brown braided hair, her long neck, — she ran them all over in her mind, and calculated on their pictorial effects; and if she had only known that her beauty showed to more advantage when she was still than when she was in motion, because in the last case certain ungracefulnesses continually escaped her, she would have entered even more eagerly than she did into this natural picture-making.

They brought forth some engravings of celebrated pictures, and the first which they chose was Van Dyck's "Belisarius." A large, well-proportioned man, somewhat advanced in years, was to represent the seated blind general. The

architect was to be the affectionate soldier standing sorrowing before him, there really being some resemblance between them. Luciana, half from modesty, had chosen the part of the young woman in the background, counting out ample alms into the palm of his hand; while an old woman beside her is trying to prevent her, and representing that she is giving too much. Nor was another woman who is in the act of giving him something forgotten. Into this and other pictures they threw themselves with all earnestness. The count gave the architect a few hints as to the best style of arrangement; and he at once set up a kind of theatre, all necessary pains being taken for the proper lighting of it. They had already made many preparations, before they observed how large an outlay what they were undertaking would require, and that, in the country, in the middle of the winter, many things which they required, would be difficult to procure; consequently, to prevent a stoppage, Luciana had nearly her whole wardrobe cut in pieces, to supply the various costumes which the original artist had arbitrarily selected.

The appointed evening came: and the exhibition was carried out in the presence of a large assemblage, and to the universal satisfaction. They had some good music to excite expectation, and the performance opened with the "Belisarius." The figures were so successful, the colors were so happily distributed, and the lighting managed so skilfully, that they might really have fancied themselves in another world; only that the presence of the real, instead of the apparent, produced a kind of uncomfortable sensation.

The curtain fell, and was more than once raised again by general desire. A musical interlude kept the assembly amused while preparation was going forward to surprise them with a picture of a higher stamp: it was the well-known design of Poussin, Ahasuerus and Esther. This time Luciana had done better for herself. As the fainting, sinking queen, she had put out all her charms; and, for the attendant maidens who were supporting her, she had cunningly selected pretty, well-shaped figures, not one among whom, however, had the slightest pretension to be compared with herself. From this picture, as from all the rest, Ottilie remained excluded. To sit on the golden throne, and represent the Zeus-like monarch, Luciana had picked out the finest and handsomest man of the party: so that this picture was really of incomparable perfection.

For a third, they had taken the so-called "Father's Admonition" of Terburg: and who does not know Wille's admirable engraving of this picture? One foot thrown over the other, sits a noble, knightly-looking father: his daughter stands before him, to whose conscience he seems to be appealing. She, a fine, striking figure, in a folding drapery of white satin, is only to be seen from behind; but her whole bearing appears to signify that she is collecting herself. That the admonition is not too severe, that she is not being utterly put to shame, is to be gathered from the air and attitude of the father; while the mother seems as if she were trying to conceal some slight embarrassment, — she is looking into a glass of wine, which she is on the point of drinking.

Here was an opportunity for Luciana to appear in her highest splendor. Her back hair, the form of her head, neck, and shoulders, were beautiful beyond all conception; and the waist, which in the modern antique of the ordinary dresses of young ladies is hardly visible, showed to the greatest advantage in all its graceful, slender elegance in the really old costume. The architect had contrived to dispose the rich folds of the white satin with the most artistic naturalness; and, without any question whatever, this living imitation far exceeded the original picture, and produced universal delight.

The spectators never ceased demanding a repetition of the performance; and the very natural wish to see the countenance of so lovely a creature, when they had done looking at her from behind, at last became so decided, that a merry, impatient young wit cried out aloud the words one is accustomed to write at the bottom of a page, "*Tournez, s'il vous plait*," which was echoed all round the room.

The performers, however, understood their advantage too well, and had mastered too completely the idea of these works of art, to yield to the most general clamor. The daughter remained standing in her shame, without favoring the spectators with the expression of her face; the father retained his attitude of admonition; and the mother continued with her nose and eyes in the transparent glass, in which, although she seemed to be drinking, the wine never diminished.

We need not describe the number of smaller after-pieces, for which had been chosen Flemish public-house scenes and fair and market days.

The count and the baroness departed, promising to return in the first happy weeks of their approaching union. And

Charlotte now had hopes, after having endured two weary months of it, of ridding herself of the rest of the party at the same time. She was assured of her daughter's happiness, as soon as the first tumult of youth and betrothal should have subsided in her; for the bridegroom considered himself the most fortunate person in the world. His income was large, his disposition moderate and rational; and now he found himself further wonderfully favored in the happiness of becoming the possessor of a young lady with whom all the world must be charmed. He had so peculiar a way of referring every thing to her, and only to himself through her, that it gave him an unpleasant feeling when any newly arrived person did not devote himself heart and soul to her, and was far from flattered if — as occasionally happened, particularly with elderly men — he neglected her for a close intimacy with himself. Every thing was settled about the architect. On New-Year's Day he was to follow him, and spend the carnival at his house in the city, where Luciana was promising herself infinite happiness from a repetition of her charmingly successful pictures, as well as from a hundred other things; all the more so as her aunt and bridegroom seemed to make so light of whatever expense was required for her amusements.

And now they were to break up. But this could not be managed in an ordinary way. They were one day making fun of Charlotte aloud, declaring that they would soon have eaten out her winter stores, when the nobleman who had represented Belisarius, being fortunately a man of some wealth, carried away by Luciana's charms, to which he had been so long devoting himself, cried out unthinkingly, "Why not manage, then, in the Polish fashion? you come now and eat up me, and then we will go on round the circle." No sooner said than done. Luciana acceded. The next day they all packed up, and the swarm alighted on a new property. There indeed they found room enough, but few conveniences, and no preparations to receive them. Out of this arose many *contretemps*, which entirely enchanted Luciana: their life became ever wilder and wilder. Hunting-parties were set on foot in the deep snow, attended with every sort of disagreeableness; women were not allowed to excuse themselves any more than men: and so they trooped on, hunting and riding, sleighing and shouting, from one place to another, till at last they approached the Residence; and there the news of the day, and the scandals, and what else forms

the amusement of people at courts and cities, gave the imagination another direction: and Luciana with her train of attendants (her aunt had gone on some time before) swept at once into a new sphere of life.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"In the world we accept every person as such as he gives himself out, only he must give himself out for something. We can put up with the unpleasant more easily than we can endure the insignificant.

"Any thing may be forced upon society except what involves a consequence.

"We never learn to know people when they come to us: we must go to them to find out how things stand with them.

"I find it almost natural that we should see many faults in visitors, and that directly they are gone we should judge them not in the most amiable manner. For we have, so to say, a right to measure them by our own standard. Even cautious, sensible men can scarcely keep themselves in such cases from being sharp censors.

"When, on the contrary, we are staying at the houses of others, when we have seen them in the midst of all their habits and environments among those necessary conditions from which they cannot escape, when we have seen how they affect those about them, and how they adapt themselves to their circumstances, it is ignorance, it is worse, it is ill-will, to find ridiculous what in more than one sense has a claim on our respect.

"That which we call politeness and good breeding effects what otherwise can only be obtained by violence, or not even by that.

"Intercourse with women is the element of good manners.

"How can the character, the individuality, of a man coexist with polish of manner?

"Peculiarity of character can only be properly made prominent through good manners. Every one likes what has something in it, only it must not be a disagreeable something.

"In life generally, and in society, no one has such high advantages as a well-cultivated soldier.

"Rough soldiers do, at least, betray their character; and generally behind their strength there is a certain latent good-humor, so that in difficulties it is possible to get on even with them.

"No one is more intolerable than an underbred civilian. From him one has a right to look for a delicacy, as he has no rough work to do.

"When we are living with people who have a delicate sense of propriety, we are made uneasy on their account when any thing unbecoming is committed. So I always feel for and with Charlotte when a person is rocking his chair. She cannot endure it.

"No one would ever come into a mixed party with spectacles on his nose, if he did but know that at once we women lose all pleasure in looking at him or listening to what he has to say.

"Familiarity, when displayed instead of reverency, is always ridiculous. No one would put his hat down when he had scarcely paid the ordinary compliments if he knew how comical it looks.

"There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation. The proper education would be that which communicated the sign and the foundation of it at the same time.

"Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his own image.

"There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the easiest courtesy in outward behavior.

"A freely offered homage is the most beautiful of all relations. And how were that possible without love?

"We are never farther from our wishes than when we imagine that we possess what we have desired.

"No one is more a slave than the man who thinks himself free while he is not.

"The moment a man declares he is free, he feels the conditions to which he is subject. Let him venture to declare that he is subject to conditions, and he will feel that he is free.

"Against great advantages in another, there are no means of defending ourselves except love.

"There is something terrible in the sight of a highly gifted man lying under obligations to a fool.

"'No man is a hero to his valet,' the proverb says. But that is only because it requires a hero to recognize a hero. The valet will probably know how to value the valet-hero.

"Mediocrity has no greater consolation than in the thought that genius is not immortal.

"The greatest men are connected with their own century always through some weakness.

"One is apt to regard people as more dangerous than they are.

"Fools and modest people are alike innocuous. It is only your half-fools and your half-wise who are really and truly dangerous.

"There is no better deliverance from the world than through art; and a man can form no surer bond with it than through art.

"Alike in the moment of our highest fortune and our deepest necessity, we require the artist.

"The business of art is with the difficult and the good.

"To see the difficult easily handled, gives us the feeling of the impossible.

"Difficulties increase the nearer we are to our end.

"Sowing is not so difficult as reaping."

CHAPTER VI.

Charlotte was in some way compensated for the very serious discomfort this visit had caused her through the fuller insight it had enabled her to gain into her daughter's character. In this, her knowledge of the world was of no slight service to her. It was not the first time that so singular a character had come across her, although she had never seen any in which the unusual features were so highly developed; and she had had experience enough to show her that such persons, after having felt the discipline of life, after having gone through something of it and been in intercourse with older people, may come out at last really charming and amiable: the selfishness may soften, and eager, restless activity find a definite direction for itself. And therefore, as a mother, Charlotte was able to endure the appearance of symptoms which for others might perhaps have been unpleasing, from a sense that where strangers only desire to enjoy, or at least not to have their taste offended, the business of parents is rather to hope.

After her daughter's departure, however, she had to be pained in a singular and unlooked-for manner, in finding that, not so much through what there really was objectionable in her behavior, as through what was good and praiseworthy

in it, she had left an ill report of herself behind her. Luciana seemed to have prescribed it as a rule to herself, not only to be merry with the merry, but miserable with the miserable, and, in order to give full exercise to her spirit of contradiction, often to make the happy uncomfortable, and the sad cheerful. In every family among whom she came, she inquired after such members of it as were ill or infirm, and unable to appear in society. She would go to see them in their rooms, act the part of physician, and insist on prescribing powerful doses for them out of her own travelling medicine-chest, which she constantly took with her in her carriage: her attempts at curing, as may be supposed, either succeeding or failing as chance happened to direct.

In this sort of benevolence she was thoroughly cruel, and would listen to nothing that was said to her, because she was convinced that she was managing admirably. One such attempt, made on a mental sufferer, failed most disastrously; and this it was which gave Charlotte so much trouble, inasmuch as it involved consequences, and every one was talking about it. She never had heard of the story till Luciana was gone: Ottilie, who had made one of the party present at the time, had to give her a circumstantial account of it.

One of several daughters of a family of rank had the misfortune to have caused the death of one of her younger sisters: it had destroyed her peace of mind, and she had never been able to recover from the shock. She lived in her own room, occupying herself, and keeping quiet; and she could only bear to see the members of her own family when they came one by one. If there were several together, she suspected at once that they were making reflections upon her and her condition. To each of them singly she would speak rationally enough, and talk freely for an hour at a time.

Luciana had heard of this, and had secretly determined with herself, as soon as she got into the house, that she would, as it were, work a miracle, and restore the young lady to society. She conducted herself in the matter more prudently than usual, managed to introduce herself alone to the poor, sick-souled girl, and, as far as people could understand, had wound her way into her confidence through music. At last came her fatal mistake: wishing to cause a sensation, and fancying she had sufficiently prepared her for it, one evening she suddenly introduced the beautiful, pale creature into the midst of the brilliant, glittering assembly; and perhaps even then the attempt might not have

utterly failed, had not the company, from curiosity and apprehension, conducted themselves so unwisely, first gathering about the invalid, and avoiding her, and, with their whispers, and shaking their heads together, confusing and agitating her. Her delicate sensibility could not endure it. With a dreadful shriek, which expressed, as it seemed, a horror at some monster that was rushing upon her, she fainted. The crowd fell back in terror on every side, Ottilie being one of those who brought the fainting girl to her room.

Luciana meanwhile, just like herself, had been reading an angry lecture to the rest of the party, without reflecting for a moment that she herself was entirely to blame, and without letting herself be deterred, by this and other failures, from going on with her experimentalizing.

The state of the invalid herself had since that time become more and more serious: indeed, the disorder had increased to such a degree that the parents were unable to keep their poor child any longer at home, and had been forced to confide her to the care of a public institution. Nothing remained for Charlotte except, by the delicacy of her own attention to the family, in some degree to alleviate the pain which had been occasioned by her daughter. On Ottilie the event had made a deep impression. She felt the more for the unhappy girl, as she was convinced, not withholding her opinion from Charlotte, that, by a careful treatment, the disorder might have been unquestionably removed.

So there came, too, as it often happens that we dwell more on past disagreeables than on past agreeables, a slight misunderstanding to be spoken of, which had led Ottilie to a wrong judgment of the architect, when he did not choose to produce his collection that evening, although she had so eagerly begged him to produce it. This decided refusal had remained, ever since, hanging about her heart: she herself could not tell why. Her feelings about the matter were undoubtedly just: what a young lady like Ottilie could desire, a young man like the architect ought not to have refused. The latter, however, when she took occasion to give him a gentle reproof for it, had a pretty good plea to offer.

"If you knew," he said, "how roughly even cultivated people allow themselves to handle the most valuable works of art, you would forgive me for not producing mine among the crowd. No one will take the trouble to hold a medal by

the rim. They will finger the most beautiful impressions and the smoothest surfaces: they will take the rarest coins between the thumb and forefinger, and rub them up and down, as if they were testing the execution with the touch. Without remembering that a large sheet of paper ought to be held in two hands, they will lay hold with one of an invaluable engraving of some irretrievable drawing, as a conceited politician lays hold of a newspaper, and passing judgment by anticipation, as he is cutting the pages, on the occurrences of the world. Nobody cares to recollect, that, if twenty people, one after the other, treat a work of art in this way, the one and twentieth will not find much to see there."

"Have not I often vexed you in this way?" asked Ottilie. "Have not I, through my carelessness, many times injured your treasures?"

"Never once," answered the architect, "never. For you it would be impossible. In you the right thing is innate."

"In any case," replied Ottilie, "it would not be a bad plan, if, in the next edition of the book on good manners, after the chapters which tell us how we ought to eat and drink in company, an exhaustive chapter were inserted, how to behave among works of art and in museums."

"Undoubtedly," said the architect; "and then curiosity-collectors and amateurs would be better contented to show their valuable treasures to the world."

Ottilie had long, long forgiven him; but as he seemed to have taken her reproof sorely to heart, and assured her again and again that he would gladly produce every thing, that he was delighted to do any thing for his friends, she felt that she had wounded his feelings, and that she owed him some compensation. It was not easy for her, therefore, to give an absolute refusal to a request which he made her in the conclusion of this conversation; although, when she called her heart into counsel about it, she did not see how she could allow herself to do what he wished.

The circumstances of the matter were these: that Ottilie had been excluded from the picture-exhibition through Luciana's jealousy had irritated him in the highest degree; and at the same time he had observed with regret that Charlotte had been prevented by sickness from being often present at this, the most brilliant part of all the amusements; and now he did not wish to go away without some additional proof of

his gratitude, and, for the honor of one and the entertainment of the other, preparing a far more beautiful exhibition than any of those which had preceded it. Perhaps, too, unknown to himself, another secret motive was working on him. It was so hard for him to leave the house and to leave the family. It seemed impossible to him to part from Ottilie's eyes, under the calm, sweet, gentle glances of which he had, the latter part of the time, been living almost entirely.

The Christmas holidays were approaching; and it became at once clear to him that the very thing which he wanted was a representation, with real figures, of one of those pictures of the scene in the stable, — a sacred exhibition such as at this holy season good Christians delight to offer to the divine mother and her child, of the manner in which she, in her seeming lowliness, was honored first by the shepherds and afterwards by kings.

He had formed a perfect conception how such a picture might be contrived. A handsome and blooming boy was found, and there would be no lack of shepherds and shepherdesses. But without Ottilie the thing could not be done. The young man had exalted her, in his design, to be the Mother of God; and, if she refused, there was no question but the undertaking must fall to the ground. Ottilie, half embarrassed at the proposal, referred him and his request to Charlotte. The latter gladly gave her permission, and lent her assistance in overcoming and overpersuading Ottilie's hesitation in assuming so sacred a personality. The architect worked day and night, that by Christmas Eve every thing might be ready.

Day and night, indeed, in the literal sense. At all times he was a man who had but few necessities, and Ottilie's presence seemed to be to him in the place of all delicacies. When he was working for her, it was as if he required no sleep; when he was busy about her, as if he could do without food. Accordingly, by the hour of the evening solemnity, all was completed. He had found the means of collecting some well-toned wind instruments, to form an introduction, and produce the desired disposition. But, when the curtain rose, Charlotte was taken completely by surprise. The picture which presented itself to her had been repeated so often in the world, that one could scarcely have expected any new impression to be produced. But here the reality, as representing the picture, had its especial advantages.

The whole space was the color rather of night than of twilight; and there was nothing, even of the details of the scene, which was obscure. The inimitable idea that all the light should proceed from the child, the artist had contrived to carry out by an ingenious method of illumination, which was concealed by the figures in the foreground, who were all in shadow. Merry boys and girls were standing round, their rosy faces sharply lighted from below; and there were angels, too, whose own brilliancy grew pale before the divine, whose ethereal bodies showed dim and dense, and needing other light in the presence of the body of the divine humanity. By good fortune the infant had fallen asleep in the loveliest attitude; so that nothing disturbed the contemplation when the eye rested on the seeming mother, who with infinite grace had lifted off a veil to reveal her hidden treasure. At this moment the picture seemed to have been caught, and there to have remained fixed. Physically dazzled, mentally surprised, the people round appeared to have just moved to turn away their half-blinded eyes, to be glancing again towards the child with curious delight, and to be showing more wonder and pleasure than awe and reverence, — although these emotions were not forgotten, and were to be traced upon the features of some of the older spectators.

But Ottilie's figure, expression, attitude, glance, excelled all that any painter has ever represented. A man possessed of true knowledge of art, could he have seen this spectacle, would have been in fear lest any portion of it should move: he would have doubted whether any thing could ever so much please him again. Unluckily there was no one present who could comprehend the whole of this effect. The architect alone, who, as a tall, slender shepherd, was looking in from the side over those who were kneeling, enjoyed, although he was not in the best position for seeing, the fullest pleasure. And who can describe the mien of the new-made queen of heaven? The purest humility, the most exquisite feeling of modesty, while having undeservedly bestowed upon her a great honor, an indescribable and immeasurable happiness was displayed upon her features, expressing as much her own emotion as that of the character which she was endeavoring to represent.

Charlotte was delighted with the beautiful figures, but what had most effect on her was the child. Her eyes filled with tears; and her imagination presented to her, in the liveliest colors, that she might soon hope to have such another darling creature on her own lap.

They had let down the curtain, partly to give the exhibitors some little rest, partly to make an alteration in the exhibition. The artist had proposed to himself to transmute the first scene of night and lowliness into a picture of splendor and glory, and for this purpose had prepared a blaze of light to fall in from every side, which this interval was required to kindle.

Ottilie, in the semi-theatrical position in which she found herself, had hitherto felt perfectly at her ease; because, with the exception of Charlotte and a few members of the household, no one had witnessed this pious piece of artistic display. She was, therefore, in some degree annoyed, when, in the interval, she learned that a stranger had come into the saloon, and had been warmly received by Charlotte. Who it was, no one was able to tell her. She resigned herself, in order not to produce a disturbance, and to go on with her character. Candles and lamps blazed out, and she was surrounded by splendor perfectly infinite. The curtain rose. It was a sight to startle the spectators. The whole picture was one blaze of light; and, instead of the full depth of shadow, there now were only the colors left remaining, which, from the skill with which they had been selected, produced a gentle softening of tone. Looking out under her long eyelashes, Ottilie perceived the figure of a man sitting by Charlotte. She did not recognize him, but the voice she fancied was that of the assistant at the school. A singular emotion came over her. How many things had happened since she last heard the voice of her kind instructor! Like forked lightning the stream of her joys and her sorrow flashed through her soul; and the question rose in her heart, "Dare you confess, dare you acknowledge, it all to him? If not, how little can you deserve to appear before him under this sainted form! And how strange must it not seem to him, who has only known you as your natural self, to see you now under this disguise!" In an instant, swift as thought, feeling and reflection began to clash and gain within her. Her eyes filled with tears, while she forced herself to continue to appear as a rigid figure; and it was a relief indeed to her when the child began to stir, and the artist saw himself compelled to give the sign for the curtain to fall again.

If the painful feeling of being unable to meet a valued friend had, during the last few moments, been distressing Ottilie, in addition to her other emotions, she was now in

still greater embarrassment. Was she to present herself to him in this strange disguise, or had she better change her dress? She did not hesitate: she did the latter, and in the interval she endeavored to collect and to compose herself; nor did she properly recover her self-possession, until at last, in her ordinary costume, she had welcomed the new visitor.

CHAPTER VII.

In so far as the architect desired the happiness of his kind patronesses, it was a pleasure to him, now that at last he was obliged to go, to know that he was leaving them in good society with the estimable assistant. At the same time, however, when he thought of their goodness in its relation to himself, he could not help feeling it a little painful to see his place so soon, and, as it seemed to his modesty, so well, so completely, supplied. He had lingered and lingered, but now he forced himself away: what, after he was gone, he must endure as he could, at least he could not stay to witness with his own eyes.

To the great relief of this half-melancholy feeling, the ladies at his departure made him a present of a waistcoat, on which he had watched them both for some time past at work, with a silent envy of the fortunate man, as yet unknown to him, to whom it might one day belong. Such a present is the most agreeable which a true-hearted man can receive; for, while he thinks of the unwearied play of the beautiful fingers at the making of it, he cannot help flattering himself that in so long-sustained a labor the feeling could not have remained utterly without an interest in its accomplishment.

The ladies had now a new visitor to entertain, for whom they felt a real regard, and whose stay with them it would be their endeavor to make as agreeable as they could. There is in all women a peculiar circle of inward interests, which remain always the same, and from which nothing in the world can divorce them. In outward social intercourse, on the other hand, they will gladly and easily allow themselves to take their tone from the person with whom at the moment they are occupied; and thus, by a mixture of impassiveness

and susceptibility, by persisting and by yielding, they continue to keep the government to themselves: and no man of good behavior can ever take it from them."

The architect, following at the same time his own fancy and his own inclination, had been exerting himself and putting out his talents for their gratification and for the purposes of his friends; and business and amusement, while he was with them, had been conducted in this spirit, and directed to the ends which most suited his taste. But now in a short time, through the presence of the assistant, quite another sort of life was commenced. His great gift was to talk well, and to treat, in his conversation, of men and human relations, particularly in reference to the cultivation of young people. Thus arose a very perceptible contrast to the life which had been going on hitherto, all the more as the assistant could not entirely approve of their having interested themselves in such subjects so exclusively.

Of the impersonated picture which received him on his arrival, he never said a single word. On the other hand, when they took him to see the church and the chapel with their new decorations, expecting that it would please him as much as they were pleased with it themselves, he did not refrain from expressing his opinion.

"This mixing up of the holy with the sensuous," he said, "is any thing but pleasing to my taste: I cannot like men to set apart certain especial places, consecrate them, and deck them out, that by so doing they may nourish in themselves a temper of piety. No surroundings, not even the most common, must disturb in us that sense of the divine which accompanies us wherever we are, and can consecrate every spot into a temple. What pleases me is, to see a home-service of God held in the saloon where people come together to eat, where they have their parties, and amuse themselves with games and dances. What is highest, the most excellent in men, has no form; and one should be cautious how one gives it any form except noble action."

Charlotte, who was already generally acquainted with his mode of thinking, and, in the short time he had been at the castle, had already probed it more deeply, found something also which he might do for her in his own department; and she had her garden children, whom the architect had reviewed shortly before his departure, marshalled up into the

great saloon. In their clean, bright uniforms, with their regular movement, and their own natural vivacity, they looked exceedingly well. The assistant examined them in his own way, and by a variety of questions, and by the turns he gave them, soon brought to light the capacities and dispositions of the children; and, without its seeming so, in the space of less than one hour he had really given them important instruction and assistance.

"How did you manage that?" said Charlotte, as the children marched away. "I listened with all my attention. Nothing was brought forward except things which were quite familiar; and yet I cannot tell the least how I should begin, to bring them to be discussed in so short a time so methodically, with all this questioning and answering."

"Perhaps," replied the assistant, "we ought to make a secret of the tricks of our own handicraft. However, I will not hide from you one very simple maxim, with the help of which you may do this, and a great deal more than this. Take any subject, a substance, an idea, whatever you like, keep fast hold of it, make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it in all its parts; and then it will be easy for you, in conversation, to find out, with a mass of children, how much about it has already developed itself in them; what requires to be stimulated, what to be directly communicated. The answers to your questions may be as unsatisfactory as they will, they may wander wide of the mark: if you only take care that your counter-question shall draw their thoughts and senses inwards again, if you do not allow yourself to be driven from your own position, the children will at last reflect, comprehend, learn only what the teacher desires them to learn; and the subject will be presented to them in the light in which he wishes them to see it. The greatest mistake which he can make is, to allow himself to be run away with from the subject, not to know how to keep fast to the point with which he is engaged. Try it the next time the children come: you will find you will be greatly entertained by it yourself."

"That is very pretty," said Charlotte. "The right method of teaching is the reverse, I see, of what we must do in life. In society we must keep the attention long upon nothing; and in instruction the first commandment is, to permit no dissipation of it."

"Variety, without dissipation, were the best motto for both teaching and life, if it were easy to preserve this desirable equipoise," said the assistant; and he was going on farther with the subject, when Charlotte desired him to look again at the children, whose merry band was at the moment moving across the court. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing them wearing a uniform. "Men," he said, "should wear a uniform from their childhood upwards. They have to accustom themselves to work together; to lose themselves among their equals; to obey in masses, and to work on a large scale. Every kind of uniform, moreover, generates a military habit of thought, and a smart, straightforward carriage. All boys are born soldiers, whatever you do with them. You have only to watch them at their mock fights and games, their storming-parties and scaling-parties."

"On the other hand, you will not blame me," replied Ottilie, "if I do not insist with my girls on such unity of costume. When I introduce them to you, I hope to gratify you by a party-colored mixture."

"I approve of that entirely," replied the other. "Women should go about in every sort of variety of dress; each following her own style and her own likings, that each may learn to feel what sits well upon her, and becomes her. And for a more weighty reason as well, — because it is appointed for them to stand alone all their lives, and work alone."

"That seems to me to be a paradox," answered Charlotte. "Are we, then, to be never any thing for ourselves?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the assistant. "In respect of other women assuredly. But observe a young lady as a lover, as a bride, as a housewife, as a mother. She always stands isolated. She is always alone, and will be alone. Even the most empty-headed woman is in the same case. Each one of them excludes all others. It is her nature to do so, because of each one of them is required every thing which the entire sex have to do. With a man it is altogether different. He would make a second man if there were none. But a woman might live to all eternity, without even so much as thinking of producing a duplicate of herself."

"One has only to say the truth in a strange way," said Charlotte, "and at last the strangest thing will seem to be true. We will select what is good for us out of your observations; and yet as women we will stick to women, and do common work with them too, not to give the other sex too great an advantage over us. Indeed, you must not take it

ill of us, if in future we come to feel a little malicious satisfaction when our lords and masters do not get on in the very best way together."

With much care, this wise, sensible person went on to examine more closely how Ottilie proceeded with her little pupils, and expressed his decided approbation of it. "You are quite right," he said, "in directing these children only to what they can immediately and usefully put in practice. Cleanliness, for instance, will accustom them to wear their clothes with pleasure to themselves; and every thing is gained if they can be induced to enter into what they do with cheerfulness and self-reflection."

In other ways he found, to his great satisfaction, that nothing had been done for outward display, but all was inward, and designed to supply what was indispensably necessary. "In how few words," he cried, "might the whole business of education be summed up, if people had but ears to hear!"

"Will you try whether I have?" said Ottilie, smiling.

"Indeed I will," answered he, "only you must not betray me. Educate the boys to be servants, and the girls to be mothers; and every thing is as it should be."

"To be mothers?" replied Ottilie. "Women would scarcely think that sufficient. They have to look forward, without being mothers, to going out into service. And, indeed, our young men think themselves a great deal too good for servants. One can see easily in every one of them that he holds himself more fit to be a master."

"And for that reason we should say nothing about it to them," said the assistant. "We insinuate ourselves into life, but life is not insinuating to us. How many men would like to acknowledge at the outset what at the end they must acknowledge whether they like it or not? But let us leave these considerations, which do not concern us here.

"I consider you very fortunate in having been able to go so methodically to work with your pupils. If your youngest girls run about with their dolls, and stitch together a few petticoats for them; if the elder sisters will then take care of the younger, and the whole household know how to supply its own wants, and one member of it help the others, — the further step into life will not then be great; and such a girl will find in her husband what she has lost in her parents.

"But, among the higher ranks, the problem is a sorely

intricate one. We have to provide for higher, finer, more delicate relations, especially for such as arise out of society. We are, therefore, obliged to give our pupils an outward cultivation. It is indispensable, it is necessary; and it may be really valuable, if we keep within bounds. Only it is so easy, while one is proposing to cultivate the children for a wider circle, to drive them out into the indefinite, without keeping before our eyes the real requisites of the inner nature. Here lies the problem which is more or less solved by some educators, others failing to do so.

"Many things, with which we furnish our scholars at the school, do not please me; because experience tells me of how little service they are likely to be in after-life. It is impossible to state how much is at once stripped off, how much at once committed to oblivion, as soon as the young lady finds herself in the position of a housewife or a mother.

"In the mean time, since I have devoted myself to this occupation, I cannot but entertain a devout hope that one day, with the companionship of some faithful helpmate, I may succeed in cultivating purely in my pupils that, and that only, which they will require when they pass out into the field of independent activity and self-reliance; that I may be able to say to myself, in this sense is their education completed. Another education there is indeed which will again speedily recommence, and work on well nigh through all the years of our life, — the education which circumstances will give us, if we do not give it to ourselves."

"How true are these words!" thought Ottilie. What a great deal a passion, little dreamed of before, had done to educate her in the past year! What trials she saw hover before her if she looked forward only to what the immediate future had in store for her!

It was not without a purpose that the young man had spoken of a helpmate, — of a wife; for, with all his diffidence, he could not refrain from thus remotely hinting at his own wishes. A number of circumstances and accidents, indeed, combined to induce him on this visit to approach a few steps towards his aim.

The lady-superior of the school was advanced in years. She had been already for some time looking about among her fellow-laborers, male and female, for some person whom she could take into partnership with herself, and at last had made proposals to the assistant, in whom she had the highest ground for feeling confidence. He was to conduct

the business of the school with herself. He was to work, together with her, as if it were his own, and after her death, as her heir, to enter upon it as sole proprietor.

The principal thing now seemed to be, that he should find a wife who would co-operate with him. Ottilie was secretly before his eyes and before his heart. A number of difficulties suggested themselves, and yet there were favorable circumstances on the other side to counterbalance them. Luciana had left the school: Ottilie could therefore return with the less difficulty. Of the relation in which she stood to Edward, some little had transpired. It passed, however, as many such things do, as a matter of indifference; and this very circumstance might make it desirable that she should leave the castle. And yet, perhaps, no decision would have been arrived at, no step would have been taken, had not an unexpected visit given a special impulse to his hesitation. The presence, in any and every circle, of people of mark, can never be without its effects.

"The count and the baroness, who often found themselves asked for their opinion — almost every one being in difficulty about the education of their children — as to the value of the various schools, had found it desirable to make themselves particularly acquainted with this one, which was generally so well spoken of; and, under their present circumstances, they were more easily able to carry on these inquiries in company.

The baroness, however, had something else in view as well. While she was last at the castle, she had talked over with Charlotte the whole affair of Edward and Ottilie. She had insisted again and again that Ottilie must be sent away. She tried every means to encourage Charlotte to do it, and to keep her from being frightened by Edward's threats. Several modes of escape from the difficulty were suggested. Accidentally the school was mentioned, and the assistant and his incipient passion, which made the baroness more resolved than ever to pay her intended visit there.

She went: she made acquaintance with the assistant, looked over the establishment, and spoke of Ottilie. The count also spoke with much interest of her, having in his recent visit learned to know her better. She had approached him: indeed, she had felt attracted by him, believing that she could see, that she could perceive, in his solid, substantial conversation, something to which hitherto she had been an entire stranger. In her intercourse with Edward, the world had been utterly forgotten: in the presence of the count, the world appeared

first worth regarding. The attraction was mutual. The count conceived a liking for Ottilie: he would have been glad to have had her for a daughter. Thus a second time, and worse than the first time, she was in the way of the baroness. Who knows what, in times when passions ran hotter than they do nowadays, this lady might not have devised against her? Now she would have been satisfied if she could get her married, and render her more innocuous for the future to the peace of mind of married women. She therefore artfully urged the assistant, in a delicate, but effective manner, to set out on a little excursion to the castle, where his plans and his wishes, of which he made no secret to the lady, he might forthwith take steps to realize.

With the fullest consent of the superior he started off on his expedition, and in his heart he cherished much hopes of success. He knew that Ottilie was not ill-disposed towards him; and although it was true there was some disproportion of rank between them, yet distinctions of this kind were fast disappearing in the temper of the time. Moreover, the baroness had made him perceive clearly that Ottilie must always remain a poor, portionless maiden. To be related to a wealthy family, it was said, could be of service to nobody. For, even with the largest property, men have a feeling that it is not right to deprive of any considerable sum those who, as standing in a nearer degree of relationship, appear to have a fuller right to possession; and really it is a strange thing, that the immense privilege which a man has of disposing of his property after his death, he so very seldom uses for the benefit of those whom he loves, out of regard to established usage only appearing to consider those who would inherit his estate from him supposing he made no will at all.

Thus, while on his journey, he began to feel himself entirely on a level with Ottilie. A favorable reception raised his hopes. He found Ottilie indeed not altogether so open with him as usual; but she was considerably matured, more developed, and, if you please, generally more conversable than he had known her. She was ready to give him the fullest insight into many things in any way connected with his profession; but, when he attempted to approach his aim, a certain inward shyness always held him back.

Once, however, Charlotte gave him an opportunity for saying something. In Ottilie's presence she said to him, "Well, now, you have looked closely enough into every thing which is going forward in my circle. How do you find Ottilie? you had better say while she is here."

Hereupon the assistant signified, with a clear perception and composed expression, that, in respect of a freer carriage, of an easier manner in speaking, of a higher insight into the things of the world, which showed itself more in actions than in words, he found Ottilie much improved; but that he still believed it might be of serious advantage to her if she would go back for some little time to the school, in order methodically and thoroughly to make her own forever what the world was only imparting to her in fragments and pieces, rather perplexing her than satisfying her, and often too late to be of service. He did not wish to be prolix about it. Ottilie herself knew best how much method and connection there was in the style of instruction out of which, in that case, she would be taken.

Ottilie could not deny this, but could not avow what these words made her feel, because she was hardly able to give an account of it to herself. It seemed to her as if nothing in the world was disconnected so long as she thought of the one person whom she loved; and she could not conceive how, without him, any thing could be connected at all.

Charlotte replied to the proposal kindly and cautiously. She said that she herself, as well as Ottilie, had long desired her return to the school. At that time, however, the presence of so dear a companion and helper had become indispensable to herself; still she would offer no obstacle at some future period, if Ottilie continued to wish it, to her going back there for such a time as would enable her to complete what she had begun, and to make entirely her own what had been interrupted.

The assistant listened with delight to this qualified assent. Ottilie did not venture to object, although the very thought made her shudder. Charlotte, on her hand, only thought of gaining time. She hoped that Edward would soon come back and find himself a happy father; then she was convinced all would go right, and one way or another they would be able to settle something for Ottilie.

After an important conversation furnishing matter for reflection to all who have taken part in it, there commonly follows a sort of pause, which in appearance is like a general embarrassment. They walked up and down in the room. The assistant turned over the leaves of various books, and came at last on the folio of engravings which had remained lying there since Luciana's time. As soon as he saw that it contained nothing but apes, he shut it up again.

It may have been this, however, which gave occasion to a conversation of which we find traces in Ottilie's diary.

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"It is strange how men can have the heart to take such pains with the pictures of those hideous monkeys. One lowers one's self sufficiently when one looks at them merely as animals, but it is really wicked to give way to the inclination to look for people whom we know behind such masks."

"It is a sure mark of a certain perverseness to take pleasure in caricatures and monstrous faces and pygmies. I have to thank our kind assistant that I have never been tormented with natural history: I could never make myself at home with worms and beetles."

"Just now he acknowledged to me, that it was the same with him. 'Of nature,' he said, 'we ought to know nothing except what is actually alive immediately around us. With the trees which blossom and put out leaves and bear fruit in our own neighborhood, with every shrub we pass by, with every blade of grass on which we tread, we stand in a real relation. They are our genuine compatriots. The birds which hop up and down among our branches, which sing among our leaves, belong to us: they speak to us from our childhood upwards, and we learn to understand their language. But let a man ask himself whether or not every strange creature, torn out of its natural environment, does not at first sight make a sort of painful impression upon him, which is only deadened by custom. It is a mark of a motley, dissipated sort of life, to be able to endure monkeys and parrots and black people about one's self.'"

"Sometimes, when a certain longing curiosity about these strange objects has come over me, I have envied the traveller who sees such marvels in living, every-day connection with other marvels. But he, too, must have become another man. Palm-trees will not allow a man to wander among them with impunity, and doubtless his tone of thinking becomes very different in a land where elephants and tigers are at home."

"Only such inquirers into nature deserve our respect, as know how to describe and represent to us the strange, won-

derful things they have seen together with their own locality, each in its own especial element. How I should enjoy once hearing Humboldt talk!"

"A cabinet of natural curiosities we may regard like an Egyptian burying-place, where the various plant-gods and animal-gods stand about embalmed. It may be well enough for a priest-caste to busy itself with such things in a twilight of mystery: but, in general instruction, they have no place or business; and we must beware of them all the more, because what is nearer to us, and more valuable, may be so easily thrust aside by them."

"A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form. For what is the result of all these, except what we know as well without them, that the human form pre-eminently and solely is made in the image and likeness of God?"

"Individuals may be left to occupy themselves with whatever amuses them, with whatever gives them pleasure, whatever they think useful; but the proper study of mankind is man."

CHAPTER VIII.

There are but few men who care to occupy themselves with the immediate past. Either we are forcibly bound up in the present, or we lose ourselves in the long gone-by, and seek back for what is utterly lost, as if it were possible to summon it up again, and rehabilitate it. Even in great and wealthy families who are under many obligations to their ancestors, we commonly find men remembering their grandfathers more than their fathers.

Such reflections as these suggested themselves to our assistant, as, on one of those beautiful days in which the departing winter is accustomed to imitate the spring, he had been walking up and down the great old castle garden, and admiring the tall avenues of the lindens, and the formal

walks and flower-beds which had been laid out by Edward's father. The trees had thriven admirably, according to the design of him who had planted them; and now, when they ought to have begun to be valued and enjoyed, no one ever spoke of them. Hardly any one even went near them; and the interest and the outlay were now directed to the other side, out into the free and the open.

He made some remarks about it to Charlotte on his return: she did not take it unkindly. "While life is sweeping us onward," she replied, "we fancy that we are acting out our own impulses: we believe that we choose ourselves what we wish to do, and what we wish to enjoy. But, in fact, if we look at it closely, our actions are no more than the plans and the desires of the time which we are compelled to carry out."

"No doubt," said the assistant. "And who is strong enough to withstand the stream of what is round him? Time passes on, carrying away with it opinions, thoughts, prejudices, and interests. If the youth of the son falls in the era of revolution, we may feel assured that he will have nothing in common with his father. If the father lived at a time when the desire was to accumulate property, to secure the possession of it, to narrow and to gather one's self in, and to base one's enjoyment in separation from the world, the son will at once seek to extend his sphere, to communicate himself to others, to spread himself over a wide surface, and open out his closed stores."

"Entire periods," replied Charlotte, "resemble this father and son whom you have been describing. Of the state of things when every little town was obliged to have its walls and moats, when the castle of the nobleman was built in a swamp, and the smallest manor-houses were only accessible by a draw-bridge, we are scarcely able to form a conception. In our days, large cities take down their walls; the moats of the princes' castles are filled in; cities are nothing else than large hamlets; and, when one travels and sees all this, he might fancy that universal peace has been established, and that the golden age was at hand. No one feels himself easy in a garden which does not look like the open country. There must be nothing to remind him of form and constraint: we choose to be entirely free, and to draw a breath without sense of confinement. Do you conceive it possible, my friend, that we can ever return again out of this into another, into our former, condition?"

"Why not?" replied the assistant. "Every condition

has its burden, the most relaxed as well as the most constrained. The former presupposes abundance, and leads to extravagance. Let want re-appear, and the spirit of moderation is at once with us again. Men who are obliged to make use of their space and their soil, will speedily enough raise walls up round their gardens to be sure of their crops and plants. Out of this will arise by degrees a new phase of things: the useful will again gain the upper hand, and even the man of large possessions will feel at last that he must make the most of all that belongs to him. Believe me, it is quite possible that your son may become indifferent to all which you have been doing in the park, and draw in again behind the solemn walls and the tall lindens of his grandfather."

The secret pleasure it gave Charlotte to have a son foretold to her, made her forgive the assistant his somewhat unfriendly prophecy as to how her lovely, beautiful park might one day fare. She therefore answered without any discomposure, "You and I are not old enough yet to have lived through very much of these contradictions; and yet when I recall my early youth, when I remember the complaints I used to hear from older people, and when I think at the same time of what the country and the town then were, I have nothing to advance against what you say. But is there nothing which one can do to remedy this natural course of things? Are father and son, parents and children, to be always thus unable to understand each other? You have been so kind as to prophesy a boy to me. Is it necessary that he must stand in contradiction to his father? Must he destroy what his parents have erected, instead of completing it, instead of following up the same idea and elevating it?"

"There is a rational remedy for it," replied the assistant, "but it is only seldom put in practice. The father should raise his son to a joint ownership with himself. He should permit him to plant and to build, and allow him the same innocent liberty which he allows to himself. One form of activity may be woven into another, but it cannot be pieced on to it. A young shoot may be readily and easily grafted with an old stem, to which no grown branch admits of being fastened."

The assistant was glad to have had the opportunity, at the moment when he saw himself obliged to take his leave, of having said something agreeable to Charlotte, and thus se-

cure her favor afresh. He had been already too long absent from home; and yet he could not make up his mind to return there, until after a full conviction that he must allow the approaching epoch of Charlotte's confinement first to pass by, before he could look for any decision from her in respect to Ottilie. He therefore accommodated himself to the circumstances, and returned to the superior with these prospects and hopes.

Charlotte's confinement was now approaching: she kept more in her own room. The ladies who had gathered about her were her closest companions. Ottilie managed all domestic matters, hardly able, however, the while, to think of what she was doing. She had indeed utterly resigned herself: she desired to continue to exert herself to the extent of her power for Charlotte, for the child, for Edward. But she could not see how it would be possible for her. Nothing could save her from utter distraction, except to do the duty each day brought with it.

A son was brought happily into the world; and the ladies declared, with one voice, it was the very image of its father. Only Ottilie, as she wished the new mother joy, and kissed the child with all her heart, was unable to see the likeness. Once already Charlotte had felt most painfully the absence of her husband, when she had to make preparations for her daughter's marriage. And now the father could not be present at the birth of his son. He could not have the choosing of the name by which the child was hereafter to be called.

The first among all Charlotte's friends who came to wish her joy was Mittler. He had placed expresses ready to bring him news the instant the event took place. He made his appearance, and was scarcely able to conceal his triumph, even before Ottilie; when alone with Charlotte, he gave utterance to it, and was at once ready with means to remove all anxieties, and set aside all immediate difficulties. The baptism should not be delayed a day longer than necessary. The old clergyman, who had one foot already in the grave, should leave his blessing, to bind together the past and the future. The child was to be called Otto; what name could he bear so fitly as that of his father and of his father's friend?

It required the peremptory resolution of this man to set aside the innumerable considerations, arguments, hesitations, difficulties; what this person knew, and that person knew

better; the opinions, up and down, and backwards and forwards, which every friend volunteered. It always happens on such occasions, that, when one inconvenience is removed, a new one seems to arise; and, in wishing to spare all sides, we inevitably go wrong on one side or the other.

The letters to friends and relations were all undertaken by Mittler, and they were to be written and sent off at once. It was highly necessary, he thought, that the good fortune, which he considered so important for the family, should be known as widely as possible through the ill-natured and misinterpreting world. For, indeed, these late entanglements and perplexities had got abroad; people, at all times, holding the conviction that whatever happens, happens only in order that they may have something to talk about.

The ceremony of the baptism was to be observed with all due honor, but it was to be as brief and as private as possible. The people came together: Ottilie and Mittler were to hold the child as sponsors. The old pastor, supported by the servants of the church, came in with slow steps: the prayers were offered. The boy lay in Ottilie's arms: and, as she was looking affectionately down at him, he opened his eyes; and she was not a little startled when she seemed to see her own eyes looking at her. The likeness would have surprised any one. Mittler, who next had to receive the child, started as well; he fancying he saw in the little features a most striking likeness to the captain. He had never seen a resemblance so marked.

The infirmity of the good old clergyman had not permitted him to accompany the ceremony with more than the usual liturgy.

Mittler, however, who was full of his subject, remembered his former performances when he had been in the ministry; and indeed, it was one of his peculiarities, that, on every sort of occasion, he always thought what he would like to say, and what expressions he would use.

At this time he was the less able to contain himself, as he was now in the midst of a circle consisting entirely of well-known friends. He began, therefore, towards the conclusion of the service, to put himself quietly into the place of the clergyman; in a funny manner to speak of his duties and hopes as godfather, and to dwell all the longer on the subject, as he thought he saw, in Charlotte's gratified look, that she was pleased with his doing so.

It altogether escaped the eagerness of the orator, that

the good old man would gladly have sat down; still less did he think that he was on the way to occasion a more serious evil. After he had emphatically dwelt upon the relation in which every person present stood toward the child, thereby putting Ottilie's composure sorely to the proof, he turned at last to the old man with the words, "And you, my worthy father, you may now well say with Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen the saviour of this house.'"

He was now in full swing towards a brilliant peroration, when he perceived the old man, to whom he held out the child, first appear a little to incline towards it, and immediately after to totter and sink backward. Hardly prevented from falling, he was lifted to a seat; but, notwithstanding the instant assistance which was rendered, he was found to be dead.

To see thus side by side birth and death, the coffin and the cradle, to see them and to realize them, to comprehend, not with the eye of imagination, but with the bodily eye, at one moment these fearful opposites, was a hard trial to the spectators; the harder, the more utterly it had taken them by surprise. Ottilie alone stood contemplating the slumberer, whose features still retained their gentle, sweet expression, with a kind of envy. The life of her soul was extinct: why should the bodily life any longer drag on in weariness?

But though Ottilie was frequently led by melancholy incidents which occurred in the day, to think of the past, of separation and of loss, at night she had strange visions given her to comfort her, which assured her of the existence of her beloved, and thus gave her strength for her own life. When she laid herself down at night to rest, and was floating among sweet sensations between sleep and waking, she seemed to be looking into a clear but softly illuminated space. In this she would see Edward with the greatest distinctness, and not in the dress in which she had been accustomed to see him, but in military uniform; never in the same position, but always in a natural one, and with nothing fantastic about him, either standing or walking, or lying or riding. The figure, which was painted with the utmost minuteness, moved readily before her without any effort of hers, without her willing it or exerting her imagination to produce it. Frequently she saw him surrounded with something in motion, which was darker than the bright ground;

but the figures were shadowy, and she could scarcely distinguish them, — sometimes they were like men, sometimes they were like horses, or like trees, or like mountains. She usually went to sleep in the midst of the apparition; and when, after a quiet night, she woke again in the morning, she felt refreshed and comforted: she could say to herself, "Edward still lives;" and she herself was still remaining in the closest relation towards him.

CHAPTER IX.

Spring had come: it was late, but it therefore burst out more rapidly and more exhilaratingly than usual. Ottilie now found in the garden the fruits of her carefulness. Every thing was germinating, and came out in leaf and flower at its proper time. A number of plants, which she had been training up under glass frames and in hotbeds, now burst forward at once to meet, at last, the advances of nature; and whatever there was to do, and to take care of, it did not remain the mere labor of hope which it had been, but brought its reward in immediate and substantial enjoyment.

Many a gap among the finest shoots had been produced by Luciana's wild ways, for which she had to console the gardener; and the symmetry of many a leafy crown destroyed. She tried to encourage him to hope that it would all be soon restored again; but he had too deep a feeling, and too pure an idea of the nature of his business, for such grounds of comfort to be of much service with him. Little as the gardener allowed himself to have his attention scattered by other tastes and inclinations, he could the less bear to have the peaceful course interrupted which the plant follows towards its enduring or its transient perfection. A plant is like a self-willed man, out of whom we can obtain all we desire if we will only treat him his own way. A calm eye, a silent method, in all seasons of the year, and at every hour, to do exactly what has then to be done, is required of no one perhaps more than of a gardener. These qualities the good man possessed in an eminent degree, and on that account Ottilie liked so well to work together with him; but for some time past he had not found himself able to exercise his

peculiar talent with any pleasure to himself. Whatever concerned the fruit-gardening or kitchen-gardening, as well as whatever had in time past been required in the ornamental gardens, he understood perfectly. One man succeeds in one thing, another in another: he succeeded in these. In his management of the orangery, of the bulbous flowers, in budding shoots and growing cuttings from the carnations and auriculas, he might challenge Nature herself. But the new ornamental shrubs and fashionable flowers remained in a measure strange to him. He had a kind of shyness of the endless field of botany, which had been lately opening itself; and the strange names humming about his ears made him cross and ill-tempered. The orders for flowers which had been made by his lord and lady in the course of the past year, he considered so much useless waste and extravagance. All the more, as he saw many valuable plants disappear; and as he had ceased to stand on the best possible terms with the nursery gardeners, who he fancied had not been serving him honestly.

Consequently, after a number of attempts, he had formed a sort of a plan, in which Ottilie encouraged him the more readily because its first essential condition was the return of Edward, whose absence in this, as in many other matters, every day had to be felt more and more seriously.

Now that the plants were striking new roots, and putting forth shoots, Ottilie felt herself even more fettered to this spot. It was just a year since she had come there as a stranger, as a mere insignificant creature. How much had she not gained for herself since that time! but, alas! how much had she not also since that time lost again! Never had she been so rich, and never so poor. The feelings of her loss and of her gain alternated momentarily, chasing each other through her heart; and she could find no other means to help herself, except always to set to work again at what lay nearest to her, with such interest and eagerness as she could command.

That every thing she knew to be dear to Edward received especial care from her, may be supposed. And why should she not hope that he himself would now soon come back again; and that, when present, he would show himself grateful for all the care and pains which she had taken for him in his absence?

But there was also a far different employment which she took upon herself in his service: she had undertaken the

principal charge of the child, whose nurse it was all the easier for her to be, as they had determined not to put it into the hands of a wet-nurse, but to bring it up by hand with milk and water. In the beautiful season it was much out of doors, enjoying the free air; and Ottilie liked best to take it out herself, to carry the unconscious sleeping infant among the flowers and blossoms which should one day smile so brightly on its childhood, — among the young shrubs and plants, which, by their youth, seemed designed to grow up with the young lord to their after stature. When she looked about her, she did not hide from herself to what a high position that child was born: far and wide, wherever the eye could see, all would one day belong to him. How desirable, how necessary, it must therefore be, that it should grow up under the eyes of its father and its mother, and renew and strengthen the union between them!

Ottilie saw all this so clearly, that she represented it to herself as conclusively decided; and for herself, as concerned with it, she never felt at all. Under this clear sky, in this bright sunshine, at once it became clear to her, that her love, if it would perfect itself, must become altogether unselfish; and there were many moments in which she believed it was an elevation which she had already attained. She only desired the well-being of her friend. She fancied herself able to resign him, and never to see him any more, if she could only know that he was happy. The one only determination she formed for herself was, never to belong to another.

They had taken care that the autumn should be no less brilliant than the spring. Sunflowers were there, and all the other plants which never cease blossoming in autumn, and continue boldly on into the cold; asters especially were sown in the greatest abundance, and scattered about in all directions, to form a starry heaven upon the earth

FROM OTTILIE'S DIARY.

"Any good thought we have read, any thing striking we have heard, we commonly enter in our diary; but if we would take the trouble, at the same time, to mark, of our friends' letters, the remarkable observations, the original ideas, the hasty words so pregnant in meaning, which we might find in them, we should then be rich indeed. We lay aside letters never to read them again, and at last we destroy them out of discretion; and so disappears the most beautiful,

the most immediate, breath of life, irrecoverably for ourselves and for others. I intend to make amends in future for such neglect."

"So, then, once more the old story of the year is being repeated over again. We are come now, thank God, again to its most charming chapter! The violets and the mayflowers are as its superscriptions and its vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life."

"We find fault with the poor, particularly with the little ones among them, when they loiter about the streets and beg. Do we not observe that they begin to work again, as soon as ever there is any thing for them to do? Hardly has Nature unfolded her smiling treasures, than the children are at once upon her track to open out a calling for themselves. Not one of them is begging any longer: they have each a nosegay to offer you; they were out and gathering it before you had awakened out of your sleep, and the supplicating face looks as sweetly at you as the present which the hand is holding out. No person ever looks miserable who feels that he has a right to make a demand upon you."

"How is it that the year sometimes seems so short, and sometimes is so long? How is it that it is so short when it is passing, and so long as we look back over it? When I think of the past (and it never comes so powerfully over me as in the garden), I feel how the perishing and the enduring work one upon the other; and there is nothing whose endurance is so brief as not to leave behind it some trace of itself, something in its own likeness."

"We are able to tolerate the winter. We fancy that we can extend ourselves more freely when the trees are so spectral, so transparent. They are nothing, but they conceal nothing; but when once the germs and buds begin to show, then we become impatient for the full foliage to come out, for the landscape to put on its body, and the tree to stand before us as a form."

"Every thing which is perfect in its kind must pass out beyond and transcend its kind. It must be an inimitable something of another and a higher nature. In many of its

tones the nightingale is only a bird; then it rises up above its class, and seems as if it would teach every feathered creature what singing really is."

"A life without love, without the presence of the beloved, is but poor *comédie à tiroir*. We draw out slide after slide, swiftly tiring of each, and pushing it back to make haste to the next. Even what we know to be good and important hangs but wearily together: every step is an end, and every step is a fresh beginning."

CHAPTER X.

Charlotte meanwhile was well and in good spirits. She was happy in her beautiful boy, whose fair-promising little form every hour was a delight to both her eyes and heart. In him she found a new link to connect her with the world and with her property. Her former activity began anew to stir in her again.

Whichever way she looked, she saw how much had been done in the year that was past; and it was a pleasure to her to contemplate it. Enlivened by the strength of these feelings, she climbed up to the summer-house with Ottilie and the child: and as she laid the latter down on the little table, as on the altar of her house, and saw the two seats still vacant, she thought of gone-by times; and fresh hopes rose out before her for herself and for Ottilie.

Young ladies, perhaps, look timidly round them at this or that young man, carrying on a silent examination, whether they would like to have him for a husband; but whoever has a daughter or a female ward to care for, takes a wider circle in her survey. And so it fared at this moment with Charlotte, to whom, as she thought of how they had once sat side by side in that summer-house, a union did not seem impossible between the captain and Ottilie. It had not remained unknown to her, that the plans for the advantageous marriage, which had been proposed to the captain, had come to nothing.

Charlotte went on up the cliff, and Ottilie carried the child. A number of reflections crowded upon the former. Even on

the firm land there are frequent enough shipwrecks; and the true wise conduct is to recover ourselves, and refit our vessel as fast as possible. Is life to be calculated only by its gains and losses? Who has not made arrangement on arrangement, and has not seen them disturbed? How often does not a man strike into a road, and lose it again! How often are we not turned aside from one point which we had sharply before our eye, but only to reach some higher stage! The traveller, to his greatest annoyance, breaks a wheel upon his journey, and through this unpleasant accident makes some charming acquaintance, and forms some new connection, which has an influence on all his life. Destiny grants us our wishes, but in its own way, in order to give us something beyond our wishes.

Among these and similar reflections they reached the new building on the hill, where they intended to establish themselves for the summer. The view all round them was far more beautiful than could have been supposed: every little obstruction had been removed; all the loveliness of the landscape, whatever nature, whatever the season of the year, had done for it, came out in its beauty before the eye; and already the young plantations, which had been made to fill up a few openings, were beginning to look green, and to form an agreeable connecting-link between parts which before stood separate.

The house itself was nearly habitable: the views, particularly from the upper rooms, were of the richest variety. The longer you looked round you, the more beauties you discovered. What magnificent effects would be produced here at the different hours of day, — by sunlight and by moonlight! Nothing could be more delightful than to come and live there; and, now that she found all the rough work finished, Charlotte longed to be busy again. An upholsterer, a tapestry-hanger, a painter who could lay on the colors with patterns and a little gilding, were all which were required; and these were soon found, and in a short time the building was completed. Kitchen and cellar stores were quickly laid in; being so far from the castle, it was necessary to have all essentials provided, and the two ladies with the child went up and settled there. From this residence, as from a new centre, unknown walks opened out to them; and in these high regions the free, fresh air and the beautiful weather were thoroughly delightful.

Ottilie's favorite walk, sometimes alone, sometimes with

the child, was down below towards the plane-trees, along a pleasant footpath leading directly to the point where one of the boats was kept chained in which people used to go across the water. She often took pleasure in a sail on the water, but without the child, as Charlotte was a little uneasy about it. She never missed, however, paying a daily visit to the castle garden and the gardener, and going to look with him at his show of greenhouse-plants, which were all out now, enjoying the free air.

At this beautiful season, Charlotte was much pleased to receive a visit from an English nobleman, who had made Edward's acquaintance abroad, having met him more than once, and who was now curious to see the laying out of his park, which he had heard so much admired. He brought with him a letter of introduction from the count, and introduced at the same time his travelling companion, a quiet but most agreeable man. He went about seeing every thing, sometimes with Charlotte and Ottilie, sometimes with the gardeners and the foresters, often with his friend, and now and then alone; and they could perceive clearly from his observations, that he took an interest in such matters, and understood them well, indeed, that he had himself probably executed many such.

Although he was now advanced in life, he entered warmly into every thing which could serve for an ornament to life, or contribute any thing to its importance.

In his presence the ladies came first properly to enjoy what was round them. His practised eye received every effect in its freshness; and he found all the more pleasure in what was before him, as he had not previously known the place, and was scarcely able to distinguish what man had done there from what nature had provided.

We may even say, that, through his remarks, the park grew and enriched itself: he was able to anticipate in their fulfilment the promises of the growing plantations. There was not a spot where there was any effect which could be either heightened or produced, but what he observed it.

In one place he pointed to a fountain, which, if it should be cleaned out, promised to be the most beautiful spot for a picnic-party. In another, to a cave which had only to be enlarged and swept clear of rubbish to form a desirable seat. A few trees might be cut down, and a view would be opened from it of some grand masses of rock towering magnificently against the sky. He wished the owners joy that so much

was still remaining for them to do; and he besought them not to be in a hurry about it, but to keep for themselves for years to come the pleasures of shaping and improving.

At the hours the ladies usually spent alone, he was never in the way; for he was occupied the greatest part of the day in catching, in a portable camera obscura, such views in the park as would make good paintings, and drawing from them, in order to secure some desirable result from his travels for himself and others. For many years past he had been in the habit of doing this in all remarkable places which he visited, and had provided himself by it with a most charming and interesting collection. He showed the ladies a large portfolio which he had brought with him, and entertained them with the pictures and with descriptions. And it was a real delight to them, here in their solitude, to travel so pleasantly over the world, and see sweep past them shores and havens, mountains, lakes, and rivers, cities, castles, and a hundred other localities which have a name in history.

Each of the two ladies had an especial interest in it: Charlotte the more general interest in whatever was historically remarkable; Ottilie dwelling in preference on the scenes of which Edward used most to talk, — where he liked best to stay, and which he would most often revisit. Every man has somewhere, far or near, his peculiar localities which attract him; scenes which, according to his character, either from first impressions, or from particular associations, or from habit, have a charm for him beyond all others.

She therefore asked the earl which of all these places pleased him best, where he would like to take up his abode if he might choose. There was more than one lovely spot which he pointed out, with what had happened to him there to make him love and value it; and the peculiar accentuated French in which he spoke made it most pleasant to listen to him.

To the question, which was his ordinary residence, which he properly considered his home, he replied, without any hesitation, in a manner quite unexpected by the ladies, —

"I have accustomed myself by this time to be at home everywhere: and I find, after all, that it is much more agreeable to allow others to plant and build and keep house for me. I have no desire to return to my own possessions, partly on political grounds, but principally because my son, for whose sake alone it was any pleasure to me to remain and work there, — who will, by and by, inherit it, and with

whom I hoped to enjoy it, — took no interest in the place at all, but has gone out to India, where, like many other foolish fellows, he fancies he can make a higher use of his life. He is more likely to squander it.

"Assuredly we spend far too much labor and outlay in preparation for life. Instead of beginning at once to make ourselves happy in a moderate condition, we spread ourselves out wider and wider, only to make ourselves more and more uncomfortable. Who is there now to enjoy my mansion, my park, my gardens? Not I, nor any of mine — strangers, visitors, or curious, restless travellers.

"Even with large means, we are ever but half and half at home, especially in the country, where we miss many things to which we have become accustomed in town. The book for which we are most anxious is not to be had, and just the thing we wanted most is forgotten. We take to being domestic, only again to go out of ourselves: if we do not go astray of our own will and caprice, circumstances, passions, accidents, necessity, and one does not know what besides, manage it for us."

Little did the earl imagine how deeply his friend would be touched by these random observations. It is a danger to which we are all of us exposed when we venture on general remarks in a society the circumstances of which we might have supposed were well enough known to us. Such casual wounds, even from well-meaning, kindly-disposed people, were nothing new to Charlotte. She so clearly, so thoroughly, knew and understood the world, that it gave her no particular pain if it did happen, that, through somebody's thoughtlessness or imprudence, she had her attention forced into this or that unpleasant direction. But it was very different with Ottilie. At her half-conscious age, at which she rather felt than saw, and at which she was disposed, indeed was obliged, to turn her eyes away from what she should not or would not see, Ottilie was thrown by this melancholy conversation into the most pitiable state. It rudely tore away the pleasant veil from before her eyes: and it seemed to her as if what had been done all this time for house and court, for park and garden, for all their wide environs, were utterly in vain, because he to whom it all belonged could not enjoy it; because he, like their present visitor, had been driven out to wander up and down in the world — and indeed in the most perilous paths of it — by those who were nearest and dearest to him. She was accustomed to listen in silence;

but, on this occasion, she sat on in the most painful condition, which, indeed, was made rather worse than better by what the stranger went on to say, as he continued, with his peculiar, humorous gravity, —

"I think I am now on the right way. I look upon myself steadily as a traveller, who renounces many things in order to enjoy more. I am accustomed to change: it has become, indeed, a necessity to me, just as in the opera, people are always looking out for new and new decorations, because there have already been so many. I know very well what I am to expect from the best hotels, and what from the worst. It may be as good or it may be as bad as it will, but I nowhere find any thing to which I am accustomed; and in the end it comes to much the same thing whether we depend for our enjoyment entirely on the regular order of custom, or entirely on the caprices of accident. I have never to vex myself now because this thing is mislaid, or that thing is lost; because the room in which I live is uninhabitable, and I must have it repaired; because somebody has broken my favorite cup, and for a long time nothing tastes well out of any other. All this I am happily spared. If the house catches fire about my ears, my people quietly pack my things up, and we pass away out of the town in search of other quarters. And considering all these advantages, when I reckon carefully, I find, that, by the end of the year, I have not sacrificed more than it would have cost me to be at home."

In this description Ottilie saw nothing but Edward before her. How he, too, was now amidst discomfort and hardship, marching along untrodden roads, lying out in the fields in danger and want, and, in all this insecurity and hazard, growing accustomed to be homeless and friendless, learning to fling away every thing that he might have nothing to lose. Fortunately the party separated for a short time. Ottilie escaped to her room, where she could give way to her tears. No weight of sorrow had ever pressed so heavily upon her as this clear perception (which she tried, as people usually do, to make still clearer to herself), that men love to dally with and exaggerate the evils which circumstances have once begun to inflict upon them.

Edward's condition appeared to her in a light so piteous, so miserable, that she made up her mind, let it cost her what it would, that she would do every thing in her power to unite him again with Charlotte, and she herself would go and hide

her sorrow and her love in some silent scene, and beguile the time with such employment as she could find.

Meanwhile the earl's companion, a quiet, sensible man and a keen observer, had remarked the untowardness of the conversation, and spoke to his friend about it. The latter knew nothing of the circumstances of the family; but the other — being one of those persons whose principal interest in travelling lay in gathering up the strange occurrences which arose out of the natural or artificial relations of society, which were produced by the conflict of the restraint of law with the violence of the will, of the understanding with the reason, of passion with prejudice — had some time before made himself acquainted with the outline of the story; and, since he had been in the family, he had learned exactly all that had taken place, and the present position in which things were standing.

The earl, of course, was very sorry; but it was not a thing to make him uneasy. A man would have to be silent altogether in society were he never to find himself in such a position; for not only important remarks, but the most trivial expressions, may happen to clash in an inharmonious key with the interest of somebody present.

"We will set things right this evening," said he, "and escape from any general conversation: you shall let them hear one of the many charming anecdotes with which your portfolio and your memory have enriched themselves while we have been abroad."

However, with the best intentions, the strangers did not, on this next occasion, succeed any better in gratifying their friends with unalloyed entertainment. The earl's friend told a number of singular stories — some serious, some amusing, some touching, some terrible — with which he had roused their attention and strained their interest to the highest tension; and he thought to conclude with a strange but softer incident, little dreaming how nearly it would touch his listeners.

THE TWO STRANGE CHILDREN.

"Two children of neighboring families, a boy and a girl, of such respective ages as would well suit their marrying at some future time, were brought up together with this agreeable prospect; and the parents on both sides, who were people of some position in the world, looked forward with pleasure to their future union.

"It was too soon observed, however, that the purpose seemed likely to fail: the dispositions of both children promised every thing which was good, but there was an unaccountable antipathy between them. Perhaps they were too much like each other. Both were thoughtful, clear in their desires, and firm in their purposes. Each separately was beloved and respected by his or her companions; but, whenever they were together, they were always antagonists. Forming separate plans for themselves, they only met to mutually cross and thwart one another; never emulating each other in pursuit of one aim, but always fighting for a single object. Good-natured and amiable everywhere else, they were spiteful and even malicious whenever they came in contact.

"This singular relation first showed itself in their childish games, and it continued with their advancing years. The boys used to play at soldiers, divide into parties, and give each other battle: and the fierce, haughty young lady set herself at once at the head of one of the armies, and fought against the other with such animosity and bitterness that the latter would have been put to a shameful flight, except for the desperate bravery of her own particular rival, who at last disarmed his antagonist and took her prisoner; and even then she defended herself with so much fury, that to save his eyes from being torn out, and, at the same time, not to injure his enemy, he had been obliged to take off his silk handkerchief, and tie with it her hands behind her back.

"This she never forgave him: she made so many attempts, she laid so many plans, to injure him, that the parents, who had been long watching these singular passions, came to an understanding together, and resolved to separate these two hostile creatures, and sacrifice their favorite hopes.

"The boy soon distinguished himself in the new situation in which he was placed. He mastered every subject which he was taught. His friends and his own inclination chose the army for his profession; and everywhere, let him be where he would, he was looked up to and beloved. His disposition seemed formed to labor for the well-being and pleasure of others; and he himself, without being clearly conscious of it, was in himself happy at having got rid of the only antagonist which nature had assigned to him.

"The girl, on the other hand, became at once an altered creature. Her growing age; the progress of her education; above all, her own inward feelings, — drew her away from the boisterous games with boys in which she had hitherto

delighted. Altogether, she seemed to want something: there was nothing anywhere about her which could deserve to excite her hatred, and she had never found any one whom she could think worthy of her love.

"A young man, somewhat older than her previous neighbor-antagonist, of rank, property, and consequence, beloved in society, and much sought after by women, bestowed his affections upon her. It was the first time that friend, lover, or servant had displayed any interest in her. The preference he showed for her above others who were older, more cultivated, and of more brilliant pretensions than herself, was naturally gratifying: the constancy of his attention, which was never obtrusive; his standing by her faithfully through a number of unpleasant incidents; his quiet suit, which was declared indeed to her parents, but which, as she was still very young, he did not press, only asking to be allowed to hope,—all this engaged him to her; and custom, and the assumption in the world that the thing was already settled, carried her along with it. She had so often been called his betrothed that at last she began to consider herself so; and neither she nor any one else ever thought any further trial could be necessary before she exchanged rings with the person who for so long a time had passed for her intended.

"The peaceful course which the affair had all along followed was not at all precipitated by the betrothal. Things were allowed to go on, on both sides, just as they were: they were happy in being together, and they could enjoy to the end the fair season of the year as the spring of their future more serious life.

"The absent youth had meanwhile grown up into every thing which was most admirable. He had obtained a well-deserved rank in his profession, and came home on leave to visit his family. Towards his fair neighbor he found himself again in a natural but singular position. For some time past she had been nourishing in herself such affectionate family feelings as suited her position as a bride; she was in harmony with every thing about her; she believed that she was happy; and, in a certain sense, she was so. Now, for the first time after a long interval, something again stood in her way. It was not to be hated—she had become incapable of hatred. Indeed, the childish hatred, which had in fact been nothing more than an obscure recognition of inward worth, expressed itself now in a happy astonishment, in pleasure at meeting, in ready acknowledgments, in a half

willing, half unwilling, and yet irresistible, attraction; and all this was mutual. Their long separation gave occasion for longer conversations; even their old childish foolishness served, now that they had grown wiser, to amuse them as they looked back; and they felt as if at least they were bound to make good their petulant hatred by friendliness and attention to each other, as if their first violent injustice to each other ought not to be left without open acknowledgment.

"On his side it all remained in a sensible, desirable moderation. His position, his circumstances, his efforts, his ambition, found him so abundant an occupation, that the friendliness of this pretty bride he received as a very thankworthy present, but without, therefore, even so much as thinking of her in connection with himself, or entertaining the slightest jealousy of the bridegroom, with whom he stood on the best possible terms.

"With her, however, it was altogether different. She seemed to herself as if she had awakened out of a dream. Her fightings with her young neighbor had been the beginnings of an affection; and this violent antagonism was no more than an equally violent innate passion for him, first showing under the form of opposition. She could remember nothing else than that she had always loved him. She laughed over her martial encounter with him with weapons in her hand: she dwelt upon the delight of her feelings when he disarmed her. She imagined that it had given her the greatest happiness when he bound her, and whatever she had done afterwards to injure him or to vex him presented itself to her as only an innocent means of attracting his attention. She cursed their separation. She bewailed the sleepy state into which she had fallen. She execrated the insidious, lazy routine which had betrayed her into accepting so insignificant a bridegroom. She was transformed, doubly transformed, forwards or backwards, whichever way we like to take it.

"She kept her feelings entirely to herself; but if any one could have divined them, and shared them with her, he could not have blamed her: for indeed the bridegroom could not sustain a comparison with the other as soon as they were seen together. If a sort of regard to the one could not be refused, the other excited the fullest trust and confidence. If one made an agreeable acquaintance, the other we should desire for a companion; and in extraordinary cases, where higher demands might have to be made on them, the bridegroom

was a person to be utterly despaired of, while the other would give the feeling of perfect security.

"There is a peculiar innate tact in women which discovers to them differences of this kind, and they have cause as well as occasion to cultivate it.

"The more the fair bride was nourishing all these feelings in secret, the less opportunity there was for any one to speak a word which could tell in favor of her bridegroom, to remind her of what her duty and their relative position advised and commanded, — indeed, what an unalterable necessity seemed now irrevocably to require: the poor heart gave itself up entirely to its passion.

"On one side she was bound inextricably to the bridegroom by the world, by her family, and by her own promise: on the other, the ambitious young man made no secret of what he was thinking and planning for himself, conducting himself towards her only as a kind, but not at all a tender, brother, and speaking of his departure as immediately impending; and now it seemed as if her early childish spirit woke up again in her with all its spleen and violence, and was preparing itself in its distemper, on this higher stage of life, to work more effectively and destructively. She determined that she would die to punish the once hated, and now so passionately loved, youth for his want of interest in her; and, as she could not possess himself, at least she would wed herself forever to his imagination and to his repentance. Her dead image should cling to him, and he should never be free from it. He should never cease to reproach himself for not having understood, examined, valued her feelings toward him.

"This singular insanity accompanied her wherever she went. She kept it concealed under all sorts of forms; and, although people thought her very odd, no one was observant enough or clever enough to discover the real inward reason.

"In the mean time, friends, relations, acquaintances, had exhausted themselves in contrivances for pleasure-parties. Scarcely a day passed, but something new and unexpected was set on foot. There was hardly a pretty spot in the country round which had not been decked out and prepared for the reception of some merry party. And now our young visitor, before departing, wished to do his part as well, and invited the young couple, with a small family circle, to an expedition on the water. They went on board a large, beautiful vessel, dressed out in all its colors,

— one of the yachts which had a small saloon, and a cabin or two besides, and are intended to carry with them upon the water the comfort and conveniences of land.

"They set out upon the broad river with music-playing. The party had collected in the cabin, below deck, during the heat of the day, and were amusing themselves with games. Their young host, who could never remain without doing something, had taken charge of the helm, to relieve the old master of the vessel; and the latter had lain down and was fast asleep. It was a moment when the steerer required all his circumspectness, as the vessel was nearing a spot where two islands narrowed the channel of the river; while shallow banks of shingle stretching off, first on one side and then on the other, made the navigation difficult and dangerous. Prudent and sharp-sighted as he was, he thought for a moment that it would be better to wake the master; but he felt confident in himself, and he thought he would venture and make straight for the narrows. At this moment his fair enemy appeared upon deck with a wreath of flowers in her hair. 'Take this to remember me by,' she cried out. She took it off, and threw it to the steerer. 'Don't disturb me,' he answered quickly, as he caught the wreath: 'I require all my powers and all my attention now.' — 'You will never be disturbed by me any more,' she cried: 'you will never see me again.' As she spoke, she rushed to the forward part of the vessel; and from thence she sprang into the water. Voice upon voice called out, 'Save her, save her: she is sinking!' He was in the most terrible difficulty. In the confusion the old shipmaster woke, and tried to catch the rudder, which the young man bid him take. But there was no time to change hands. The vessel stranded; and at the same moment, flinging off the heaviest of his upper garments, he sprang into the water, and swam towards his beautiful enemy. The water is a friendly element to a man who is at home in it, and who knows how to deal with it: it buoyed him up, and acknowledged the strong swimmer as its master. He soon overtook the beautiful girl, who had been swept away before him: he caught hold of her, raised her and supported her; and both of them were carried violently down by the current, till the shoals and islands were left far behind, and the river was again open and running smoothly. He now began to collect himself: they had passed the first immediate danger, in which he had been obliged to act mechanically without time to think; he raised his head

as high as he could to look about him, and then swam with all his might to a low, bushy point, which ran out conveniently into the stream. There he brought his fair burden to dry land, but he could find no signs of life in her: he was in despair, when he caught sight of a trodden path leading among the bushes. Again he caught her up in his arms, hurried forward, and presently reached a solitary cottage. There he found kind, good people, — a young married couple; the misfortunes and dangers were soon explained; every remedy he could think of was instantly applied: a bright fire blazed up; woollen blankets were spread on a bed; counterpane, cloaks, skins, whatever there was at hand which would serve for warmth, were heaped over her as fast as possible. The desire to save life overpowered, for the present, every other consideration. Nothing was left undone to bring back to life the beautiful, half-torpid, naked body. It succeeded: she opened her eyes! her friend was before her: she threw her heavenly arms about his neck. In this position she remained for a time, and then a stream of tears burst out and completed her recovery. 'Will you forsake me,' she cried, 'now, when I find you again thus?' — 'Never,' he answered, 'never,' hardly knowing what he said or did. 'Only consider yourself,' she added, 'take care of yourself, for your sake and for mine.'

"She now began to collect herself, and for the first time recollected the state in which she was: she could not be ashamed before her darling, before her preserver; but she gladly allowed him to go, that he might take care of himself: for the clothes he still wore were wet and dripping.

"Their young hosts considered what could be done. The husband offered the young man, and the wife offered the fair lady, the dresses in which they had been married, which were hanging up in full perfection, and sufficient for a complete suit, inside and out, for two people. In a short time our pair of adventurers were not only equipped, but in full costume. They looked most charming, gazed at one another, when they met, with admiration; and then with infinite affection, half laughing at the same time at the quaintness of their appearance, they fell into each other's arms.

"The power of youth and the quickening spirit of love in a few moments completely restored them, and there

was nothing wanted but music to have set them both off dancing.

"To have found themselves brought from the water on dry land, from death into life, from the circle of their families into a wilderness, from despair into rapture, from indifference to affection and to love, all in a moment, — the head was not strong enough to bear it: it must either burst, or go distracted; or, if so distressing an alternative were to be escaped, the heart must put out all its efforts.

"Lost wholly in each other, it was long before they recollected the alarm and anxiety of those who had been left behind; and they themselves, indeed, could not well think, without alarm and anxiety, how they were again to encounter them. 'Shall we run away? shall we hide ourselves?' said the young man. 'We will remain together,' she said, as she clung to his neck.

"The peasant, having heard them say that a boat was aground on the shoal, had hurried down, without stopping to ask another question, to the shore. When he arrived there, he saw the vessel coming safely down the stream. After much labor it had been got off; and they were now going on in uncertainty, hoping to find their lost ones again somewhere. The peasant shouted and made signs to them, and at last caught the attention of those on board: then he ran to a spot where there was a convenient place for landing, and went on signalling and shouting till the vessel's head was turned towards the shore; and what a scene there was for them when they landed! The parents of the two betrothed first pressed forward to the bank: the poor, loving bridegroom had almost lost his senses. They had scarcely learned that their dear children had been saved, when in their strange disguise the latter came forward out of the bushes to meet them. No one recognized them till they had come quite close. 'Who do I see?' cried the mothers. 'What do I see?' cried the fathers. The preserved ones flung themselves on the ground before them. 'Your children,' they called out: 'a pair.' — 'Forgive us!' cried the maiden. 'Give us your blessing!' cried the young man. 'Give us your blessing!' they cried both, as all the world stood still in wonder. 'Your blessing!' was repeated the third time; and who would have been able to refuse it?"

CHAPTER XI.

The narrator made a pause, or, rather, he had already finished his story, before he observed the emotion into which Charlotte had been thrown by it. She got up, uttered some sort of an apology, and left the room. To her it was a well-known history. The principal incident in it had really taken place with the captain and a neighbor of her own, not exactly, indeed, as the Englishman had related it. But the main features of it were the same. It had only been more finished off and elaborated in its details, as stories of that kind always are, when they have passed first through the lips of the multitude, and then through the fancy of a clever and imaginative narrator; the result of the process being usually to leave every thing and nothing as it was.

Ottilie followed Charlotte, as the two friends begged her to do; and then it was the earl's turn to remark, that perhaps they had made a second mistake, and that the subject of the story had been well known to, or was in some way connected with, the family. "We must take care," he added, "that we do no more mischief here; we seem to bring little good to our entertainers for all the kindness and hospitality which they have shown us: we will make some excuse for ourselves, and then take our leave."

"I must confess," answered his companion, "that there is something else which still holds me here; and, on account of which, I should be sorry to leave this house without having it explained to me, and becoming better acquainted with it. You were too busy yourself yesterday, when we were in the park with the camera, in looking for spots where you could make your sketches, to have observed any thing else which was passing. You left the broad walk, you remember, and went to a sequestered place on the side of the lake. There was a fine view of the opposite shore, which you wished to take. Well, Ottilie, who was with us, got up to follow, and then proposed that she and I should find our way to you in the boat. I got in with her, and was delighted with the skill of my fair conductress. I assured her, that never since I had been in Switzerland, where the young ladies so often fill the place of the boatmen, had I been so pleasantly ferried over the water. At the same time, I could not help asking her why she had shown such an objection to going the way which you had gone, along the little by-path. I had observed

her shrink from it with a sort of painful uneasiness. She was not at all offended. 'If you will promise not to laugh at me,' she answered, 'I will tell you as much as I know about it; but to myself it is a mystery which I cannot explain. There is a particular spot in that path which I never pass without a strange shudder passing over me, which I do not remember ever feeling anywhere else, and which I cannot the least understand. But I shrink from exposing myself to the sensation, because it is followed immediately after by a pain on the left side of my head, from which at other times I suffer severely.' We landed. Ottilie was engaged with you; and I took the opportunity of examining the spot, which she pointed out to me as we went by on the water. I was not a little surprised to find there distinct traces of coal, in sufficient quantities to convince me, that, at a short distance below the surface, there must be a considerable bed of it.

"Pardon me, my lord: I see you smile; and I know very well that you have no faith in these things about which I am so eager, and that it is only your sense and your kindness which enable you to tolerate me. However, it is impossible for me to leave this place without trying on that beautiful creature an experiment with the pendulum."

Whenever these matters came to be spoken of, the earl never failed to repeat the same objections to them over and over again; and his friend endured them all quietly and patiently, remaining firm, nevertheless, to his own opinion, and holding to his own wishes. He, too, repeatedly showed that there was no reason, because the experiment did not succeed with every one, that they should give them up, as if there were nothing in them but fancy. They should be examined into all the more earnestly and scrupulously; and there was no doubt that the result would be the discovery of a number of affinities of inorganic creatures for one another, and of organic creatures for them, and again for each other, which at present were unknown to us.

He had already spread out his apparatus of gold rings, marcasites, and other metallic substances, which he always carried about with himself, in a pretty little box; and he suspended a piece of metal by a string over another piece, which he placed upon the table. "Now, my lord," he said, "you may take what pleasure you please (I can see in your face what you are feeling) at perceiving that nothing will set itself in motion with me or for me. But my proceedings

are no more than a pretext: when the ladies come back, they will be curious to know what strange work we are about."

The ladies returned. Charlotte understood at once what was going on. "I have heard much of these things," she said, "but I never saw the effect myself. You have every thing ready there. Let me try whether I can succeed in producing any thing."

She took the thread into her hand; and, as she was perfectly serious, she held it steady, and without any agitation. Not the slightest motion, however, could be detected. Ottilie was then called upon to try. She held the pendulum, still more quietly and unconsciously, over the plate on the table. But in a moment the swinging piece of metal began to stir with a distinct rotatory action, and turned as they moved the position of the plate, first to one side and then to the other; now in circles, now in ellipses; or else describing a series of straight lines; doing all the earl's friend could expect, and far exceeding, indeed, all his expectations.

The earl himself was a little staggered; but the other could never be satisfied from delight and curiosity, and begged for the experiment again and again, with all sorts of variations. Ottilie was complacent enough to gratify him; till at last she politely requested to be allowed to go, as her headache had come on again. In further admiration, and even rapture, he assured her with enthusiasm that he would cure her forever of her disorder, if she would only trust herself to his remedies. For a moment they did not know what he meant; but Charlotte, who quickly saw what he was about, declined his well-meant offer, not liking to have introduced and practised about her a thing of which she had always had the strongest apprehensions.

The strangers were gone, and, notwithstanding their having been the inadvertent cause of strange and painful emotions, left the wish behind them that this meeting might not be the last. Charlotte now made use of the beautiful weather to return visits in the neighborhood, which, indeed, gave her work enough to do, seeing that the whole country round, some from a real interest, some merely from custom, had been most attentive in calling to inquire after her. At home her delight was the sight of the child, and really it well deserved all love and interest. People saw in it a wonderful child, — nay, a prodigy: the brightest, sunniest little face; a fine, well-proportioned body, strong and healthy; and, what surprised them more, the double resemblance,

which became more and more conspicuous. In figure, and in the features of the face, it was like the captain: the eyes every day it was less easy to distinguish from the eyes of Ottilie.

Ottilie herself, partly from this remarkable affinity, perhaps still more under the influence of that sweet woman's feeling which makes them regard with the most tender affection the offspring of the man they love, even when born to him by another woman, was as good as a mother to the little creature as it grew; or, rather, she was a second mother of another kind. If Charlotte was absent, Ottilie remained alone with the child and the nurse. Nanny had for some time past been jealous of the boy for monopolizing the entire affections of her mistress: she had left her in a fit of crossness, and gone back to her mother. Ottilie would carry the child about in the open air, and by degrees took longer and longer walks with him. She took her bottle of milk, to give the child its food when it wanted any. Generally, too, she took a book with her; and so, with the child in her arms, reading and wandering, she made a very pretty Penserosa.

CHAPTER XII.

The object of the campaign was attained; and Edward, with crosses and decorations, was honorably dismissed. He betook himself at once to the same little estate, where he found exact accounts of his family waiting for him, on whom, all this time, without their having observed it or known of it, a sharp watch had been kept under his orders. His quiet residence looked most sweet and pleasant when he reached it. In accordance with his orders, various improvements had been made in his absence; and what was wanting to the establishment in extent was compensated by its internal comforts and conveniences. Edward, accustomed by his more active habits of life to take decided steps, determined to execute a project which he long had sufficient time to think over. First of all, he invited the major to come to him. Great was their joy at meeting again. The friendships of boyhood, like relationship of blood, possess this important advantage, that mistakes and misunderstandings never produce irreparable injury, and the old regard after a time will always re-establish itself.

Edward began by inquiring about the situation of his friend, and learned that fortune had favored him exactly as he most could have wished. He then half seriously asked whether there was not something going forward about a marriage, to which he received a most decided and positive denial.

"I cannot and will not have any reserve with you," he proceeded. "I will tell you at once what my own feelings are, and what I intend to do. You know my passion for Ottilie: you must long have comprehended that it was this which drove me into the campaign. I do not deny that I desired to be rid of a life which, without her, would be of no further value to me. At the same time, however, I acknowledge that I could never bring myself utterly to despair. The prospect of happiness with her was so beautiful, so infinitely charming, that it was not possible for me entirely to renounce it. Feelings, too, which I cannot explain, and a number of happy omens, have combined to strengthen me in the belief, in the assurance, that Ottilie will one day be mine. The glass, with our initials cut upon it, which was thrown into the air when the foundation-stone was laid, did not go to pieces: it was caught, and I have it again in my possession. After many miserable hours of uncertainty, spent in this place, I said to myself, 'I will put myself in the place of this glass, and it shall be an omen whether our union be possible or not. I will go: I will seek for death, not like a madman, but like a man who still hopes that he may live. Ottilie shall be the prize for which I fight. Ottilie shall be behind the ranks of the enemy: in every intrenchment, in every beleaguered fortress, I shall hope to find her and to win her. I will do wonders, with the wish to survive them; with the hope to gain Ottilie, not to lose her.' These feelings have led me on, they have stood by me through all dangers; and now I find myself like one who has arrived at his goal, who, having overcome every difficulty, has nothing more left in his way. Ottilie is mine; and whatever lies between the thought and the execution of it I can only regard as unimportant."

"With a few strokes you blot out," replied the major, "all the objections that we can or ought to urge upon you; and yet they must be repeated. I must leave it to yourself to recall the full value of your relation with your wife; but you owe it to her, and you owe it to yourself, not to close your eyes to it. How can I so much as mention that you

have had a son given to you, without acknowledging at once that you two belong to one another forever; that you are bound, for this little creature's sake, to live united, that united you may educate it, and provide for its future welfare?"

"It is no more than the blindness of parents," answered Edward, "when they imagine their existence to be of so much importance to their children. Whatever lives finds nourishment and finds assistance; and if the son who has early lost his father does not spend so easy, so favored a youth, he profits, perhaps, for that very reason, in being trained sooner for the world, and comes to a timely knowledge that he must accommodate himself to others, — a thing which sooner or later we are all forced to learn. Here, however, even these considerations are irrelevant: we are sufficiently well off to be able to provide for more children than one, and it is neither right nor kind to accumulate so large a property on a single head."

The major attempted to say something of Charlotte's worth and Edward's long-standing attachment to her, but the latter hastily interrupted him. "We committed ourselves to a foolish thing, — that I see all too clearly. Whoever, in middle age, attempts to realize the wishes and hopes of his early youth invariably deceives himself. Each decade of a man's life has its own fortunes, its own hopes, its own desires. Woe to him who, either by circumstances or by his own infatuation, is induced to grasp at any thing before him or behind him. We have done a foolish thing. Are we to abide by it all our lives? Are we to hesitate indulging in what the customs of the age do not forbid? In how many matters do men recall their intentions and their actions! And shall it not be allowed to them here, here where the question is not of this thing or of that, but of every thing; not of our single condition of life, but of the whole complex life itself?"

Again the major adroitly and impressively urged on Edward to consider what he owed to his wife, what was due to his family, to the world, and to his own position; but he could not succeed in producing the slightest impression.

"All these questions, my friend," he returned, "I have considered already again and again. They have passed before me in the storm of battle, when the earth was shaking with the thunder of the cannon, with the balls singing and whistling round me, with my comrades falling right and left,

my horse shot under me, my hat pierced with bullets. They have floated before me by the still watch-fire under the starry vault of the sky. I have thoroughly thought on them all, felt them all through. I have weighed them; and I have satisfied myself about them again and again, and now forever. At such moments why should I not acknowledge it to you? you, too, were in my thoughts, you, too, belonged to my circle; as, indeed, you and I have long belonged to one another. If I have ever been in your debt, I am now in a position to repay it with interest; if you have been in mine, you have now the means to make it good to me. I know that you love Charlotte, and she deserves it. I know that you are not indifferent to her, and why should she not feel your worth? Take her at my hand, and give Ottilie to me, and we shall be the happiest beings upon the earth."

"If you choose to assign me so high a character," replied the major, "I have to be all the more strict and prudent. Whatever there may be in this proposal to make it attractive to me, instead of simplifying the problem, it only increases the difficulty of it. The question is now of me as well as of you. The fortunes, the good name, the honor of two men, hitherto unsullied with a breath, will be exposed to hazard by so strange a proceeding, to call it by no harsher name; and we shall appear before the world in a highly questionable light."

"Our very characters being what they are," replied Edward, "give us a right to take this single liberty. A man who has borne himself honorably through a whole life, makes an action honorable which might appear ambiguous in others. As concerns myself, after these last trials which I have taken upon myself, after the difficult and dangerous actions I have accomplished for others, I now feel entitled to do something for myself. For you and Charlotte, that part of the business may, if you like, be given up; but neither you nor any one shall keep me from doing what I have determined. If I may look for help and furtherance, I shall be ready to do all that can be wished; but if I am to be left to myself, or if obstacles are to be thrown in my way, something extreme is sure to be the consequence."

The major thought it his duty to combat Edward's purposes as long as it was possible, and now he changed the mode of his attack and tried a diversion. He seemed to give way, and only spoke of the form of what they would have to do to bring about this separation and these new unions; and so mentioned a number of unpleasant, undesirable matters, which put Edward into the worst of tempers.

"I see plainly," he cried at last, "that what we desire can only be carried by storm, whether it be from our enemies or from our friends. I keep clearly before my own eyes what I demand, what, one way or another, I must have; and I will seize it promptly and surely. Connections like ours, I know very well, cannot be broken up and reconstructed again without much being thrown down which is standing, and much having to give way which would be glad enough to continue. We shall come to no conclusion by thinking about it. All rights are alike to the understanding, and it is always easy to throw extra weight into the ascending scale. Do you make up your mind, my friend, to act, and act promptly, for me and for yourself. Disentangle and untie the knots, and tie them up again. Do not be deterred by any considerations. We have already given the world something to say about us. It will talk about us once more; and, when we have ceased to be a nine days' wonder, it will forget us as it forgets every thing else, and allow us to follow our own way without further concern with us." The major had nothing further to say, and was at last obliged to submit to Edward's treating the matter as now conclusively settled, going into detail concerning what had to be done, and picturing the future in the most cheerful manner, and even joking about it; then again he went on seriously and thoughtfully, "If we think to leave ourselves to the hope, to the expectation, that all will go right again of itself, that accident will lead us straight, and take care of us, it will be a most culpable self-deception. In such a way it would be impossible for us to save ourselves, or re-establish our peace again. I who have been the innocent cause of it all, how am I ever to console myself? By my own importunity I prevailed on Charlotte to write to you to stay with us, and Ottilie came in consequence of this change. We have had no control over what ensued out of this; but we have the power to make it innocuous, to guide the new circumstances to our own happiness. Can you turn away your eyes from the fair and beautiful prospects I open to us? Can you insist to me, can you insist to us all, on a wretched renunciation of them? Do you think it possible? Is it possible? Will there be no vexations, no bitterness, no inconvenience, to overcome, if we resolve to fall back into our old state? and will any good, any happiness whatever, arise out of it? Will your own rank, will the high position you have earned, be any pleasure to you, if you are to be prevented from visiting me, or from living with me? And,

after what has passed, it would not be any thing but painful. Charlotte and I, with all our property, would only find ourselves in a melancholy state. And if, like other men of the world, you can persuade yourself that years and separation will eradicate our feelings, will obliterate impressions so deeply engraved, why, it is these very years which it would be better to spend in happiness and comfort than in pain and misery. But the last and most important point of all which I have to urge is this: supposing that we, our outward and inward condition being what it is, could nevertheless make up our minds to wait at all hazards, and bear what is laid upon us, what is to become of Ottilie, who would have to leave our family and mix in society where we should not be to care for her, and she would be driven wretchedly to and fro in a hard, cold world? Describe to me any situation in which Ottilie, without me, without us, could be happy, and you will then have employed an argument which will be stronger than every other; and if I will not promise to yield to it, if I will not undertake at once to give up all my own hopes, I will at least reconsider the question, and see how what you have said will affect it."

This problem was not so easy to solve; at least, no satisfactory answer to it suggested itself to his friend: and nothing was left him except to insist again and again how grave and serious, and in many senses how dangerous, the whole undertaking was; and at least that they ought maturely to consider how they had better enter upon it. Edward agreed to this, and consented to wait before he took any steps, but only under the condition that his friend should not leave him until they had come to a perfect understanding about it, and until the first measures had been taken.

CHAPTER XIII.

People who are complete strangers and wholly indifferent to one another, are sure, if they live a long time together, to expose something of their inner nature; and thus a certain intimacy will arise. All the more was it to be expected that there would soon be no secrets between our two friends, now that they were again under the same roof together, and in

daily and hourly intercourse. They recalled the earlier stages of their history; and the major confessed to Edward that Charlotte had intended Ottilie for him at the time at which he returned from abroad, and hoped that some time or other he might marry her. Edward was in ecstasies at this discovery: he spoke without reserve of the mutual affection of Charlotte and the major, which, because it happened to fall in so conveniently with his own wishes, he painted in very lively colors.

Deny it altogether, the major could not; at the same time, he could not altogether acknowledge it. But Edward insisted on it only the more. He had pictured the whole thing to himself, not as possible, but as already concluded; all parties had only to resolve on what they all wished; there would be no difficulty in obtaining a separation; the marriages should follow as soon after as possible, and Edward could travel with Ottilie.

Of all the pleasant things imagination pictures to us, there is, perhaps, none more charming than when lovers and young married people look forward to enjoying their new relation they have formed, in a fresh, new world, and test the endurance of the bond between them in so many changing circumstances. The major and Charlotte were, in the mean time, to have unrestricted powers to settle all questions of money, property, and other such important worldly matters, and to do whatever was right and proper for the satisfaction of all parties. What Edward dwelt the most upon, however, from what he seemed to promise himself the most advantage, was this: as the child would have to remain with the mother, the major would charge himself with his education; he would train the boy according to his own views, and develop what capacities there might be in him. It was not for nothing that he had received in his baptism the name of Otto, which belonged to them both.

Edward had so completely arranged every thing for himself, that he could not wait another day to carry it into execution. On their way to the castle, they arrived at a small town, where Edward had a house, and where he was to stay to await the major's return. He could not, however, prevail upon himself to alight there at once, and accompanied his friend through the place. They were both on horseback, and, falling into some interesting conversation, rode on farther together.

On a sudden they saw, in the distance, the new house on

the height, with its red tiles shining in the sun. An irresistible longing came over Edward: he would have it all settled that very evening; he would remain concealed in a village close by. The major was to urge the business on Charlotte with all his power: he would take her prudence by surprise, and oblige her, by the unexpectedness of his proposal, to make a free acknowledgment of her feelings. Edward had transferred his own wishes to her: he felt certain that he was only meeting her half-way, and that her inclination was as decided as his own; and he looked for an immediate consent from her, because he himself could think of nothing else.

Joyfully he saw before his eyes the happy result; and, that it might be communicated to him as swiftly as possible, a few cannon-shots were to be fired off, or, if it were dark, a rocket or two to be sent up.

The major rode to the castle. He did not find Charlotte there; he learned, that for the present she was staying at the new house: at that particular time, however, she was paying a visit in the neighborhood, and she probably would not return till late that evening. He walked back to the inn, to which he had previously sent his horse.

Edward, in the mean time, unable to sit still from restlessness and impatience, stole away out of his concealment along solitary paths only known to foresters and fishermen, into his park; and he found himself towards evening in the copse close to the lake, the broad mirror of which he now for the first time saw spread out in its perfectness before him.

Ottilie had gone out that afternoon for a walk along the shore. She had the child with her, and read as she usually did while she went along. She had gone as far as the oak-tree by the ferry. The boy had fallen asleep: she sat down, laid it on the ground at her side, and continued reading. The book was one of those which attract persons of delicate feeling, and afterwards will not let them go again. She completely forgot the time, nor remembered what a long way round it was by land to the new house; but she sat lost in her book and in herself, so beautiful to look at, that the trees and the bushes round her ought to have been alive, and endowed with eyes to admire, and take delight in gazing upon her. The sun was sinking: a ruddy streak of light fell upon her from behind, tinging with gold her cheek and shoulder. Edward, who had made his way to the lake with-

out being seen, finding his park deserted, and seeing no trace of a human creature anywhere round about, went on and on. At last he broke through the copse behind the oak-tree, and saw her. At the same moment she saw him. He rushed up to her, and threw himself at her feet. After a long, silent pause, in which they both endeavored to collect themselves, he explained in a few words why and how he had come there. He had sent the major to Charlotte, and perhaps at that moment their common destiny was being decided. Never had he doubted her affection, and she assuredly had never doubted his. He begged for her consent; she hesitated; he implored her. He offered to resume his old privilege, and throw his arms around her, and embrace her: she pointed down to the child.

Edward looked at it, and was amazed. "Great God!" he cried: "if I had cause to doubt my wife and my friend, this face would bear fearful witness against them. Is not this the very image of the major? I never saw such a likeness."

"Indeed!" replied Ottilie: "all the world say it is like me."

"Is it possible?" Edward answered; and at the moment the child opened its eyes, — two large, black, piercing eyes, deep, and full of love: already the little face was full of intelligence. He seemed to know the two that were standing before him. Edward threw himself down beside the child, and then knelt a second time before Ottilie. "It is you," he cried: "the eyes are yours! ah, but let me look into yours! let me throw a veil over that ill-starred hour which gave its being to this little creature. Shall I shock your pure spirit with the fearful thought that man and wife who are estranged from each other can yet press each other to their heart, and profane the bonds by which the law unites them by other eager wishes? Oh, yes! As I have said so much; as my connection with Charlotte must now be severed; as you will be mine, — why should I not speak out the words to you? This child is the offspring of a double adultery. It should have been a tie between my wife and myself; but it severs her from me, and me from her. Let it witness, then, against me. Let these fair eyes say to yours, that in the arms of another I belonged to you. You must feel, Ottilie, oh! you must feel, that my fault, my crime, I can only expiate in your arms."

"Hark!" he called out, springing to his feet, and think-

ing he had heard the report of a gun, and that it was the sign the major was to give. It was the gun of a forester on the adjoining hill. Nothing followed. Edward grew impatient.

Ottilie now first observed that the sun was down behind the mountains: its last rays were shining on the windows of the house above. "Leave me, Edward," she cried: "go. Long as we have been parted, much as we have borne, yet remember what we both owe to Charlotte. She must decide our fate: do not let us anticipate her judgment. I am yours if she will permit it to be so: if not, I must renounce you. As you think it is now so near an issue, let us wait. Go back to the village, where the major supposes you to be. Is it likely that a rude cannon-shot will inform you of the results of such an interview? Perhaps at this moment he is seeking for you. He will not have found Charlotte at home: of that I am certain. He may have gone to meet her, for they knew at the castle where she was. How many things may have happened! Leave me! she must be at home by this time: she is expecting me with the baby above."

Ottilie spoke hurriedly: she called together all the possibilities. It was too delightful to be with Edward, but she felt that he must now leave her. "I beseech, I implore you, my beloved," she cried out, "go back and wait for the major."

"I obey your commands," cried Edward. He gazed at her for a moment with rapturous love, and then caught her close in his arms. She wound her own about him, and pressed him tenderly to her breast. Hope rushed off, like a star shooting along the sky over their heads. They then thought, they believed, that they did indeed belong to one another. For the first time they exchanged free, unrestrained kisses, and separated with pain and effort.

The sun had gone down. It was twilight, and a damp mist was rising about the lake. Ottilie stood confused and agitated. She looked across to the house on the hill, and thought she saw Charlotte's white dress on the balcony. It was a long way round by the end of the lake, and she knew how impatiently Charlotte would be waiting for the child. She saw the plane-trees just opposite her, and only a narrow interval of water divided her from the path which led straight up to the house. Her nervousness about venturing on the water with the child vanished in her present embarrassment. She hastened to the boat: she did not feel that her heart was throb-

bing, that her feet were tottering, that her senses were threatening to fail her.

She jumped in, seized the oar, and pushed off. She had to use force: she pushed again. The boat shot off, and glided, swaying and rocking, into the open water. With the child on her left arm, the book in her left hand, and the oar in her right, she lost her footing, and fell over the seat: the oar slipped from her on one side; and, as she tried to recover herself, the child and the book slipped on the other, all into the water. She caught the floating dress; but, lying entangled as she was herself, she was unable to rise. Her right hand was free, but she could not reach round to help herself up with it: at last she succeeded. She drew the child out of the water; but its eyes were closed, and it had ceased to breathe.

In a moment she recovered all her self-possession, but so much the greater was her agony: the boat was driving fast into the middle of the lake, the oar was swimming far away from her. She saw no one on the shore; and, indeed, if she had, it would have been of no service to her. Cut off from all assistance, she was floating on the faithless, unstable element.

She sought help from herself: she had often heard of the recovery of the drowned; she had herself witnessed an instance of it on the evening of her birthday; she took off the child's clothes, and dried it with her muslin dress. She threw open her bosom, laying it bare for the first time to the open sky. For the first time she pressed a living being to her pure, naked breast. Alas! and it was not a living being. The cold limbs of the ill-starred little creature chilled her to the heart. Streams of tears gushed from her eyes, and lent a show of life and warmth to the outside of the torpid limbs. She persevered with her efforts, wrapped the child in her shawl, drew him close to her, stroked him, breathed on him, and with tears and kisses labored to supply the help which, cut off as she was, she was unable to find.

It was all in vain: the child lay motionless in her arms, motionless the boat floated on the glassy water. But even here her beautiful spirit did not leave her forsaken. She turned to the Power above. She sank down upon her knees in the boat, and with both arms raised the motionless child above her innocent breast, like marble in its whiteness; alas! too like marble, cold; with moist eyes

she looked up and cried for help, where a tender heart hopes to find it in its fulness, when all other help has failed.

The stars were beginning one by one to glimmer down upon her; she turned to them, and not in vain: a soft air stole over the surface, and wafted the boat under the plane-trees.

CHAPTER XIV.

She hurried to the new house, and called the surgeon, and gave the child into his hands. It was at once carried to Charlotte's bedroom. Cool and collected from a wide experience, he submitted the tender body to the usual process. Ottilie aided him through it all. She prepared every thing, fetched every thing, but as if she were moving in another world; for the height of misfortune, like the height of happiness, alters the aspect of every object. And it was only when, after every resource had been exhausted, the good man shook his head, and, to her questions whether there was hope, first was silent, and then softly answered No! that she left the apartment, and had scarcely entered the sitting-room, when she fell fainting, with her face upon the carpet, unable to reach the sofa.

At that moment Charlotte was heard driving up. The surgeon implored the servants to keep back, and allow him to go to meet her and prepare her. But he was too late: while he was speaking, she had entered the drawing-room. She found Ottilie on the ground, and one of the girls of the house came running and screaming to her open-mouthed. The surgeon entered at the same moment, and she was informed of every thing. She could not at once, however, give up all hope. She was rushing up-stairs to the child, but the physician besought her to remain where she was. He went himself, to deceive her with a show of fresh exertions; and she sat down upon the sofa. Ottilie was still lying on the ground: Charlotte raised her, and supported her against herself; and her beautiful head sank down upon her knee. Her medical friend went to and fro; he appeared to be busy about the child; his real care was for the ladies: and so came on midnight, and the stillness of death grew deeper and deeper. Charlotte did not try to con-

ceal from herself any longer that her child would never return to life again. She desired to see it now. It had been wrapped up in warm woollen coverings. And it was brought down as it was, lying in its cot, which was placed at her side on the sofa. The little face was uncovered; and there it lay in its calm, sweet beauty.

The report of the accident soon spread through the village: every one was roused, and the story reached the hotel. The major hurried up the well-known road; he went round and round the house; at last he met a servant who was going to one of the out-buildings to fetch something. He learned from him the state of things, and desired him to tell the surgeon that he was there. The latter came out, not a little surprised at the appearance of his old patron. He told him exactly what had happened, and undertook to prepare Charlotte to see him. He then went in, began some conversation to draw her attention to other matters, and led her imagination from one object to another, till at last he brought it to rest upon her friend, and the depth of feeling and of sympathy which would surely be called out in him. From the imaginative she was brought at once to the real. Enough! she was informed that he was at the door, that he knew every thing, and desired to be admitted.

The major entered. Charlotte received him with a miserable smile. He stood before her: she lifted off the green-silk covering under which the body was lying; and by the dim light of a taper he saw before him, not without a secret shudder, the stiffened image of himself. Charlotte pointed to a chair; and there they sat opposite to one another, without speaking, through the night. Ottilie was still lying motionless on Charlotte's knee: she breathed softly, and slept, or seemed to sleep.

The morning dawned, the lights went out: the two friends appeared to awake out of a heavy dream. Charlotte looked towards the major, and said quietly, "Tell me through what circumstances you have been brought hither, to take part in this mournful scene."

"The present is not a time," the major answered, in the same low tone as that in which Charlotte had spoken, for fear lest she might disturb Ottilie, "this is not a time, and this is not a place, for reserve. The condition in which I find you is so fearful that even the earnest matter on which I am here loses its importance by the side of it." He then informed her, quite calmly and simply, of the object of his

mission in so far as he was the ambassador of Edward, of the object of his coming in so far as his own free-will and his own interests were concerned in it. He laid both before her delicately but uprightly: Charlotte listened quietly, and showed neither surprise nor unwillingness.

As soon as the major had finished, she replied, in so low a voice, that, to catch her words, he was obliged to draw his chair closer to her, "In such a case as this I have never before found myself; but in similar cases I have always said to myself, 'How will it be to-morrow?' I am fully aware that the fate of many persons is now in my hands, and what I have to do is soon said without scruple or hesitation. I consent to the separation; I ought to have made up my mind to it before: by my unwillingness and reluctance I have destroyed my child. There are certain things on which destiny obstinately insists. In vain may reason, virtue, duty, every sacred feeling, place themselves in its way. Something shall be done which to it seems good, and which to us seems not good; and it forces its own way through at last, let us conduct ourselves as we will.

"But what am I saying? It is but my own desire, my own purpose, against which I acted so unthinkingly, which destiny is again bringing in my way. Did I not long ago, in my thoughts, design Edward and Ottilie for one another? Did I not myself labor to bring them together? And you, my friend, you yourself were an accomplice in my plot. Why, why could I not distinguish mere man's obstinacy from real love? Why did I accept his hand, when I could have made him happy as a friend, and when another could have made him happy as a wife? And now look here on this unhappy slumberer. I tremble at the moment when she will wake from her deathlike sleep into consciousness. How can she endure to live? How shall she ever console herself, if she may not hope to make good that to Edward of which, as the instrument of the most wonderful destiny, she has deprived him? And she can make it all good again by the passion, by the devotion, with which she loves him. If love be able to bear all things, it is able to do yet more: it can restore all things. Of myself at such a moment I may not think.

"Do you go quietly away, my dear major: say to Edward that I consent to the separation, that I leave it to him, to you, and to Mittler to settle whatever is to be done. I have no anxiety for my own future condition: it may be what it

will; it is nothing to me. I will subscribe whatever paper is submitted to me, only he must not require me to join actively. I cannot have to think about it or give advice."

The major rose to go. She stretched out her hand to him across Ottilie. He pressed it to his lips, and whispered gently, "And for myself, may I hope any thing?"

"Do not ask me now," replied Charlotte. "I will tell you another time. We have not deserved to be miserable, but neither can we say that we have deserved to be happy together."

The major left her, and went, feeling for Charlotte to the bottom of his heart, but not being able to be sorry for the fate of the poor child. Such an offering seemed necessary to him for their general happiness. He pictured Ottilie to himself with a child of her own in her arms, as the most perfect compensation for the one of which she had deprived Edward. He pictured himself with his own son on his knee, who should have better right to resemble him than the one which was departed.

With such flattering hopes and fancies passing through his mind, he returned to the inn; and, on his way back, he met Edward, who had been waiting for him the whole night through in the open air, since neither rocket nor report of cannon would bring him news of the successful issue of his undertaking. He had already heard of the misfortune; and he too, instead of being sorry for the poor thing, regarded what had befallen it, without being exactly ready to confess it to himself, as a convenient accident, through which the only impediment in the way of his happiness was at once removed.

The major at once informed him of his wife's resolution; and he therefore easily allowed himself to be prevailed upon to return again with him to the village, and from thence to go for a while to the little town, where they would consider what was next to be done, and make their arrangements.

After the major had left her, Charlotte sat on, buried in her own reflections; but it was only for a few minutes. Ottilie suddenly raised herself from her lap, and looked full, with her large eyes, in her friend's face. Then she got up from the ground, and stood upright before her.

"This is the second time," began the noble girl with an irresistible solemnity of manner, "this is the second time that the same thing has happened to me. You once said to me that things of the same kind often happen to people in

their lives in the same kind of way; and, if they do, it is always at important moments. I now find that what you said is true, and I have to make a confession to you. Shortly after my mother's death, when I was a very little child, I was sitting one day on a footstool, close to you. You were on the sofa, as you are at this moment; and my head rested on your knees. I was not asleep, I was not awake: I was in a trance. I knew every thing which was passing about me. I heard every word which was said, with the greatest distinctness: and yet I could not stir, I could not speak; and, if I had wished it, I could not have given a hint that I was conscious. On that occasion you were speaking about me to one of your friends: you were commiserating my fate, left, as I was, a poor orphan in the world. You described my dependent position, and how unfortunate a future was before me, unless some very happy star watched over me. I understood well what you said. I saw, perhaps too clearly, what you appeared to hope of me, and what you thought I ought to do. I made rules to myself, according to such limited insight as I had: and by these I have long lived; by these, at the time when you so kindly took charge of me, and had me with you in your house, I regulated whatever I did, and whatever I left undone.

"But I have strayed from my course; I have broken my rules; I have lost the very power of feeling them. And now, after a dreadful occurrence, you have again made clear to me my situation, which is more pitiable than the first. While lying in a half-torpor on your lap, I have again, as if out of another world, heard every syllable which you uttered. I know from you how all is with me. The thought of myself makes me shudder; but again, as I did then, in my half-sleep of death, I have marked out my new path for myself.

"I am determined, as I was before; and what I have determined I must tell you at once. I will never be Edward's wife. In a terrible manner God has opened my eyes to see the sin in which I was entangled. I will atone for it, and let no one think to move me from my purpose. It is by this, my dearest, kindest friend, that you must govern your own conduct. Send for the major to come back to you. Write to him that no steps must be taken. It made me miserable that I could not stir or speak when he went: I tried to rise, I tried to cry out. Oh, why did you let him go from you with such sinful hopes!"

Charlotte saw Ottilie's condition, and she felt for it: but she hoped, that, by time and persuasion, she might be able to prevail upon her. On her uttering a few words, however, which pointed to a future, to a time when her sufferings would be alleviated, and when there might be better room for hope, "No!" Ottilie cried with vehemence, "do not endeavor to move me: do not seek to deceive me. At the moment at which I learn that you have consented to the separation, I will expiate my trespass, my crime, in that same lake."

CHAPTER XV.

Friends and relations, and all persons living together in the same house, are apt, when life is going smoothly and peacefully with them, to make what they are doing, or what they are going to do, even more than is right or necessary, a subject of constant conversation. They talk to each other of their plans and their occupations, and, without exactly taking one another's advice, consider and discuss together the entire progress of their lives. But this is far from being the case in serious moments: just when it would seem men most require the assistance and support of others, every one withdraws singly within themselves, every one to act for himself, every one to work in his own fashion; they conceal from one another the particular means they employ; and only the result, the object, the thing they realize, is again made common property.

After so many strange and unfortunate incidents, a sort of silent seriousness had passed over the two ladies, which showed itself in a sweet mutual effort to spare each other's feelings. The child had been buried privately in the chapel. It rested there as the first offering to a destiny full of ominous foreshadowings.

Charlotte, as much as she could, turned back to life and occupation; and here she first found Ottilie standing in need of her assistance. She occupied herself almost entirely with her, without letting it be observed. She knew how deeply the noble girl loved Edward. She had discovered by degrees the scene which had preceded the accident, and had gathered every circumstance of it, partly from Ottilie herself, partly from the letters of the major

Ottilie, on her side, made Charlotte's immediate life much more easy for her. She was open and even talkative; but she never spoke of the present, or of what had lately passed. She had been a close and thoughtful observer. She knew much, and now it all came to the surface. She entertained, she amused, Charlotte; and the latter still nourished a hope in secret to see her married to Edward after all.

But something very different was passing in Ottilie. She had disclosed the secret of the course of her life to her friend, and she showed no more of her previous restraint and submissiveness. By her repentance and resolution she felt herself freed from the burden of her fault and her misfortune. She had no more violence to do to herself. In the bottom of her heart she had forgiven herself solely under condition of the fullest renunciation, and it was a condition which would remain binding for all time to come.

So passed away some time; and Charlotte now felt how much house and park, and lake and rocks and trees, served to keep alive in them all their most painful reminiscences. That change of scene was necessary was plain enough, but how it was to be effected was not so easy to decide.

Were the two ladies to remain together? Edward's previously expressed will appeared to enjoin it, his declarations and his threats appeared to make it necessary: only it could not be now mistaken that Charlotte and Ottilie, with all their good-will, with all their sense, with all their efforts to conceal it, could not avoid finding themselves in a painful situation towards one another. Their conversation was guarded. They were often obliged only half to understand some allusion: more often, expressions were misinterpreted, if not by their understandings, at any rate by their feelings. They were afraid to give pain to one another, and this very fear itself produced the evil which they were seeking to avoid.

If they were to try change of scene, and at the same time (at any rate for a while) to part, the old question came up again, Where was Ottilie to go? There was the grand, rich family, who still wanted a desirable companion for their daughter, their attempts to find a person whom they could trust having hitherto proved ineffectual. Already during her last sojourn at the castle, the baroness had urged Charlotte to send Ottilie there, and lately again in her letters. Charlotte now a second time proposed it; but Ottilie expressly declined going anywhere, where she would be thrown into what is called the great world.

"Do not think me narrow or self-willed, my dear aunt," she said: "let me utter what, in any other case, it would be my duty to conceal. A person who has fallen into uncommon misfortunes, however guiltless he may be, carries a frightful mark upon him. His presence, in every one who sees him and is aware of his history, excites a kind of horror. People see in him the terrible fate which has been laid upon him, and he is the object of a diseased and nervous curiosity. It is so with a house, it is so with a town, where any terrible action has been done: people enter them with awe; the light of day shines less brightly there, and the stars seem to lose their lustre.

"Perhaps we ought to excuse it, but how extreme is the indiscretion with which people behave towards such unfortunate persons with their foolish importunities and awkward kindness! Pardon me for speaking in this way; but that poor girl whom Luciana tempted out of her retirement, and with such mistaken good-nature tried to force into society and amusement, has haunted me and made me miserable. The poor creature, when she was so frightened and tried to escape, and then sank and swooned away, and I caught her in my arms, and the party came all crowding round in terror and curiosity, — little did I think, then, that the same fate was in store for me. But my feeling for her is as deep and warm and fresh as ever it was; and now I may direct my compassion upon myself, and secure myself from being the object of any similar exposure."

"But, my dear child," answered Charlotte, "you will never be able to withdraw yourself where no one can see you: we have no cloisters now; otherwise, there, with your present feelings, would be your resource."

"Solitude would not give me the resource for which I wish, my dear aunt," answered Ottilie. "The one true and valuable resource is to be looked for where we can be active and useful: all the self-denials and all the penances on earth will fail to deliver us from an evil-omened destiny if it be determined to persecute us. Let me sit still in idleness, and serve as a spectacle for the world, and it will overpower and crush me. But find me some peaceful employment, where I can go steadily and unweariedly on doing my duty, and I shall be able to bear the eyes of men when I need not shrink under the eyes of God."

"Unless I am much mistaken," replied Charlotte, "your inclination is, to return to the school."

"Yes," Ottilie answered: "I do not deny it. I think it a happy destination to train up others in the beaten way, after having been trained in the strangest myself. And do we not see the same great fact in history? Some moral calamity drives men out into the wilderness; but they are not allowed to remain, as they had hoped, in their concealment there. They are summoned back into the world, to lead the wanderers into the right way; and who are fitter for such a service than those who have been initiated into the labyrinths of life? They are commanded to be the support of the unfortunate; and who can better fulfil that command than those who have no more misfortunes to fear upon earth?"

"You are selecting an uncommon profession for yourself," replied Charlotte. "I shall not oppose you, however. Let it be as you wish, only I hope it will be but for a short time."

"Most warmly do I thank you," said Ottilie, "for giving me leave to try to gain this experiment. If I am not flattering myself too highly, I am sure I shall succeed: wherever I am, I shall remember the many trials which I went through myself, and how small, how infinitely small, they were compared to those which I afterwards had to undergo. It will be my happiness to watch the embarrassments of the little creatures as they grow; to cheer them in their childish sorrows, and guide them back, with a light hand, out of their little aberrations. The fortunate is not the person to be of help to the fortunate: it is in the nature of man to require ever more and more of himself and others, the more he has received. The unfortunate only recover, while knowing, from their affliction, how to foster, both in themselves and others, the feeling that every moderate good ought to be enjoyed with rapture."

"I have but one objection to make to what you propose," said Charlotte, after some thought, "although that one seems to me of great importance. I am not thinking of you, but of another person: you well know how that good, right-minded, excellent assistant is disposed towards you. In the way in which you desire to proceed, you will become every day more valuable and more indispensable to him. Already he himself believes that he can never live happily without you; and hereafter, when he has become accustomed to have you to work with him, he will be unable to carry on his business if he loses you: you will have assisted him at the beginning, only to injure him in the end."

"Destiny has not dealt with me gently," replied Ottilie; "and whoever loves me has, perhaps, not much better to expect. Our friend is so good and so sensible, that I hope he will be able to reconcile himself to remaining in a simple relation with me: he will learn to see in me a consecrated person, lying under the shadow of an awful calamity, and only able to support herself, and bear up against it, by devoting herself to that Holy Being who is invisibly around us, and alone is able to shield us from the dark powers which threaten to overwhelm us."

Charlotte privately reflected on all the dear girl had so warmly uttered: on many different occasions, although only in the gentlest manner, she had hinted at the possibility of Ottilie's being brought again in contact with Edward; but the slightest mention of it, the faintest hope, the least suspicion, seemed to wound Ottilie to the quick. One day, when she could not evade it, she expressed herself to Charlotte clearly on the subject.

"If your resolution to renounce Edward," returned Charlotte, "is so firm and unalterable, then you had better avoid the danger of seeing him again. At a distance from the object of our love, the warmer our affection, the stronger is the control which we fancy that we can exercise on ourselves; because the whole force of the passion, diverted from its outward objects, turns inwards on ourselves. But how soon, how swiftly is our mistake made plain to us, when the thing we thought we could renounce stands again before our eyes as indispensable to us! You must now do what you consider best suited to your circumstances. Look well into yourself: change, if you prefer it, the resolution which you have just expressed. But do it of yourself, with a free-consenting heart. Do not allow yourself to be drawn in by an accident: do not let yourself be surprised into your former position. It will place you at issue with yourself, and will be intolerable to you. As I said, before you take this step, before you remove from me, and enter upon a new life, which will lead you no one knows in what direction, consider once more whether really, indeed, you can renounce Edward for the whole time to come. If you have faithfully made up your mind that you will do this, then will you enter into an engagement with me, that you will never admit him into your presence, and, if he seeks you out, and forces himself upon you, that you will not exchange words with him?"

Ottilie did not hesitate a moment: she gave Charlotte the promise, which she had already made to herself.

Now, however, Charlotte began to be haunted with Edward's threat, that he would only consent to renounce Ottilie as long as she was not parted from Charlotte. Since that time, indeed, circumstances were so altered, so many things had happened, that an engagement which was wrung from him in a moment of excitement might well be supposed to have been cancelled. She was unwilling, however, in the remotest sense, to venture any thing, or to undertake any thing, which might displease him; and Mittler was therefore to find Edward, and inquire what, as things now were, he wished to be done.

Since the death of the child, Mittler had often been at the castle to see Charlotte, although only for a few moments at a time. The unhappy accident, which had made her reconciliation with her husband in the highest degree improbable, had produced a most painful effect upon him. But ever, as his nature was, hoping and striving, he rejoiced secretly at the resolution of Ottilie. He trusted to the softening influence of passing time; he hoped that it might still be possible to keep the husband and the wife from separating; and he tried to regard these convulsions of passion only as trials of wedded love and fidelity.

Charlotte, at the very first, had informed the major by letter of Ottilie's declaration. She had entreated him most earnestly to prevail on Edward to take no further steps for the present. They should keep quiet, and wait, and see whether the poor girl would recover her spirits. She had let him know from time to time whatever was necessary of what had more lately fallen from her. And now Mittler had to undertake the really difficult commission of preparing Edward for an alteration in her situation. Mittler, however, well knowing that men can be brought more easily to submit to what is already done than to give their consent to what is yet to be done, persuaded Charlotte that it would be better to send Ottilie off at once to the school.

Consequently, as soon as Mittler was gone, preparations were at once made for the journey. Ottilie put her things together; and Charlotte observed that neither the beautiful box, nor any thing out of it, was to go with her. Ottilie had said nothing to her on the subject; and she took no notice, but let her alone. The day of departure came: Charlotte's carriage was to take Ottilie the first day as far as a place where they were well known, where she was to pass the night; and on the second she would go on in it to the school. It

was settled that Nanny was to accompany her, and remain as her attendant.

This capricious little creature had found her way back to her mistress after the death of the child, and now hung about her as warmly and passionately as ever: indeed, she seemed, with her loquacity and attentiveness, as if she wished to make good her past neglect, and henceforth devote herself entirely to Ottilie's service. She was quite beside herself now for joy at the thought of travelling with her, and of seeing strange places, when she had hitherto never been away from the scene of her birth; and she ran from the castle to the village to carry the news of her good fortune to her parents and her relations, and to take leave. Unluckily for herself, she went among other places into a room where a person was who had the measles, and caught the infection, which came out upon her at once. The journey could not be postponed. Ottilie herself was urgent to go. She had travelled once already the same road. She knew the people of the hotel where she was to sleep. The coachman from the castle was going with her. There could be nothing to fear.

Charlotte made no opposition. She, too, in thought, was making haste to be clear of present embarrassments. The rooms Ottilie had occupied at the castle she would have prepared for Edward as soon as possible, and restored to the state in which they had been before the arrival of the captain. The hope of bringing back old happy days burns up again and again in us, as if it never could be extinguished. And Charlotte was quite right: there was nothing else for her, except to hope as she did.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Mittler was come to talk with Edward about the matter, he found him sitting by himself, with his head supported on his right hand, and his arm resting on the table. He appeared in great suffering.

"Is your headache troubling you again?" asked Mittler.

"It is troubling me," answered he; "and yet I cannot wish it were not so, for it reminds me of Ottilie. She, too, I say to myself, is also suffering in the same way at this

same moment, and suffering more perhaps than I; and why cannot I bear it as well as she? These pains are good for me. I might almost say that they were welcome: for they serve to bring out before me, with the greater vividness, her patience and all her other graces. It is only when we suffer ourselves, that we feel really the true nature of all the high qualities which are required to bear suffering."

Mittler, finding his friend so far resigned, did not hesitate to communicate the message with which he had been sent. He brought it out piecemeal, however, in order of time, as the idea had itself arisen between the ladies, and had gradually ripened into a purpose. Edward scarcely made an objection. From the little which he said, it appeared as if he was willing to leave every thing to them; the pain which he was suffering at the moment making him indifferent to all besides.

Scarcely, however, was he again alone, than he got up and walked rapidly up and down the room: he forgot his pain, his attention now turning to what was external to himself. Mittler's story had stirred the embers of his love, and awakened his imagination in all its vividness. He saw Ottilie by herself, or as good as by herself, travelling on a road which was well known to him, — in a hotel with every room of which he was familiar. He thought, he considered, or rather he neither thought nor considered: he only wished, he only desired. He would see her: he would speak to her. Why, or for what good end that was to come of it, he did not care to ask himself; but he made up his mind at once. He must do it.

He summoned his valet into his council, and through him he made himself acquainted with the day and hour when Ottilie was to set out. The morning broke. Without taking any person with him, Edward mounted his horse, and rode off to the place where she was to pass the night. He was there too soon. The hostess was overjoyed at the sight of him: she was under heavy obligations to him for a service which he had been able to do for her. Her son had been in the army, where he had conducted himself with remarkable gallantry. He had performed one particular action of which no one had been a witness but Edward; and the latter had spoken of it to the commander-in-chief in terms of such high praise, that, notwithstanding the opposition of various ill-wishers, he had obtained a decoration for him. The mother, therefore, could never do enough for Edward. She got

ready her best room for him, which indeed was her own wardrobe and storeroom, with all possible speed. He informed her, however, that a young lady was coming to pass the night there; and he ordered an apartment for her at the back, at the end of the gallery. It sounded a mysterious sort of affair; but the hostess was ready to do any thing to please her patron, who appeared so interested and so busy about it. And he, what were his sensations as he watched through the long, weary hours till evening? He examined the room round and round in which he was to see her: with all its strangeness and homeliness it seemed to him to be an abode for angels. He again and again turned over in his mind what he had better do: was he to take her by surprise, or whether to prepare her for meeting him. At last the second course seemed the preferable one. He sat down and wrote a letter, which she was to read.

EDWARD TO OTTILIE.

"While you read this letter, my best beloved, I am close to you. Do not agitate yourself; do not be alarmed: you have nothing to fear from me. I will not force myself upon you. I will see you or not, as you yourself shall choose.

"Consider, oh consider, your condition and mine! How much I thank you, that you have taken no decisive step! But the step which you have taken is important enough. Do not persist in it. Here, as it were, at a parting of the ways, reflect once again. Can you be mine? Will you be mine? Oh, you will be showing mercy on us all if you will; and on me infinite mercy!

"Let me see you again! — happily, joyfully see you once more! Let me make my request to you with my own lips; and do you give me your answer your own beautiful self, on my breast, Ottilie, where you have so often rested, and which belongs to you forever!"

As he was writing, the feeling rushed over him that what he was longing for was coming, was close, would be there almost immediately. By that door she would come in; she would read that letter; she, in her own person, would stand there before him as she used to stand, — she, for whose appearance he had thirsted so long. Would she be the same as she was? Was her form, were her feelings, changed? He still held the pen in his hand: he was going

to write, as he thought, when the carriage rolled into the court. With a few hurried strokes he added, "I hear you coming. For a moment, farewell!"

He folded the letter, and directed it. He had no time for sealing. He darted into the room, through which there was a second outlet into the gallery; when the next moment he recollected that he had left his watch and seals lying on the table. She must not see these first. He ran back and brought them away with him. At the same instant he heard the hostess in the ante-chamber showing Ottilie the way to her apartments. He hastened to the bedroom-door, but it had suddenly shut. In his hurry, as he had come back for his watch, he had forgotten to take out the key, which had fallen out, and was lying inside. The door had closed with a spring, and he could not open it. He pushed at it with all his might, but it would not yield. Oh, how gladly would he have been a spirit, to escape through its cracks! In vain. He hid his face against the panels. Ottilie entered; and the hostess, seeing him, retired. From Ottilie herself, too, he could not remain concealed for a moment. He turned towards her; and there stood the lovers once more, in such strange fashion, in one another's presence. She looked at him calmly and earnestly, without advancing or retiring. He made a movement to approach her, and she withdrew a few steps towards the table. He stepped back again. "Ottilie!" he cried aloud, "Ottilie! let me break this frightful silence! Are we shadows, that we stand thus gazing at each other? Only listen to me: listen to this at least. It is an accident that you find me here thus. There is a letter on the table, at your side there, which was to have prepared you. Read it, I implore you: read it, and then determine as you will!"

She looked down at the letter; and, after thinking a few seconds, took it up, opened and read it. She finished it without a change of expression, and she gently laid it aside; then, pressing together the palms of her hands, raising them, and drawing them against her breast, she leaned her body a little forward, and regarded Edward with such a look, that, urgent as he was, he was compelled to renounce every thing he wished or desired of her. Such an attitude cut him to the heart: he could not bear it. It seemed exactly as if she would fall upon her knees before him, if he persisted. He hurried in despair out of the room, and, leaving her alone, sent the hostess in to her.

He walked up and down the ante-chamber. Night had come on, and there was no sound in the room. At last the hostess came out, and drew the key out of the lock. The good woman was embarrassed and agitated, not knowing what it would be proper for her to do. At last, as she turned to go, she offered the key to Edward, who refused it; and, putting down the candle, she went away.

In misery and wretchedness, Edward flung himself down on the threshold of the door which divided him from Ottilie, moistening it with his tears as he lay. A more unhappy night had been seldom passed by two lovers in such close neighborhood.

Day came at last. The coachman brought round the carriage; and the hostess unlocked the door, and went in. Ottilie was asleep in her clothes: she went back, and beckoned to Edward with a significant smile. They both entered, and stood before her as she lay; but the sight was too much for Edward. He could not bear it. She was sleeping so quietly that the hostess did not like to disturb her, but sat down opposite her, waiting till she woke. At last Ottilie opened her beautiful eyes, and raised herself on her feet. She declined taking any breakfast; and then Edward went in again, and stood before her. He entreated her to speak but one word to him, to tell him what she desired. He would do it, be it what it would, he swore to her; but she remained silent. He asked her once more, passionately and tenderly, whether she would be his. With downcast eyes, and with the deepest tenderness of manner, she shook her head to a gentle "No." He asked if she still desired to go to the school. Without any show of feeling, she declined. Would she, then, go back to Charlotte? She inclined her head in token of assent, with a look of comfort and relief. He went to the window to give directions to the coachman; and, when his back was turned, she darted like lightning out of the room, and was down the stairs and in the carriage in an instant. The coachman drove back along the road which he had come the day before, and Edward followed at some distance on horseback.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was with the utmost surprise that Charlotte saw the carriage drive up with Ottilie, and Edward at the same moment ride into the court-yard of the castle. She ran down to the hall. Ottilie alighted, and approached her and Edward. Violently and eagerly she seized the hands of the wife and husband, pressed them together, and hurried off to her own room. Edward threw himself on Charlotte's neck, and burst into tears. He could not give her any explanation: he besought her to have patience with him, and to go at once to see Ottilie. Charlotte followed her to her room, and she could not enter it without a shudder. It had been all cleared out. There was nothing to be seen but the empty walls, which stood there looking cheerless, vacant, and miserable. Every thing had been carried away except the little box, which, from an uncertainty what was to be done with it, had been left in the middle of the room. Ottilie was lying stretched upon the ground, her arm and head leaning across the cover. Charlotte bent anxiously over her, and asked what had happened; but she received no answer.

Her maid had come with restoratives. Charlotte left her with Ottilie, and herself hastened back to Edward. She found him in the saloon, but he could tell her nothing. He threw himself down before her, bathed her hands with tears, then fled to his own room: she was going to follow him thither, when she met his valet. From this man she gathered as much as he was able to tell. The rest she put together in her own thoughts as well as she could, and then at once set herself resolutely to do what the exigencies of the moment required. Ottilie's room was put to rights again as quickly as possible: Edward found his, to the last paper, exactly as he had left it.

The three appeared again to fall into some sort of relation with one another. But Ottilie persevered in her silence, and Edward could do nothing except entreat his wife to exert a patience which seemed wanting to himself. Charlotte sent messengers to Mittler and to the major. The former was absent from home, and could not be found. The latter came. To him Edward poured out all his heart, confessing every most trifling circumstance to him; and thus Charlotte learned fully what had passed, what had produced such

violent excitement, and how so strange an alteration of their mutual position had been brought about.

She spoke with the utmost tenderness to her husband. She had nothing to ask of him except that for the present he would leave the poor girl to herself. Edward was not insensible to the worth, the affection, the strong sense of his wife; but his passion absorbed him exclusively. Charlotte tried to cheer him with hopes. She promised that she herself would make no difficulties about the separation, but it had small effect with him. He was so much shaken that hope and faith alternately forsook him. A species of insanity appeared to have taken possession of him. He urged Charlotte to promise to give her hand to the major. To satisfy and humor him, she did what he required. She engaged to become herself the wife of the major, in the event of Ottilie consenting to the marriage with Edward, with this express condition, however, that for the present the two gentlemen should go abroad together. The major had a foreign appointment from the court, and it was settled that Edward should accompany him. They arranged it all together, and in doing so found a sort of comfort for themselves in the sense that at least something was being done.

In the mean time they had to notice that Ottilie took scarcely any thing to eat or drink. She still persisted in refusing to speak. They at first used to talk to her; but it appeared to distress her, and they left it off. We are not, universally at least, so weak as to persist in torturing people for their good. Charlotte thought of all possible remedies. At last she fancied it might be well to ask the assistant of the school to come to them. He had much influence with Ottilie, and had been writing with much anxiety to inquire the cause of her not having arrived at the time he had been expecting her; but as yet she had not sent him any answer.

In order not to take Ottilie by surprise, they spoke of their intention in her presence. It did not seem to please her: she thought for some little time; at last she appeared to have formed some resolution. She retired to her own room, and ere night sent the following letter to the assembled party: —

"OTTILIE TO HER FRIENDS.

"Why need I express in words, my dear friends, what is in itself so plain? I have stepped out of my course, and I

cannot recover it again. A malignant spirit which has gained power over me seems to hinder me from without, even if within I could again become at peace with myself.

"My sole purpose was to renounce Edward, and to separate myself from him forever. I had hoped that we might never meet again: it has turned out otherwise. Against his own will he stood before me. Too literally, perhaps, I have observed my promise never to admit him into conversation with me. My conscience and the feelings of the moment kept me silent towards him at the time, and now I have nothing more to say. I have taken upon myself, under the impulse of the moment, a difficult vow, which, if it had been formed deliberately, might perhaps be painful and distressing. Let me now persist in the observance of it as long as my heart shall enjoin it to me. Do not call in any one to mediate; do not insist upon my speaking; do not urge me to eat or to drink more than I absolutely must. Bear with me, and let me alone, and so help me on through the time: I am young, and youth has many unexpected means of restoring itself. Suffer my presence among you; cheer me with your love; make me wiser and better with what you say to one another, — but leave me to my own inward self."

The two friends had made all preparation for their journey; but their departure was still delayed by the formalities of the foreign appointment of the major, a delay most welcome to Edward. Ottilie's letter had roused all his eagerness again: he had gathered hope and comfort from her words, and now felt himself encouraged and justified in remaining and waiting. He declared, therefore, that he would not go: it would be folly indeed, he cried, of his own accord to throw away, by over-precipitateness, what was most valuable and most necessary to him, when, although there was a danger of losing it, there was nevertheless a chance that it might be preserved. "What is the right name of conduct such as that?" he said. "It is only that we desire to show that we are able to will, to choose. I myself, under the influences of the same ridiculous folly, have torn myself away, days before there was any necessity for it, from my friends, merely that I might not be forced to go by the definite expiration of my term. This time I will stay: what reason is there for my going? is she not already removed far enough from me? I am not likely now to catch her hand or press her to my heart: I could not even think of it without a shudder. She has not separated herself from me: she has raised herself far above me."

And so he remained as he desired, as he was obliged; but he was never easy except when he found himself with Ottilie. She, too, had the same feeling with him: she could not tear herself away from the same blissful necessity. On all sides they exerted an indescribable, almost magical, power of attraction over one another. Living as they were under one roof, without even so much as thinking of each other, although they might be occupied with other things, or diverted this way or that way by the other members of the party, they always drew together. If they were in the same room, in a short time they were sure to be either standing or sitting near each other: they were only easy when as close together as they could be, but they were then completely easy. To be near was enough; there was no need for them either to look or to speak; they did not seek to touch one another or make sign or gesture, but merely to be together. Then there were not two, there was but one, in unconscious and perfect content, at peace, and at peace with the world. So it was, that, if either of them had been imprisoned at the farther end of the house, the other would by degrees, without intending it, have moved thither. Life was to them a riddle, the solution of which they could find only in union.

Ottilie was throughout so cheerful and quiet that they were able to feel perfectly easy about her; she was seldom absent from the society of her friends; all that she had desired was, that she might be allowed to eat alone, with no one to attend upon her but Nanny.

What habitually befalls any person repeats itself more often than one is apt to suppose, because his own nature gives the immediate occasion for it. Character, individuality, inclination, tendency, locality, circumstance, and habits form together a whole, in which every man moves as in an atmosphere, and where only he feels himself at ease in his proper element.

And so we find men, of whose changeableness so many complaints are made, after many years, to our surprise, unchanged, and in all their infinite tendencies, outward and inward, unchangeable.

Thus, in the daily life of our friends, almost every thing glided on again in its old smooth track. Ottilie still displayed by many silent attentions her obliging nature, and the others like her continued each themselves; and then the domestic circle exhibited an image of their former life, so like it, that they might be pardoned if at times they fancied all might be again as it was once.

The autumn days, which were of the same length with those old spring days, brought the party back into the house out of the air about the same hour. The gay fruits and flowers which belonged to the season might have made them fancy it was now the autumn of that first spring, and the interval dropped out of remembrance; for the flowers which now were blowing were such as they then had sown, and the fruits were now ripening on the trees they had at that time seen in blossom.

The major went backwards and forwards, and Mittler came frequently. The evenings were generally spent in exactly the same way. Edward usually read aloud, with more life and feeling than before, much better, and even, it may be said, with more cheerfulness. It appeared as if he were endeavoring, by light-heartedness as much as by devotion, to quicken Ottilie's torpor into life, and dissolve her silence. He seated himself in the same position as he used to do, that she might look over his book: he was uneasy and distracted unless she was doing so, unless he was sure that she was following his words with her eyes.

Every trace had vanished of the unpleasant, ungracious feelings of the intervening time. No one had any secret complaint against another: there were no cross purposes, no bitterness. The major accompanied Charlotte's playing with his violin; and Edward's flute sounded again, as formerly, in harmony with Ottilie's piano. Thus they were now approaching Edward's birthday, which the year before they had missed celebrating. This time they were to keep it without any festivities, in quiet enjoyment among themselves. They had so settled it together, half expressly, half from a tacit agreement. As they approached nearer to this epoch, however, an anxiety about it, which had hitherto been more felt than observed, became more noticeable in Ottilie's manner. She was to be seen often in the garden examining the flowers. She had signified to the gardener that he was to save as many as he could of every sort; and she had been especially occupied with the asters, which this year were blowing in immense profusion.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The most remarkable feature, however, which was observed about Ottilie was, that, for the first time, she had now unpacked the box, and had selected a variety of things out of it, which she had cut up, and which were intended evidently to make one complete suit for her. The rest, with Nanny's assistance, she had endeavored to replace again; and she had been hardly able to get it done, the space being over full, although a portion had been taken out. The covetous little Nanny could never satisfy herself with looking at all the pretty things, especially as she found provision made there for every article of dress which could be wanted, even the smallest. Numbers of shoes and stockings, garters with devices on them, gloves, and various other things, were left; and she begged Ottilie just to give her one or two of them. Ottilie refused to do that, but opened a drawer in her wardrobe, and told the girl to take what she liked. The latter hastily and clumsily dashed in her hand and seized what she could, running off at once with her booty, to show it off and display her good fortune among the rest of the servants.

At last Ottilie succeeded in packing every thing carefully into its place. She then opened a secret compartment, which was contrived in the lid, where she kept a number of notes and letters from Edward, many dried flowers, the mementos of their early walks together, a lock of his hair, and various other little matters. She now added one more to them, — her father's portrait, — and then locked it all up, and hung the delicate key by a gold chain about her neck, against her heart.

In the mean time, her friends had now in their hearts begun to entertain the best hopes for her. Charlotte was convinced that she would one day begin to speak again. She had latterly seen signs about her which implied that she was engaged in secret about something; a look of cheerful self-satisfaction, a smile like that which hangs about the face of persons who have something pleasant and delightful, which they are keeping concealed from those whom they love. No one knew that she spent many hours in extreme exhaustion, and that only at rare intervals, when she appeared in public through the power of her will, she was able to rouse herself.

Mittler had latterly been a frequent visitor, and when he

came he staid longer than he usually did at other times. This strong-willed, resolute person was only too well aware that there is a certain moment in which alone it will answer to smite the iron. Ottilie's silence and reserve he interpreted according to his own wishes: no steps had as yet been taken towards a separation of the husband and wife. He hoped to be able to determine the fortunes of the poor girl in some not undesirable way. He listened, he allowed himself to seem convinced: he was discreet and unobtrusive, and conducted himself in his own way with sufficient prudence. There was but one occasion on which he uniformly forgot himself, — when he found an opportunity for giving his opinion upon subjects to which he attached a great importance. He lived much within himself: and when he was with others, his only relation to them generally was in active employment on their behalf; but if once, when among friends, his tongue broke fairly loose, as on more than one occasion we have already seen, he rolled out his words in utter recklessness whether they wounded or whether they pleased, whether they did evil or whether they did good.

The evening before the birthday, the major and Charlotte were sitting together expecting Edward, who had gone out for a ride; Mittler was walking up and down the room; Ottilie was in her own room, laying out the dress which she was to wear on the morrow, and making signs to her maid about a number of things, which the girl, who perfectly understood her silent language, arranged as she was ordered.

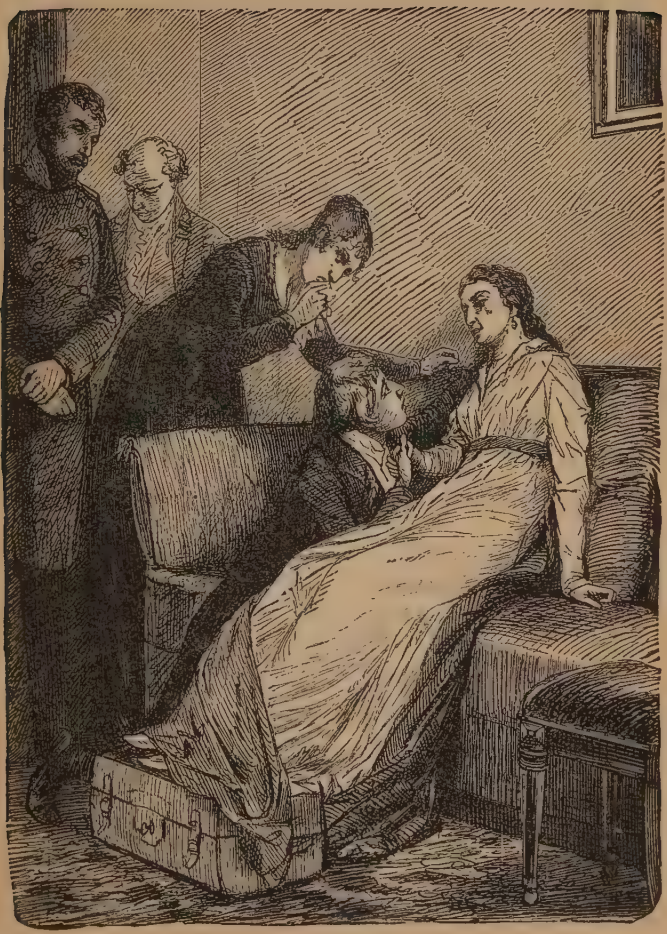
Mittler had fallen exactly on his favorite subject. One of the points on which he used most to insist was, that in the education of children, as well as in the conduct of nations, there was nothing more worthless and barbarous than laws and commandments forbidding this and that action. "Man is naturally active," he said, "wherever he is; and, if you know how to tell him what to do, he will do it immediately, and keep straight in the direction in which you set him. I myself, in my own circle, am far better pleased to endure faults and mistakes, till I know what the opposite virtue is that I am to enjoin, than to be rid of the faults and to have nothing good to put in their place. A man is really glad to do what is right and sensible, if he only knows how to get at it. It is no such great matter with him: he does it because he must have something to do, and he thinks no more about it afterwards than he does of the silliest freaks

which he engaged in out of the purest idleness. I cannot tell you how it annoys me to hear people going over and over those Ten Commandments in teaching children. The fifth is a thoroughly beautiful, rational, preceptive precept. 'Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother.' If the children will inscribe that well upon their hearts, they have the whole day before them to put it in practice. But the sixth now? What can we say to that? 'Thou shalt do no murder;' as if any man ever felt the slightest general inclination to strike another man dead. Men will hate sometimes; they will fly into passions and forget themselves; and, as a consequence of this or other feelings, it may easily come now and then to a murder; but what a barbarous precaution it is to tell children that they are not to kill or murder! If the commandment ran, 'Have a regard for the life of another; put away whatever can do him hurt; save him, though with personal risk; if you injure him, consider that you are injuring yourself,' — that is the form which should be in use among educated, reasonable people. And in our Catechism teaching we have only an awkward, clumsy way of sliding into it, through a 'what does that mean?'

"And as for the seventh, that is utterly detestable. What! to stimulate the precocious curiosity of children to pry into dangerous mysteries; to obtrude violently upon their imaginations ideas and notions which beyond all things you should wish to keep from them! It were far better if such actions as that commandment speaks of were dealt with arbitrarily by some secret tribunal, than prated openly of before church and congregation"—

At this moment Ottilie entered the room.

"'Thou shalt not commit adultery,'" Mittler went on: "How coarse! how brutal! What a different sound it has, if you let it run, 'Thou shalt hold in reverence the bond of marriage. When thou seest a husband and a wife between whom there is true love, thou shalt rejoice in it; and their happiness shall gladden thee like the cheerful light of a beautiful day. If there arise any thing to make division between them, thou shalt use thy best endeavor to clear it away. Thou shalt labor to pacify them, and to soothe them; to show each of them the excellencies of the other. Thou shalt not think of thyself; but with noble disinterestedness thou shalt seek to further the well-being of others, and make them feel what a happiness is that which arises out of all duty done, and especially out of that duty which holds man and wife indissolubly bound together.'"



Charlotte felt as if she was sitting on hot coals. The situation was the more distressing, as she was convinced that Mittler was not thinking the least where he was or what he was saying; and, before she was able to interrupt him, she saw Ottilie, after changing color painfully for a few seconds, rise, and leave the room.

Charlotte constrained herself to seem unembarrassed. "You will leave us the eighth commandment," she said, with a faint smile.

"All the rest," replied Mittler, "if I may only insist first on the foundation of the whole of them."

At this moment Nanny rushed in, screaming and crying, "She is dying; the young lady is dying; come to her, come!"

Ottilie had found her way back with extreme difficulty to her own room. The beautiful things she was to wear the next day were spread on a number of chairs; and the girl, who had been running from one to the other, staring at them and admiring them, called out in her ecstasy, "Look, dearest madam, only look! There is a bridal dress worthy of you."

Ottilie heard the word, and sank upon the sofa. Nanny saw her mistress turn pale, fall back, and faint. She ran for Charlotte, who came. The medical friend was on the spot in a moment. He thought it was nothing but exhaustion. He ordered some strong soup to be brought. Ottilie refused it with an expression of loathing: it almost threw her into convulsions when they put the cup to her lips. A light seemed to break on the physician: he asked hastily and anxiously what Ottilie had taken that day. The little girl hesitated. He repeated his question, and she then acknowledged that Ottilie had taken nothing.

There was a nervousness of manner about Nanny which made him suspicious. He carried her with him into the adjoining room; Charlotte followed; and the girl threw herself on her knees, and confessed, that, for a long time past, Ottilie had taken as good as nothing; at her mistress's urgent request, she had herself eaten the food which had been brought for her; she had said nothing about it, because Ottilie had by signs alternately begged her not to tell any one, and threatened her if she did; and, as she innocently added, "because it was so nice."

The major and Mittler now came up as well. They found Charlotte busy with the physician. The pale, beautiful girl

was sitting, apparently conscious, in the corner of the sofa. They had begged her to lie down ; she had declined to do this : but she made signs to have her box brought, and, resting her feet upon it, placed herself in an easy, half recumbent position. She seemed desirous of taking leave, and, by her gestures, was expressing to all about her the tenderest affection, love, gratitude, entreaties for forgiveness, and the most heartfelt farewell.

Edward, on alighting from his horse, was informed of what had happened : he rushed to the room, threw himself down at her side, and, seizing her hand, deluged it with silent tears. In this position he remained a long time. At last he called out, "And am I never more to hear your voice? Will you not turn back toward life, to give me one single word? Well, then, very well. I will follow you yonder, and there we will speak in another language."

She pressed his hand with all the strength she had : she gazed at him with a glance full of life and full of love ; and drawing a long breath, and for a little while moving her lips inarticulately, with a tender effort of affection she called out, "Promise me to live ; " and then fell back immediately.

"I promise, I promise ! " he cried to her ; but he cried only after her : she was already gone.

After a miserable night, the care of providing for the loved remains fell upon Charlotte. The major and Mittler assisted her. Edward's condition was utterly pitiable. His first thought, when he was in any degree recovered from his despair, and able to collect himself, was, that Ottilie should not be carried out of the castle, she should be kept there, and attended upon as if she were alive ; for she was not dead, it was impossible that she should be dead. They did what he desired ; at least, so far as that they did not do what he had forbidden. He did not ask to see her.

There was now a second alarm, and a further cause for anxiety. Nanny, who had been spoken to sharply by the physician, had been compelled by threats to confess, and after her confession had been overwhelmed with reproaches, had now disappeared. After a long search she was found, but she appeared to be out of her mind. Her parents took her home ; but the gentlest treatment had no effect upon her, and she had to be locked up for fear she should run away again.

They succeeded by degrees in rescuing Edward from utter despair, but only to make him more really wretched. He

now saw clearly, he could not doubt how, that the happiness of his life was gone from him forever. It was suggested to him, that, if Ottilie were buried in the chapel, she would still remain among the living; and it would be a calm, quiet, peaceful home for her. There was much difficulty in obtaining his consent: he would only give it under condition that she should be taken there in an open coffin; that the vault in which she was laid, if covered at all, should be only covered with glass; and a lamp should be kept always burning there. It was arranged that this should be done, and then he seemed resigned.

They clothed the lovely body in the festal dress she had herself prepared, and wreathed about her head a garland of asters, which shone sadly there like melancholy stars. To decorate the bier and the church and chapel, the gardens were robbed of their beauty: they lay desolate, as if a premature winter had blighted all their loveliness. At early morning she was borne in an open coffin out of the castle, and the heavenly features were once more reddened with the rising sun. The mourners crowded about her as she was being taken along. None would go before, none would follow, every one would be where she was, every one would enjoy her presence for the last time. Not one of all present, men, women, boys, remained unmoved; least of all to be consoled were the girls, who felt most immediately what they had lost.

Nanny was not present: it had been thought better not to allow it, and they had kept secret from her the day and the hour of the funeral. She was at her parent's house, closely watched, in a room looking towards the garden. But, when she heard the bells tolling, she knew too well what they meant; and her attendant having left her out of curiosity to see the funeral, she escaped out of the window into a passage, and from thence, finding all the doors locked, into an upper open loft. At this moment the funeral was passing through the village, which had been all freshly strewed with leaves. Nanny saw her mistress plainly close below her, more plainly, more entirely, than any one in the procession underneath; she appeared to be lifted above the earth, borne as it were on clouds or waves: and the girl fancied she was making signs to her; her senses swam; she tottered, swayed herself for a moment on the edge, and fell to the ground. The crowd fell asunder on all sides with a cry of horror. In the tumult and confusion, the bearers were obliged to set

down the coffin; the girl lay close by it; it seemed as if every limb was broken. They lifted her up, and by accident or providentially she was allowed to lean over the body: she appeared, indeed, to be endeavoring, with what remained to her of life, to reach her beloved mistress. Scarcely, however, had the loosely hanging limbs touched Ottilie's robe, and the powerless finger rested on the folded hands, than the girl started up, and, first raising her arms and eyes towards heaven, flung herself down upon her knees before the coffin, and gazed with passionate devotion at her mistress.

At last she sprang, as if inspired, from off the ground, and cried with a voice of ecstasy, "Yes, she has forgiven me what no man, what I myself, could never have forgiven. God forgives me through her look, her motion, her lips. Now she is lying again so still and quiet; but you saw how she raised herself up, and unfolded her hands and blessed me, and how kindly she looked at me. You all heard, you can witness, that she said to me, 'You are forgiven.' I am not a murderess any more. She has forgiven me. God has forgiven me, and no one may now say any thing more against me."

The people stood crowding around her. They were amazed: they listened, and looked this way and that; and no one knew what should next be done. "Bear her on to her rest," said the girl. "She has done her part: she has suffered, and cannot now remain any more among us." The bier moved on, Nanny now following it; and thus they reached the church and the chapel.

So now stood the coffin of Ottilie, with the child's coffin at her head, and her box at her feet, enclosed in a resting-place of massive oak. A woman had been provided to watch the body for the first part of the time, as it lay there so beautifully beneath its glass covering. But Nanny would not permit this duty to be taken from herself. She would remain alone without a companion, and attend to the lamp which was now kindled for the first time; and she begged to be allowed to do it with so much eagerness and perseverance, that they let her have her way, to prevent any greater evil that might ensue.

But she did not long remain alone. As night was falling, and the hanging lamp began to exercise its full right and shed abroad a larger lustre, the door opened, and the architect entered the chapel. The chastely ornamented walls in the mild light looked more strange, more awful, more antique,

than he was prepared to see them. Nanny was sitting on one side of the coffin. She recognized him immediately, but she pointed in silence to the pale form of her mistress. And there stood he on the other side, in the vigor of youth and of grace, with his arms drooping, and his hands clasped piteously together, motionless, with head and eye inclined over the inanimate body.

Once already he had stood thus before in the "Belisarius:" he had now involuntarily fallen into the same attitude. And this time how naturally! Here, too, was something of inestimable worth thrown down from its high estate. *There* were courage, prudence, power, rank, and wealth in one single man, lost irrevocably; *there* were qualities which, in decisive moments, had been of indispensable service to the nation and the prince, but which, when the moment was passed, were no more valued, but flung aside and neglected, and cared for no longer. And *here* were many other silent virtues, which had been summoned but a little time before by nature out of the depths of her treasures, and now swept rapidly away again by her careless hand, — rare, sweet, lovely virtues, whose peaceful workings the thirsty world had welcomed, while it had them, with gladness and joy, and now was sorrowing for them in unavailing desire.

Both the youth and the girl were silent for a long time. But when she saw the tears streaming fast down his cheeks, and he appeared to be sinking under the burden of his sorrow, she spoke to him with so much truthfulness and power, with such kindness and such confidence, that, astonished at the flow of her words, he was able to recover himself; and he saw his beautiful friend floating before him in the new life of a higher world. His tears ceased flowing; his sorrow grew lighter: on his knees he took leave of Ottilie; and, with a warm pressure of the hand of Nanny, he rode away from the spot into the night without having seen a single other person.

The surgeon had, without the girl being aware of it, remained all night in the church; and, when he went in the morning to see her, he found her cheerful and tranquil. He was prepared for wild aberrations. He thought that she would be sure to speak to him of conversations which she had held in the night with Ottilie, and of other such apparitions. But she was natural, quiet, and perfectly self-possessed. She remembered accurately what had happened in her previous life: she could describe the circumstances of it with the

greatest exactness, and never, in any thing which she said, stepped out of the course of what was real and natural, except in her account of what had passed with the body, which she delighted to repeat again and again, how Ottilie had raised herself up, had blessed her, had forgiven her, and thereby set her at rest forever.

Ottilie remained so long in her beautiful state, which more resembled sleep than death, that a number of persons were attracted there to look at her. The neighbors and the villagers wished to see her again, and every one desired to hear Nanny's incredible story from her own mouth. Many laughed at it, most doubted, and some few were found who were able to believe.

Difficulties, for which no real satisfaction is attainable, compel us to faith. Before the eyes of all the world, Nanny's limbs had been broken, and by touching the sacred body she had been restored to strength again. Why should not others find similar good fortune? Delicate mothers first privately brought their children who were suffering from obstinate disorders, and they believed that they could trace an immediate improvement. The confidence of the people increased, and at last there was no one so old or so weak as not to have come to seek fresh life and health and strength at this place. The concourse became so great, that they were obliged, except at the hours of divine service, to keep the church and chapel closed.

Edward did not venture to look at her again: he lived on mechanically; he seemed to have no tears left, and to be incapable of any further suffering; his power of taking interest in what was going on diminished every day; his appetite gradually failed. The only refreshment which did him any good was what he drank out of the glass, which to him, indeed, had been but an untrue prophet. He continued to gaze at the intertwining initials, and the earnest cheerfulness of his expression seemed to signify that he still hoped to be united with her at last. And as every little circumstance combines to favor the fortunate, and every accident contributes to elate him; so do the most trifling occurrences love to unite to crush and overwhelm the unhappy. One day, as Edward raised the beloved glass to his lips, he put it down, and thrust it from him with a shudder. It was the same, and not the same. He missed a little private mark upon it. The valet was questioned, and had to confess that the real glass had not long since been broken, and that one like

it, belonging to the same set, had been substituted in its place.

Edward could not be angry. His destiny had spoken out with sufficient clearness in the fact, and how should he be affected by the shadow? and yet it touched him deeply. He seemed now to dislike taking any beverage, and thenceforward purposely to abstain from food and from speaking.

But from time to time a sort of restlessness came over him: he would desire to eat and drink something, and would begin again to speak. "Ah!" he said one day to the major, who now seldom left his side, "how unhappy I am that all my efforts are but imitations ever, and false and fruitless. What was blessedness to her, is pain to me; and yet, for the sake of this blessedness, I am forced to take this pain upon myself. I must go after her, follow her by the same road. But my nature and my promise hold me back. It is a terrible difficulty, indeed, to imitate the inimitable. I feel clearly, my dear friend, that genius is required for every thing, — for martyrdom as well as the rest."

What shall we say of the endeavors which, in this hopeless condition, were made for him? His wife, his friends, his physician, incessantly labored to do something for him. But it was all in vain: at last they found him dead. Mittler was the first to make the melancholy discovery: he called the physician, and examined closely, with his usual presence of mind, the circumstances under which he had been found. Charlotte rushed in; for she was afraid that he had committed suicide, and accused herself and accused others of unpardonable carelessness. But the physician on natural, and Mittler on moral, grounds, were soon able to satisfy her of the contrary. It was quite clear that Edward's end had taken him by surprise. In a quiet moment he had taken out of his pocket-book and out of a casket every thing which remained to him as memorials of Ottilie, and had spread them out before him, — a lock of hair, flowers which had been gathered in some happy hour, and every letter which she had written to him from the first, which his wife had ominously happened to give him. It was impossible that he would intentionally have exposed these to the danger of being seen by the first person who might happen to discover him.

But so lay the heart, which, but a short time before, had been so swift and eager, at rest now, where it could never be disturbed; and falling asleep, as he did, with his thoughts on one so saintly, he might well be called blessed. Char-

lotte gave him his place at Ottilie's side, and arranged that thenceforth no other person should be placed with them in the same vault.

In order to secure this, she made it a condition under which she settled considerable sums of money on the church and the school.

So lie the lovers, sleeping side by side. Peace hovers above their resting-place. Fair angel faces gaze down upon them from the vaulted ceiling; and what a happy moment that will be when one day they wake again together!

THE GOOD WOMEN.

Henrietta and Armidoro had been for some time engaged in walking through the garden, in which the Summer Club was accustomed to assemble. It had long been their practice to arrive before the other members; for they entertained the warmest attachment to each other, and their pure and virtuous friendship fostered the delightful hope that they would shortly be united in the bonds of unchanging affection.

Henrietta, who was of a lively disposition, no sooner perceived her friend Amelia approach the summer-house from a distance, than she ran to welcome her. The latter was already seated at a table in the ante-chamber, where the newspapers, journals, and other recent publications, lay displayed.

It was her custom to spend occasional evenings in reading in this apartment, without paying attention to the company who came and went, or suffering herself to be disturbed by the rattling of the dice, or the loud conversation which prevailed at the gaming-tables. She spoke little, except for the purpose of rational conversation. Henrietta, on the contrary, was not so sparing of her words; being of an easily satisfied disposition, and ever ready with expressions of commendation. They were soon joined by a third person, whom we shall call Sinclair. "What news do you bring?" exclaimed Henrietta, addressing him as he approached.

"You will scarcely guess," replied Sinclair, as he opened a portfolio. "And even if I inform you that I have brought for your inspection the engravings intended for the 'Ladies' Almanac' of this year, you will hardly guess the subjects they portray; but when I tell you that young ladies are represented in a series of twelve engravings" —

"Indeed!" exclaimed Henrietta, interrupting him, "you have no intention, I perceive, of putting our ingenuity to the test. You jest, if I mistake not; for you know how I delight in riddles and charades, and in guessing my friends' enigmas. Twelve young ladies, you say, — sketches of character, I suppose; some adventures or situations, or something else that redounds to the honor of the sex."

Sinclair smiled in silence; whilst Amelia watched him with calm composure, and then remarked, with that fine sarcastic tone which so well became her, "If I read his countenance truly, he has something to produce of which we shall not quite approve. Men are so fond of discovering something which shall have the appearance of turning us into ridicule."

Sinclair. — You are becoming serious, Amelia, and threaten to grow satirical. I shall scarcely venture to open my little packet.

Henrietta. — Oh! produce it.

Sinclair. — They are caricatures.

Henrietta. — I love them of all things.

Sinclair. — Sketches of naughty ladies.

Henrietta. — So much the better: we do not belong to that class. Their portraits would afford us as little pleasure as their society.

Sinclair. — Shall I show them?

Henrietta. — Do so at once.

So saying, she snatched the portfolio from him, took out the pictures, spread six of them upon the table, glanced over them hastily, and then shuffled them together as if they had been a pack of cards. "Capital!" she exclaimed: "they are done to the very life. This one, for instance, holding a pinch of snuff to her nose, is the very image of Madame S——, whom we shall meet this evening; and this old lady with the cat is not unlike my grand-aunt; that figure holding the skein of thread resembles our old milliner. We can find an original for every one of these ugly figures; and even amongst the men, I have somewhere or other seen such an old fellow bent double, and also a close resemblance to the figure holding the thread. They are full of fun, these engravings, and admirably executed."

Amelia, who had glanced carelessly at the pictures and instantly withdrawn her eyes, inquired how they could look for resemblances in such things. "One deformity is like another, just as the beautiful ever resembles the beautiful

Our minds are irresistibly attracted by the latter in the same degree as they are repelled by the former.

Sinclair. — But our fancy and our wit find more amusement in deformity than in beauty. Much can be made of the former, but nothing at all of the latter.

"But beauty exalts, whilst deformity degrades, us," observed Armidoro, who, from his post at the window, had paid silent attention to all that had occurred. Without approaching the table, he now withdrew into the adjoining cabinet.

All clubs have their peculiar epochs. The interest the members take in each other, and their friendly agreement, are of a fluctuating character. The club of which we speak had now attained its zenith. The members were, for the most part, men of refinement, or at least of calm and quiet deportment: they mutually recognized each other's value, and allowed all want of merit to find its own level. Each one sought his own individual amusement, and the general conversation was often of a nature to attract attention.

At this time, a gentleman named Seyton arrived, accompanied by his wife. He was a man who had seen much of the world, first from his engagement in business, and afterwards in political affairs: he was, moreover, an agreeable companion; although, in mixed society, he was chiefly remarkable for his talent as a card-player. His wife was a worthy woman, kind and faithful, and enjoying the most perfect confidence and esteem of her husband. She felt happy that she could now give uncontrolled indulgence to her taste for pleasure. At home she could not exist without a companion, and she found in amusement and diversions the only incentive to home enjoyment.

We must treat our readers as strangers, or rather as visitors to the club: and in full confidence we must introduce them speedily to our new society. A poet paints his characters by describing their actions: we must adopt a shorter course, and by a hasty sketch introduce our readers rapidly to the scenes.

Seyton approached the table and looked at the pictures.

"A discussion has arisen," observed Henrietta, "with respect to caricatures. What side do you take? I am in favor of them, and wish to know whether all caricatures do not possess something irresistibly attractive?"

Amelia. — And does not every evil calumny, provide it relate to the absent, also possess an incredible charm?

Henrietta. — But does not a sketch of this kind produce an indelible impression?

Amelia. — And that is just the reason why I condemn it. Is not the indelible impression of what is disagreeable precisely the evil which so constantly pursues us in life and destroys our greatest enjoyments?

Henrietta. — Favor us, Seyton, with your opinion.

Seyton. — I should propose a compromise. Why should our pictures be better than ourselves? Our nature seems to have two sides, which cannot exist separately. Light and darkness, good and evil, height and depth, virtue and vice, and a thousand other contradictions unequally distributed, appear to constitute the component parts of human nature; and why, therefore, should I blame an artist, who, whilst he paints an angel bright, brilliant, and beautiful, on the other hand paints a devil black, ugly, and hateful?

Amelia. — There could be no objection to such a course, if caricaturists did not introduce within their province subjects which belong to higher spheres.

Seyton. — So far, I think you perfectly right. But artists, whose province is the Beautiful alone, also appropriate what does not precisely belong to them.

Amelia. — I have no patience, however, with caricaturists who ridicule the portraits of eminent men. In spite of my better sense, I can never consider that great man Pitt as any thing else than a snub-nosed broomstick; and Fox, who was in many respects an estimable character, any thing better than a pig stuffed to its utmost capacity.

Henrietta. — Precisely my view. Caricatures of such a nature make an indelible impression, and I cannot deny that it often affords amusement to evoke their recollection and pervert them even into worse distortions.

Sinclair. — But, ladies, allow us to revert for a moment from this discussion to a consideration of our engravings.

Seyton. — I observe that a fancy for dogs is here delineated in no very flattering manner.

Amelia. — I have no objection, for I detest these animals.

Sinclair. — First an enemy to caricatures, and then unfriendly to the dog tribe.

Amelia. — And why not? What are such animals but caricatures of men?

Seyton. — You probably remember what a certain traveller relates of the city of Grätz, "that the place was full of dogs, and of dumb persons half idiotic." Might it not be possible

that the habitual sight of so many barking, senseless animals should have produced an effect upon the human race?

Sinclair. — Our attachment to animals deteriorates our passions and affections.

Amelia. — But if our reason, according to the general expression, is sometimes capable of standing still, it may surely do so in the presence of dogs.

Sinclair. — Fortunately there is no one in our company who cares for dogs but Madame Seyton. She is very much attached to her pretty greyhound.

Seyton. — And that same animal is particularly dear and valuable to her husband.

Madame Seyton, from a distance, raised her finger in threat of her husband.

Seyton. — I know a proof that such animals detach our affections from their legitimate objects. May I not, my dear child (addressing his wife), relate our anecdote? We need not be ashamed of it.

Madame Seyton signified her assent by a friendly nod, and he commenced his narration.

"We loved each other, and had entered into an engagement to marry before we had well considered the possibility of supporting an establishment. At length better hopes began to dawn, when I was unexpectedly compelled to set out upon a journey which threatened to last longer than I could have wished. On my departure I forgot my favorite greyhound. It had often been in the habit of accompanying me to the house of my betrothed, sometimes returning with me, and occasionally remaining behind. It now became her property, was a cheerful companion, and reminded her of my return. At home the little animal afforded much amusement; and in the promenades, where we had so often walked together, it seemed constantly engaged in looking for me, and barked as if announcing me, as it sprang from among the trees. My darling little Meta amused itself thus for a considerable time by fancying me really present, until at length, about the time when I had hoped to return, the period of my absence being again indefinitely prolonged, the poor animal pined away and died."

Madame Seyton. — Just so, dear husband. And your narrative is sweetly interesting.

Seyton. — You are quite at liberty to interrupt me, my dear, if you think fit. My friend's house now seemed desolate; her walks had lost all their interest; her favorite dog,

which had ever been at her side when she wrote to me, had grown to be an actual necessity of existence; and her letters were now discontinued. She found, however, some consolation in the company of a handsome youth, who evinced an anxiety to fill the place of her former four-footed companion, both in the house and on her walks. But without enlarging on this subject, and let me be ever so inimical to rash judgments, I may say that matters began to assume a rather critical appearance.

Madame Seyton. — I must let you continue. A story which is all truth, and wholly free from exaggeration, is seldom worth hearing.

Seyton. — A mutual friend, versed in the world, and acquainted with human nature, continued to reside near my dear friend after my departure. He paid frequent visits at her house, and had noticed the change she had undergone. He formed his plan in secrecy, and called upon her one day, accompanied by a greyhound which precisely resembled mine. The cordially affectionate and appropriate address with which he accompanied his present, the unexpected appearance of a favorite which seemed to have risen from the grave, the silent rebuke with which her susceptible heart reproached her at the sight, brought back to her mind a lively recollection of me. My young friend, who had hitherto filled my place, accordingly received his *congé* in the politest manner possible; and the new favorite was retained by the lady as her constant companion. When, upon my return, I held my beloved in my embrace, I thought the greyhound was my own, and wondered not a little that he barked at me as at a stranger. I thought that dogs of the present day had far less faithful memories than those of classical times, and observed that Ulysses had been remembered by his dog after many years' absence, whilst mine had forgotten me in an incredibly short space of time. "And yet he has taken good care of your Penelope," she replied, promising at the same time to explain her mysterious speech. This was soon done, for cheerful confidence has at all times caused the happiness of our union.

Madame Seyton. — Well, now, conclude with the anecdote. If you please, I will walk for an hour; for you intend doubtless to sit down to the card-table.

He nodded his assent. She took the arm of her companion, and went towards the door. "Take the dog with you, my dear!" he exclaimed as she departed. The entire

company smiled, as did Seyton also, when he saw how apt had been his unintentional observation; and every one else silently felt a trifling degree of malicious satisfaction.

Sinclair. — You have told us of a dog that was happily instrumental in promoting a marriage: I can tell of another whose influence destroyed one. I was also once in love, and it was also my fate to set out upon a journey; and I also left my love behind me, with this difference: my wish to possess her was as yet unknown to her. At length I returned. The many adventures in which I had engaged were strongly imprinted upon my mind. Like all travellers I was fond of recounting them, and I hoped by this means to win the attention and sympathy of my beloved. I was anxious that she should know all the experience I had acquired, and the pleasures I had enjoyed. But I found that her attention was wholly directed to a dog. Whether this was done from that spirit of opposition which so often characterizes the fair sex, or whether it arose from some unlucky accident, it so happened that the amiable qualities of the dog, their pretty amusements, and her attachment to the little animal, were the sole topics of conversation which she could find for a lover who had long been passionately devoted to her. I marvelled, and ceased speaking; then related various other circumstances I had reserved for her whilst I was absent. I then felt vexed at her coldness, and took my leave, but soon returned with feelings of self-reproach, and became even more unhappy than before. Under these circumstances our attachment cooled, our acquaintance was discontinued; and I felt in my heart that I might attribute the misfortune to a dog.

Armidoro, who had once more joined the company from the cabinet, observed, upon hearing the anecdote, "that it would be interesting to make a collection of stories showing the influence social animals of the lower order exercise over mankind. In the expectation that such a collection will be one day made, I will relate an anecdote to show how a dog was the cause of a very tragical occurrence.

"Ferrand and Cardano, two noblemen, had been attached friends from their very earliest youth. As court-pages, and as officers in the same regiment, they had shared many adventures together, and had become thoroughly acquainted with each other's dispositions. Cardano's attraction was the fair sex, whilst Ferrand had a passion for gambling. The former was thoughtless and haughty, the latter suspi-

cious and reserved. It happened, at a time when Cardano was accidentally obliged to break off a certain tender attachment, that he left a beautiful little pet spaniel behind him. He soon procured another, which he afterwards presented to a second lady, from whom he was about to separate; and from that time, upon taking leave of every new female friend with whom he had become intimate, he invariably presented her with a similar little spaniel. Ferrand was aware of Cardano's peculiar habit in this respect, but he never paid much attention to the circumstance.

"The different pursuits of the two friends at length caused a long separation between them; and, when they next met, Ferrand had become a married man, and was leading the life of a country gentleman. Cardano spent some time with him, either at his house or in the neighborhood, where, as he had many relations and friends, he resided for nearly a year.

"Upon his departure, Ferrand's attention was attracted by a very beautiful spaniel of which his wife had lately become possessed. He took it in his arms, admired its beauty, stroked it, praised it, and inquired where she had obtained so charming an animal. She replied, 'From Cardano.' He was at once struck with the memory of by-gone times and events, and with a recollection of the significant memorial with which Cardano was accustomed to mark his insincerity: he felt oppressed with the indignity of an injured husband, raged violently, flung the innocent little animal with fury to the earth, and ran from the apartment amid the cries of the spaniel and the supplications of his astonished wife. A fearful dispute and countless disagreeable consequences ensued, which, though they did not produce an actual divorce, ended in a mutual agreement to separate; and a ruined household was the termination of this adventure."

The story was not quite finished when Eulalia entered the apartment. She was a young lady whose society was universally sought after; and she formed one of the most attractive ornaments of the club, — an accomplished woman and successful authoress.

The female caricatures were laid before her with which a clever artist had sinned against the fair sex, and she was invited to defend her good sisterhood.

"Probably," said Amelia, "a collection of these charming portraits is intended for the almanac, and possibly some

celebrated author will undertake the witty task of explaining in words what the ingenious artist has represented in his pictures."

Sinclair felt that the pictures were not worthy of utter condemnation; nor could he deny that some sort of explanation of their meaning was necessary, as a caricature which is not understood is worthless, and is, in fact, only valuable for its application. For, however the ingenious artist may endeavor to display his wit, he cannot always succeed; and without a title or an explanation his labor is lost: words alone can give it value.

Amelia. — Then, let words bestow a value upon this little picture. A young lady has fallen asleep in an arm-chair, having been engaged, as it appears, with some sort of writing. Another lady, who stands by weeping, presents a small box, or something else, to her companion. What can it mean?

Sinclair. — Am I, after all, to explain it, notwithstanding that the ladies seem but ill disposed both to caricatures and their expounders? I am told that it is intended to represent an authoress, who was accustomed to compose at night: she always obliged her maid to hold her inkstand, and forced the poor creature to remain in that posture, even when she herself had been overcome by sleep, and the office of her maid had thus been rendered useless. She was desirous, on awaking, to resume the thread of her thoughts and of her composition, and wished to find her pen and ink ready at the same moment.

Arbon, a thoughtful artist who had accompanied Eulalia, declared war against the picture. He observed, that to delineate this circumstance, or whatever it may be called, another course should have been adopted.

Henrietta. — Let us, then, compose the picture afresh.

Arbon. — But let us first of all consider the subject attentively. It seems natural enough that a person employed in writing should cause the inkstand to be held, if the circumstances are such that no place can be found to set it down. So Brantome's grandmother held the inkstand for the Queen of Navarre, when the latter, reposing in her litter, composed the history which we have all read with so much pleasure. Again, that any one who writes in bed should cause his inkstand to be held, is quite conceivable. But tell us, pretty Henrietta, you who are so fond of questioning and guessing, tell us what the artist should have done to represent this subject properly.

Henrietta. — He ought to have removed the table, and given the sleeper such an attitude, that nothing should appear at hand upon which an inkstand could be placed.

Arbon. — Quite right. I should have drawn her in a well-cushioned easy-chair, of the fashion which, if I mistake not, are called Bergères: she should have been near the fireplace, and presenting a front view to the spectator. I should suppose her to be engaged in writing upon her knee, for usually one becomes uncomfortable in exacting an inconvenience from another. The paper sinks upon her lap, the pen from her hand; and a sweet maiden stands near, holding the inkstand with a forlorn look.

Henrietta. — Quite right. But here we have an inkstand upon the table already; and what is to be done, therefore, with the inkstand in the hand of the maiden? It is not easy to conceive why she should seem to be wiping away her tears.

Sinclair. — Here I defend the artist: he allows scope for the ingenuity of the commentator.

Arbon. — Who will probably be engaged in exercising his wit upon the headless men that hang against the wall. This seems to me a clear proof of the inevitable confusion that arises from uniting arts between which there is no natural connection. If we were not accustomed to see engravings with explanations appended to them, the evil would cease. I have no objection that a clever artist should attempt witty representations; but they are difficult to execute, and he should at all events endeavor to make his subject independent of explanations. I could even tolerate remarks and little sentences issuing from the mouths of his figures, provided he turn his own commentator.

Sinclair. — But, if you allow such a thing as a witty picture, you must admit that it is intended only for persons of intelligence; it can possess an attraction for none but those conversant with the occurrences of the day: why, then, should we object to a commentator who enables us to understand the nature of the intellectual amusement prepared for us?

Arbon. — I have no objection to explanations of pictures which fail to explain themselves. But they should be short and to the point. Wit is for the well-informed, they alone can understand a witty work; and the productions of by-gone times and foreign lands are completely lost upon us. It is all well enough with the aid of such notes as we find

appended to Rabelais and Hudibras, but what should we say of an author who should find it necessary to write one witty work to elucidate another? Wit, even when fresh from its fountain, is oftentimes feeble enough: it will scarcely become stronger by passing through two or three hands.

Sinclair. — How I wish, that, instead of thus arguing, we could assist our friend, the owner of these pictures, who would be glad to hear the opinions that have been expressed.

Armidoro. — (Coming from the cabinet.) I perceive that the company is still engaged with these much-censured pictures: had they produced a pleasant impression, they would doubtless have been laid aside long ago.

Amelia. — I propose that that be their fate now: the owner must be required to make no use of them. What! a dozen and more hateful, objectionable pictures to appear in a Ladies' Almanac! Can the man be blind to his own interest? He will ruin his speculation. What lover will present a copy to his mistress, what husband to his wife, what father to his daughter, when the first glance will display such a libel upon the sex?

Armidoro. — I have a proposal to make. These objectionable pictures are not the first of the kind which have appeared in the best almanacs. Our celebrated Chodoviecki has, in his collection of monthly engravings, already represented scenes, not only untrue to nature, but low, and devoid of all pretensions to taste; but how did he do it? Opposite the pictures I allude to, he delineated others of a most charming character, — scenes in perfect harmony with nature, the result of a high education, of long study, and of an innate taste for the Good and Beautiful. Let us go a step beyond the editor of the proposed almanac, and act in opposition to his project. If the intelligent artist has chosen to portray the dark side of his subject, let our author or authoress, if I may dare to express my view, choose the bright side to exercise her talents, and so form a complete work. I shall not longer delay, Eulalia, to unite my own wishes to this proposal. Undertake a description of good female characters. Create the opposite to these engravings, and employ the charm of your pen, not to elucidate these pictures, but to annihilate them.

Sinclair. — Do, Eulalia. Render us that favor: make haste and promise!

Eulalia. — Authors are ever apt to promise too easily,

because they hope for ability to execute their wishes; but experience has rendered me cautious. And even if I could foresee the necessary leisure, within so short a space of time, I should yet hesitate to undertake the arduous duty. The praises of our sex should be spoken by a man, — a young, ardent, loving man. A degree of enthusiasm is requisite for the task, and who has enthusiasm for one's own sex?

Armidoro. — I should prefer intelligence, justice, and delicacy of taste.

Sinclair. — And who can discourse better on the character of good women than the authoress from whose fairy-tale of yesterday we all derived such pleasure and so much incomparable instruction?

Eulalia. — The fairy-tale was not mine.

Sinclair. — Not yours?

Armidoro. — To that I can bear witness.

Sinclair. — But still it was a lady's?

Eulalia. — The production of a friend.

Sinclair. — Then, there are two Eulalias.

Eulalia. — Many, perhaps; and better than —

Armidoro. — Will you relate to the company what you so lately confided to me? You will all hear with astonishment how this delightful production originated.

Eulalia. — A young lady, with whose great excellence I became accidentally acquainted upon a journey, found herself once in a situation of extreme perplexity, the circumstances of which it would be tedious to narrate. A gentleman to whom she was under many obligations, and who finally offered her his hand, having won her entire esteem and confidence, in a moment of weakness obtained from her the privileges of a husband before their vows of love had been cemented by marriage. Some peculiar circumstances compelled him to travel; and, in the retirement of a country residence, she anticipated with fear and apprehension the moment when she should become a mother. She used to write to me daily, and informed me of every circumstance that happened. But there was shortly nothing more to fear — she now needed only patience; and I observed, from the tone of her letters, that she began to reflect with a disturbed mind upon all that had already occurred, and upon what was yet to take place in her regard. I determined, therefore, to address her in an earnest tone, on the duty she owed no less to herself than to her infant, whose support, partic-

ularly at the commencement of its existence, depended so much upon her mind being free from anxiety. I sought to console and to cheer her, and happened to send her several volumes of fairy-tales she had wished to read. Her own desire to escape from the burden of her melancholy thoughts, and the arrival of these books, formed a remarkable coincidence. She could not help reflecting frequently upon her peculiar fate; and she therefore adopted the expedient of clothing all her past sorrowful adventures, as well as her painful apprehensions for the future, in a garb of romance. The events of her past life, — her attachment, her passion, her errors, and her sweet maternal cares, — no less than her present sad condition, were all embodied by her imagination in forms vivid, though impalpable, and passed before her mind in a varied succession of strange and unearthly fancies. Pen in hand, she spent many a day and night noting down her reflections.

Amelia. — In which occupation she must have found it difficult to hold her inkstand.

Eulalia. — Thus did I acquire the rare collection of letters which I now possess. They are all picturesque, strange, and romantic. I never received from her an account of any thing actual, so that I sometimes trembled for her reason. Her own situation, the birth of her infant, her sweet affection for her offspring, her joys, her hopes, and her maternal fears, were all treated as events of another world, from which she only expected to be liberated by the arrival of her husband. On her nuptial day she concluded the fairy-tale which you heard recited yesterday, almost in her own words, and which derives its chief interest from the unusual circumstances under which it was composed.

The company could not sufficiently express their astonishment at this statement; and Seyton, who had abandoned his place at the gaming-table to another person, now entered the apartment, and made inquiries concerning the subject of conversation. He was briefly informed that it related to a fairy-tale, which, partly founded on facts, had been composed by the fantastic imagination of a mind not altogether sound.

"It is a great pity," he remarked, "that private diaries are so completely out of fashion. Twenty years ago they were in general use, and many persons thought they possessed a veritable treasure in the record of their daily thoughts. I recollect a very worthy lady upon whom this custom entailed a sad misfortune. A certain governess had been accustomed

from her earliest youth to keep a regular diary; and, in fact, she considered its composition to form an indispensable part of her daily duties. She continued the habit when she grew up, and did not lay it aside even when she married. Her memorandums were not looked upon by her as absolute secrets, she had no occasion for such mystery; and she frequently read passages from it for the amusement of her friends and of her husband. But the book in its entirety was intrusted to nobody. The account of her husband's attachment had been entered in her diary with the same minuteness with which she had formerly noted down the ordinary occurrences of the day; and the entire history of her own affectionate feelings had been described from their first opening hour until they had ripened into a passion, and at length become a rooted habit. Upon one occasion this diary accidentally fell in her husband's way, and the perusal afforded him a strange entertainment. He had undesignedly approached the writing-desk upon which the book lay, and, without suspicion or intention, had read through an entire page which was open before him. He took the opportunity of referring to a few previous and subsequent passages, and then retired with the comfortable assurance that it was high time to discontinue the disagreeable amusement."

Henrietta. — But, according to the wish of my friend, our conversation should be confined to good women; and already we are turning to those who can scarcely be counted among the best.

Seyton. — Why this constant reference to bad and good? Should we not be quite as well contented with others as with ourselves, either as we have been formed by nature, or improved by education?

Armidoro. — I think it would be at once pleasant and useful to arrange and collect a series of anecdotes such as we have heard narrated, and many of which are founded on real occurrences. Light and delicate traits which mark the characters of men are well worthy of our attention, even though they give birth to no extraordinary adventures. They are useless to writers of romance, being devoid of all exciting interest; and worthless to the tribe of anecdote-collectors, for they are for the most part destitute of wit and spirit; but they would always prove entertaining to a reader who, in a mood of quiet contemplation, should wish to study the general characteristics of mankind.

Sinclair. — Well said. And, if we had only thought of so

praiseworthy a work a little earlier, we might have assisted our friend, the editor of the "Ladies' Calendar," by composing a dozen anecdotes, if not of model women, at least of well-behaved personages, to balance his catalogue of naughty ladies.

Amelia. — I should be particularly pleased with a collection of incidents to show how a woman forms the very soul and existence of a household; and this because the artist has introduced a sketch of a spendthrift and improvident wife, to the defamation of our sex.

Seyton. — I can furnish Amelia with a case precisely in point.

Amelia. — Let us hear it. But do not imitate the usual custom of men who undertake to defend the ladies: they frequently begin with praise, and end with censure.

Seyton. — Upon this occasion, however, I do not fear the perversion of my intention, through the influence of any evil spirit. A young man once became tenant of a large hotel which was established in a good situation. Amongst the qualities which recommend a host, he possessed a more than ordinary share of good temper; and, as he had from his youth been a friend to the ale-house, he was peculiarly fortunate in selecting a pursuit in which he found it necessary to devote a considerable portion of the day to his home duties. He was neither careful nor negligent, and his own good temper exercised a perceptible influence over the numerous guests who assembled around him.

He had married a young person who was of a quiet, pleasing disposition. She paid punctual attention to her business, was attached to her household pursuits, and loved her husband; though she often found fault with him in secret for his carelessness in money matters. She had, as it were, a great reverence for ready money: she thoroughly comprehended its value, and understood the advantage of securing a provision for herself. Devoid of all activity of disposition, she had every tendency to avarice. But a small share of avarice becomes a woman, however ill extravagance may suit her. Generosity is a manly virtue, but parsimony is becoming in a woman. This is the rule of nature, and our judgments must be subservient thereto.

Margaret (for such was the name of this prudent personage) was very much dissatisfied with her husband's carelessness. Upon occasions when large payments were made to him by his customers, it was his habit to leave the money

lying for a considerable time upon the table, and then to collect it in a basket, from which he afterwards paid it away, without making it up into packages, and without keeping any account of its application. His wife plainly perceived, that even without actual extravagance, where there was such a total want of system, considerable sums must be wasted. She was above all things anxious to make her husband change his negligent habits, and became grieved to observe that the small savings she collected and so carefully retained were as nothing in comparison with the money that was squandered, and determined, therefore, to adopt a rather dangerous expedient to make her husband open his eyes. She resolved to defraud him of as much money as possible, and for this purpose had recourse to an extraordinary plan. She had observed, that, when he had once counted his money which he allowed to remain so long upon the table, he never reckoned it over a second time before putting it away: she therefore rubbed the bottom of a candlestick with tallow, and then, apparently without design, placed it near the spot where the ducats lay exposed, a species of coin for which she entertained a warm partiality. She thus gained possession of a few pieces, and subsequently of some other coins, and was soon sufficiently well satisfied with her success. She therefore repeated the operation frequently, and entertained no scruple about employing such evil means to effect so praiseworthy an object, and tranquillized her conscience by the reflection that such a mode of abstracting her husband's money could not be termed robbery, as her hands were not employed for the purpose. Her secret treasure increased gradually, and soon became very much greater by the addition of the ready money she herself received from the customers of the hotel, and of which she invariably retained possession.

She had carried on this practice for a whole year, and, though she carefully watched her husband, never had reason to believe that his suspicions were awakened, until at length he began to grow discontented and unhappy. She induced him to tell her the cause of his anxiety, and learned that he was grievously perplexed. After the last payment he had made of a considerable sum of money, he had laid aside his rent; and not only this had disappeared, but he was unable to meet the demand of his landlord from any other channel: and as he had always been accustomed to keep his accounts in his head, and to write down nothing, he could not understand the cause of the deficiency.

Margaret reminded him of his great carelessness, censured his thoughtless manner of receiving and paying away money, and spoke of his general imprudence. Even his generous disposition did not escape her remarks; and, in truth, he had no excuse to offer for a course of conduct, the consequences of which he had so much reason to regret.

But she could not leave her husband long in this state of grievous trouble, more especially as she felt a pride in being able to render him happy once more. Accordingly, to his great astonishment, on his birthday, which she was always accustomed to celebrate by presenting him with something useful, she entered his private apartment with a basket filled with rouleaux of money. The different descriptions of coin were packed together separately, and the contents carefully indorsed in a handwriting by no means of the best. It would be difficult to describe his astonishment at finding before him the precise sums he had missed, or at his wife's assurance that they belonged to him. She thereupon circumstantially described the time and the manner of her abstracting them, confessed the amount which she had taken, and told also how much she had saved by her own careful attention. His despair was now changed into joy; and the result was, that he abandoned to his wife all the duty of receiving and paying away money for the future. His business was carried on even more prosperously than before; although, from the day of which we have spoken, not a farthing ever passed through his hands. His wife discharged the duty of banker with extraordinary credit to herself: no false money was ever taken; and the establishment of her complete authority in the house was the natural and just consequence of her activity and care; and, after the lapse of ten years, she and her husband were in a condition to purchase the hotel for themselves.

Sinclair. — And so all this truth, love, and fidelity ended in the wife becoming the veritable mistress. I should like to know how far the opinion is just that women have a tendency to acquire authority.

Amelia. — There it is again. Censure, you observe, is sure to follow in the wake of praise.

Armidoro. — Favor us with your sentiments on this subject, good Eulalia. I think I have observed in your writings no disposition to defend your sex against this imputation.

Eulalia. — In as far as it is an imputation, I should wish it were removed by the conduct of our sex. But, where we

have a right to authority, we can need no excuse. We like authority, because we are human. For what else is authority, in the sense in which we use it, than a desire for independence, and the enjoyment of existence as much as possible? This is a privilege all men seek with determination; but our ambition appears, perhaps, more objectionable, because nature, usage, and social regulations place restraints upon our sex, whilst they enlarge the authority of men. What men possess naturally, we have to acquire; and property obtained by a laborious struggle will always be more obstinately held than that which is inherited.

Seyton. — But women, as I think, have no reason to complain on that score. As the world goes, they inherit as much as men, if not more; and in my opinion it is a much more difficult task to become a perfect man than a perfect woman. The phrase, "He shall be thy master," is a formula characteristic of a barbarous age long since passed away. Men cannot claim a right to become educated and refined, without conceding the same privilege to women. As long as the process continues, the balance is even between them; but, as women are more capable of improvement than men, experience shows that the scale soon turns in their favor.

Armidoro.—There is no doubt, that, in all civilized nations, women in general are superior to men; for, where the two sexes exert a mutual influence on each other, a man cannot but become more womanly, and that is a disadvantage: but, when a woman takes after a man, she is a gainer; for, if she can improve her own peculiar qualities by the addition of masculine energy, she becomes an almost perfect being.

Seyton. — I have never considered the subject so deeply. But I think it is generally admitted that women do rule, and must continue to do so; and therefore, whenever I become acquainted with a young lady, I always inquire upon what subjects she exercises her authority; since it must be exercised somewhere.

Amelia. — And thus you establish the point with which you started?

Seyton. — And why not? Is not my reasoning as good as that of philosophers in general, who are convinced by their experience? Active women, who are given to habits of acquisition and saving, are invariably mistresses at home; pretty women, at once graceful and superficial, rule in large societies; whilst those who possess more sound accomplishments exert their influence in smaller circles.

Amelia. — And thus we are divided into three classes.

Sinclair. — All honorable, in my opinion; and yet those three classes do not include the whole sex. There is still a fourth, to which perhaps we had better not allude, that we may escape the charge of converting our praise into censure.

Henrietta. — Then, we must guess the fourth class. Let us see.

Sinclair. — Well, then, the first three classes were those whose activity was displayed at home, in large societies, or in smaller circles.

Henrietta. — What other sphere can there be where we can exercise our activity?

Sinclair. — There may be many. But I am thinking of the reverse of activity.

Henrietta. — Indolence! How could an indolent woman rule?

Sinclair. — Why not?

Henrietta. — In what manner?

Sinclair. — By opposition. Whoever adopts such a course, either from character or principle, acquires more authority than one would readily think.

Amelia. — I fear we are about to fall into the tone of censure so general to men.

Henrietta. — Do not interrupt him, Amelia. Nothing can be more harmless than these mere opinions; and we are the gainers, by learning what other persons think of us. Now, then, for the fourth class: what about it?

Sinclair. — I think I may speak unreservedly. The class I allude to does not exist in our country, and does not exist in France; because the fair sex, both among us and our gallant neighbors, enjoys a proper degree of freedom. But in countries where women are under restraint, and debarred from sharing in public amusements, the class I speak of is numerous. In a neighboring country, there is a peculiar name by which ladies of this class are invariably designated.

Henrietta. — You must tell us the name: we can never guess names.

Sinclair. — Well, I must tell you, they are called roguish.

Henrietta. — A strange appellation.

Sinclair. — Some time ago you took great interest in reading the speculations of Lavater upon physiognomy: do you remember nothing about roguish countenances in his book?

Henrietta. — It is possible, but it made no impression upon

me. I may, perhaps, have construed the word in its ordinary sense, and read on without noticing it.

Sinclair. — It is true that the word "roguish," in its ordinary sense, is usually applied to a person, who, with malicious levity, turns another into ridicule; but, in its present sense, it is meant to describe a young lady, who, by her indifference, coldness, and reserve — qualities which attach to her as a disease — destroys the happiness of one upon whom she is dependent. We meet with examples of this everywhere, sometimes even in our own circle. For instance, when I have praised a lady for her beauty, I have heard it said in reply, "Yes; but she is a bit of a rogue." I even remember a physician saying to a lady, who complained of the anxiety she suffered about her maid-servant, "She is a rogue, and will give a deal of trouble."

Amelia rose from her seat, and left the apartment.

Henrietta. — That seems rather strange.

Sinclair. — I thought so too: and I therefore took a note of the symptoms, which seemed to mark a disease half moral and half physical, and framed an essay which I entitled, "Chapter on Rogues;" and, as I meant it to form a portion of a work on general anthropological observations, I have kept it by me hitherto.

Henrietta. — But you must let us see it; and, if you know any interesting anecdotes to elucidate your meaning of the word "rogue," they must find a place in our intended collection of novels.

Sinclair. — This may be all very well, but I find I have failed in the object which brought me hither. I was anxious to find some one in this gifted assembly to undertake an explanation of these engravings, to recommend some talented writer for the purpose; in place of which, the engravings are abused and pronounced worthless, and I must take my leave without having attained my purpose. But, if I had only made notes of our conversation and anecdotes this evening, I should almost possess an equivalent.

Armidoro. — (Coming from the cabinet, to which he had frequently retired.) Your wish is accomplished. I know the motive of our friend, the editor of the work. I have taken down the heads of our conversation upon this paper. I will arrange the draught; and, if Eulalia will kindly promise to impart to the whole that spirit of charming animation which she possesses, the graceful tone of the work, and perhaps also its contents, will in some measure expiate the offence of the artist for his ungallant attack.

Henrietta. — I cannot blame your officious friendship, Armidoro: but I wish you had not taken notes of our conversation; it is setting a bad example. Our intercourse has been quite free and unrestrained; and nothing can be worse than that our unguarded conversation should be overheard and written down, perhaps even printed for the amusement of the public.

But Henrietta's scruples were silenced by a promise that nothing should meet the public eye except the little anecdotes which had been related.

Eulalia, however, could not be persuaded to edit the notes of the short-hand writer. She had no wish to withdraw her attention from the fairy-tale with which she was then occupied. The notes remained in possession of the gentlemen of the party, who, with the aid of their own memories, generously afforded their assistance, that they might thereby contribute to the general edification of all "good women."

A TALE.

The thick fog of an early autumnal morning obscured the extensive courts which surrounded the prince's castle; but through the mists, which gradually dispersed, a stranger might observe a cavalcade of huntsmen, consisting of horse and foot, already engaged in their early preparations for the field. The active employments of the domestics were already discernible. These latter were engaged in lengthening and shortening stirrup-leathers, preparing the rifles and ammunition, and arranging the game-bags; whilst the dogs, impatient of restraint, threatened to break away from the slips by which they were held. Then the horses became restive, from their own high mettle, or excited by the spur of the rider, who could not resist the temptation to make a vain display of his prowess, even in the obscurity by which he was surrounded. The cavalcade awaited the arrival of the prince, who was delayed too long while taking leave of his young wife.

Lately married, they thoroughly appreciated the happiness of their own congenial dispositions: both were lively and animated, and each shared with delight the pleasures and pursuits of the other. The prince's father had lived long enough to enjoy that period of life when one learns that all the members of a state should spend their time in diligent employments, and that every one should engage in some energetic occupation corresponding with his taste, and should by this means first acquire, and then enjoy, the fruits of his labor.

How far these maxims had proved successful might have been observed on this very day; for it was the anniversary of the great market in the town, a festival which might indeed be considered a species of fair. The prince had, on the

previous day, conducted his wife on horseback through the busy scene, and had caused her to observe what a convenient exchange was carried on between the productions of the mountainous districts and those of the plain; and he took occasion then and there to direct her attention to the industrious character of his subjects.

But whilst the prince was entertaining himself and his courtiers almost exclusively with subjects of this nature, and was perpetually employed with his finance minister, his chief huntsman did not lose sight of his duty: and, upon his representation, it was impossible, during these favorable autumnal days, any longer to postpone the amusement of the chase; as the promised meeting had already been several times deferred, not only to his own mortification, but to that of many strangers who had arrived to take part in the sport.

The princess remained, reluctantly, at home. It had been determined to hunt over the distant mountains, and to disturb the peaceful inhabitants of the forests in those districts by an unexpected declaration of hostilities.

Upon taking his departure, the prince recommended his wife to seek amusement in equestrian exercise, under the conduct of her uncle Frederick. "And I commend you, moreover," he said, "to the care of our trusty Honorio, who will act as your esquire, and pay you every attention;" and saying this as he descended the stairs, and gave the needful instructions to a comely youth, the prince quickly disappeared amid the crowd of assembled guests and followers.

The princess, who had continued waving her handkerchief to her husband as long as he remained in the court-yard, now retired to an apartment at the back of the castle, which showed an extensive prospect over the mountain; as the castle itself was situated on the brow of the hill, from which a view at once distant and varied opened in all directions. She found the telescope in the spot where it had been left on the previous evening, when they had amused themselves in surveying the landscape, and the extent of mountain and forest amid which the lofty ruins of their ancestral castle were situated. It was a noble relic of ancient times, and shone out gloriously in the evening illumination. A grand but somewhat inadequate idea of its importance was conveyed by the large masses of light and shadow which now fell on it. Moreover, by the aid of the telescope, the autumnal foliage was seen to lend an indescribable charm to the prospect, as it waved upon trees which had grown up amid the ruins,

undisturbed, for a great many years. But the princess soon turned the telescope in the direction of a dry and sandy plain beneath her, across which the hunting cavalcade was expected to bend its course. She patiently surveyed the spot, and was at length rewarded, as the clear magnifying power of the instrument enabled her delighted eyes to recognize the prince and his chief equerry. Upon this she once more waved her handkerchief as she observed, or, rather, fancied she observed, a momentary pause in the advance of the procession.

Her uncle Frederick was now announced; and he entered the apartment, accompanied by an artist, bearing a large portfolio under his arm.

"Dear cousin," observed the vigorous old man, addressing her, "we have brought some sketches of the ancestral castle for your inspection, to show how the old walls and battlements were calculated to afford defence and protection during stormy seasons in years long passed; though they have tottered in some places, and in others have covered the plain with their ruins. Our efforts have been unceasing to render the place accessible, since few spots offer more beauty or sublimity to the eye of the astonished traveller."

The prince continued, as he opened the portfolio containing the different views, "Here, as you ascend the hollow way, through the outer fortifications, you meet the principal tower; and a rock forbids all farther progress. It is the firmest of the mountain-range. A castle has been erected upon it, so constructed that it is difficult to say where the work of nature ceases and that of art begins. At a little distance side-walls and buttresses have been raised, the whole forming a sort of terrace. The height is surrounded by a wood. For upwards of a century and a half no sound of an axe has been heard within these precincts, and giant trunks of trees appear on all sides. Close to the very walls spring the glossy maple, the rough oak, and the tall pine. They oppose our progress with their boughs and roots, and compel us to make a circuit to secure our advance. See how admirably our artist has sketched all this upon paper; how accurately he has represented the trees as they become intwined amid the masonry of the castle, and thrust their boughs through the opening in the walls. It is a solitude which possesses the indescribable charm of displaying the traces of human power, long since passed away, contending with perpetual and still reviving nature."

Opening a second picture, he continued his discourse. "What say you to this representation of the castle-court, which has been rendered impassable for countless years by the falling of the principal tower? We endeavored to approach it from the side, and, in order to form a convenient private road, were compelled to blow up the old walls and vaults with gunpowder. But there was no necessity for similar operations within the castle-walls. Here is a flat, rocky surface which has been levelled by the hand of nature, through which, however, mighty trees have here and there been able to strike their roots. They have thriven well, and thrust their branches into the very galleries where the knights of old were wont to exercise, and have forced their way through doors and windows into vaulted halls, from which they are not likely now to be expelled, and whence we, at least, shall not remove them. They have become lords of the territory, and may remain so. Concealed beneath heaps of dried leaves, we found a perfectly level floor, which probably cannot be equalled in the world.

"In ascending the steps which lead to the chief tower, it is remarkable to observe, in addition to all we have mentioned above, how a maple-tree has taken root on high, and grown to a great size; so that, in ascending to the highest turret to enjoy the prospect, it is difficult to pass. And here you may refresh yourself beneath the shade; for, even at this elevation, the tree of which we speak throws its shadows over all around.

"We feel much indebted to the talented artist, who, in the course of several views, has brought thus the whole scenery as completely before us as if we had actually witnessed the original scene. He selected the most beautiful hours of the day, and the most favorable season of the year, for his task, to which he devoted many weeks. A small dwelling was erected for him and his assistant in the corner of the castle: you can scarcely imagine what a splendid view of the country, court, and ruins he there enjoyed. We intend these pictures to adorn our country-house; and every one who enjoys a view of our regular parterres, of our bowers and shady walks, will doubtless feel anxious to feed his imagination and his eyes with an actual inspection of these scenes, and so enjoy at once the old and new, the rigid and the unyielding, the indestructible and the young, the pliant and the irresistible."

Honorio now entered, and announced the arrival of the

horses. The princess, thereupon, addressing her uncle, expressed a wish to ride up to the ruins, and examine personally the subjects he had so graphically described. "Ever since my arrival here," she said, "this excursion has been intended; and I shall be delighted to accomplish what has been declared almost impracticable, and what the pictures show to be so difficult."

"Not yet, my dear," replied the prince: "these pictures only portray what the place will become, but many difficulties impede a commencement of the work."

"But let us ride a little towards the mountain," she rejoined, "if only to the beginning of the ascent: I have a great desire to-day to enjoy an extensive prospect."

"Your desire shall be gratified," answered the prince.

"But we will first direct our course through the town," continued the lady, "and across the market-place, where a countless number of booths wear the appearance of a small town or of an encampment. It seems as if all the wants and occupations of every family in the country were brought together and supplied in this one spot; for the attentive observer may here behold whatever man can produce or require. You would suppose that money was wholly unnecessary, and that business of every kind could be carried on by means of barter; and such, in fact, is the case. Since the prince directed my attention to this view yesterday, I have felt pleasure in observing the manner in which the inhabitants of the mountain and of the valley mutually comprehend each other, and how both so plainly speak their wants and their wishes in this place. The mountaineer, for example, has cut the timber of his forests into a thousand forms, and applied his iron to multifarious uses; while the inhabitant of the valley meets him with his various wares and merchandise, the very materials and object of which it is difficult to know or conjecture."

"I am aware," observed the prince, "that my nephew devotes his attention wholly to these subjects, for at this particular season of the year he receives more than he expends; and this, after all, is the object and end of every national financier, and, indeed, of the pettiest household economist. But excuse me, my dear, I never ride with any pleasure through the market or the fair; obstacles impede one at every step: and my imagination continually recurs to that dreadful calamity which happened before my own eyes, when I witnessed the conflagration of as large a collection of merchandise as is accumulated here. I had scarcely" —

"Let us not lose our time," said the princess, interrupting him, as her worthy uncle had more than once tortured her with a literal account of the very same misfortune. It had happened when he was upon a journey, and had retired, fatigued, to bed, in the best hotel of the town, which was situated in the market-place. It was the season of the fair, and in the dead of the night he was awoke by screams and by the columns of fire which approached the hotel.

The princess hastened to mount her favorite palfrey, and led the way for her unwilling companion, when she rode through the front gate down the hill, in place of passing through the back gate up the mountain. But who could have felt unwilling to ride at her side, or to follow wherever she led? And even Honorio had gladly abandoned the pleasure of his favorite amusement, the chase, in order to officiate as her devoted attendant.

As we have before observed, they could only ride through the market step by step; but the amusing observations of the princess rendered every pause delightful. "I must repeat my lesson of yesterday," she remarked, "for necessity will try our patience." And, in truth, the crowd pressed upon them in such a manner that they could only continue their progress at a very slow pace. The people testified great joy at beholding the young princess, and the complete satisfaction of many a smiling face evinced the pleasure of the people at finding that the first lady in the land was at once the most lovely and the most gracious.

Promiscuously mingled together were rude mountaineers who inhabited quiet cottages amongst bleak rocks and towering pine-trees, lowlanders from the plains and meadows, and manufacturers from the neighboring small towns. After quietly surveying the motley crowd, the princess remarked to her companion, that all the people she saw seemed to take delight in using more stuff for their garments than was necessary, whether it consisted of cloth, linen, ribbon, or trimming. It seemed as if the wearers, both men and women, thought they would be better if they looked puffed out as much as possible.

"We must leave that matter to themselves," answered the uncle. "Every man must dispose of his superfluity as he pleases: well for those who spend it in mere ornament."

The princess nodded her assent.

They had now arrived at a wide, open square which led to one of the suburbs: they there perceived a number of small

booths and stalls, and also a large wooden building whence a most discordant howling issued. It was the feeding-hour of the wild animals which were there enclosed for exhibition. The lion roared with that fearful voice with which he was accustomed to terrify both woods and wastes. The horses trembled, and no one could avoid observing how the monarch of the desert made himself terrible in the tranquil circles of civilized life. Approaching nearer, they remarked the tawdry, colossal pictures on which the beasts were painted in the brightest colors, intended to afford irresistible temptation to the busy citizen. The grim and fearful tiger was in the act of springing upon a negro to tear him to pieces. The lion stood in solemn majesty, as if he saw no worthy prey before him. Other wonderful creatures in the same group presented inferior attractions.

"Upon our return," said the princess, "we will alight, and take a nearer inspection of these rare creatures."

"Is it not extraordinary," replied the prince, "that man takes pleasure in fearful excitements? The tiger, for instance, is lying quietly enough within his cage; and yet here the brute must be painted in the act of springing fiercely on a negro, in order that the public may believe that the same scene is to be witnessed within. Do not murder and death, fire and desolation, sufficiently abound, but that every mountebank must repeat such horrors? The worthy people like to be alarmed, that they may afterwards enjoy the delightful sensation of freedom and security."

But whatever feelings of terror such frightful representations might have inspired, they disappeared when they reached the gate and surveyed the cheerful prospects around. The road led down to a river, a narrow brook in truth, and only calculated to bear light skiffs, but destined afterwards, when swelled into a wider stream, to take another name, and to water distant lands. They then bent their course farther through carefully cultivated fruit and pleasure gardens, in an orderly and populous neighborhood, until first a copse and then a wood received them as guests, and delighted their eyes with a limited but charming landscape. A green valley leading to the heights above, which had been lately mowed for the second time, and wore the appearance of velvet, having been copiously watered by a rich stream, now received them with a friendly welcome. They then bent their course to a higher and more open spot, which, upon issuing from the wood, they reached after a short

ascent, and whence they obtained a distant view of the old castle, the object of their pilgrimage, which shone above the groups of trees, and assumed the appearance of a well-wooded rock. Behind them (for no one ever attained this height without turning to look round) they saw, through occasional openings in the lofty trees, the prince's castle on the left, illuminated by the morning sun; the higher portion of the town, obscured by a light, cloudy mist; and, on the right hand, the lower part, through which the river flowed in many windings, with its meadows and its mills; whilst straight before them the country extended in a wide, productive plain.

After they had satisfied their eyes with the landscape, or rather, as is often the case in surveying an extensive view from an eminence, when they had become desirous of a wider and less circumscribed prospect, they rode slowly along a broad and stony plain, where they saw the mighty ruin standing with its coronet of green, whilst its base was clad with trees of lesser height; and proceeding onwards they encountered the steepest and most impassable side of the ascent. It was defended by enormous rocks, which had endured for ages: proof against the ravages of time, they were fast rooted in the earth, and towered aloft. One part of the castle had fallen, and lay in huge fragments irregularly massed, and seemed to act as an insurmountable barrier, the mere attempt to overcome which is a delight to youth; as supple limbs ever find it a pleasure to undertake, to combat, and to conquer. The princess seemed disposed to make the attempt; Honorio was at hand; her princely uncle assented, unwilling to acknowledge his want of agility. The horses were directed to wait for them under the trees; and it was intended they should make for a certain point where a large rock had been rendered smooth, and from which a prospect was beheld, which, though of the nature of a bird's-eye view, was sufficiently picturesque.

It was mid-day: the sun had attained its highest altitude, and shed its clearest rays around; the princely castle, in all its parts, battlements, wings, cupolas, and towers, presented a glorious appearance. The upper part of the town was seen in its full extent: the eye could even penetrate into parts of the lower town, and, with the assistance of the telescope, distinguish the market-place, and even the very booths. It was Honorio's invariable custom to sling this indispensable instrument to his side. They took a view of the river in its

course and its descent, and of the sloping plain, and of the luxuriant country with its gentle undulations, and then of the numerous villages, for it had been from time immemorial a subject of contention, how many could be counted from this spot.

Over the wide plain there reigned a calm stillness, such as is accustomed to rule at mid-day, — an hour when, according to classical phraseology, the god Pan sleeps, and all nature is breathless, that his repose may be undisturbed.

"It is not the first time," observed the princess, "that, standing upon an eminence which presents a wide-extended view, I have thought how pure and peaceful is the look of holy Nature; and the impression comes upon me, that the world beneath must be free from strife and care: but returning to the dwellings of man, be they the cottage or the palace, be they roomy or circumscribed, we find that there is, in truth, ever something to subdue, to struggle with, to quiet and allay."

Honorio, in the mean time, had directed the telescope towards the town, and now exclaimed, "Look, look! the town is on fire in the market-place."

They looked, and saw some smoke; but the glare of daylight eclipsed the flames. "The fire increases!" they exclaimed, still looking through the instrument. The princess saw the calamity with the naked eye: from time to time they perceived a red flame ascending amid the smoke. Her uncle at length exclaimed, "Let us return: it is calamitous! I have always feared the recurrence of such a misfortune."

They descended; and, having reached the horses, the princess thus addressed her old relative: "Ride forward, sir, hastily, with your attendant, but leave Honorio with me, and we will follow."

Her uncle perceived the prudence and utility of this advice, and, riding on as quickly as the nature of the ground would allow, descended to the open plain. The princess mounted her steed, upon which Honorio addressed her thus: "I pray your Highness to ride slowly; the fire-engines are in the best order, both in the town and in the castle; there can surely be no mistake or error, even in so unexpected an emergency. Here, however, the way is dangerous, and riding is insecure, from the small stones and the smooth grass; and, in addition, the fire will no doubt be extinguished before we reach the town."

But the princess indulged in no such hope: she saw the

smoke ascend, and thought she perceived a flash of lightning and heard a thunder-clap; and her mind was filled with the frightful pictures of the conflagration her uncle's oft-repeated narrative had impressed on her.

That calamity had indeed been dreadful, sudden, and impressive enough to make one apprehensive for the repetition of a like misfortune. At midnight a fearful fire had broken out in the market-place, which was filled with booths and stalls, before the occupants of those temporary habitations had been roused from their profound dreams. The prince himself, after a weary day's journey, had retired to rest, but, rushing to the window, perceived with dismay the flames which raged around on every side, and approached the spot where he stood. The houses of the market-place, crimsoned with the reflection, appeared already to burn, and threatened every instant to burst out into a general conflagration. The fierce element raged irresistibly; the beams and rafters crackled; whilst countless pieces of consumed linen flew aloft, and the burnt and shapeless rags sported in the air and looked like foul demons revelling in their congenial element. With loud cries of distress, each individual endeavored to rescue what he could from the flames. Servants and assistants vied with their masters in their efforts to save the huge bales of goods already half consumed, to tear what still remained uninjured from the burning stalls, and to pack it away in chests; although they were even then compelled to abandon their labors, and leave the whole to fall a prey to the conflagration. How many wished that the raging blaze would allow but a single moment's respite, and, pausing to consider the possibility of such a mercy, fell victims to their brief hesitation. Many buildings burned on one side, while the other side lay in obscure darkness. A few determined, self-willed characters bent themselves obstinately to the task of saving something from the flames, and suffered for their heroism. The whole scene of misery and devastation was renewed in the mind of the beautiful princess: her countenance was clouded, which had beamed so radiantly in the early morning; her eyes had lost their lustre; and even the beautiful woods and meadows around now looked sad and mournful.

Riding onward, she entered the sweet valley, but felt uncheered by the refreshing coolness of the place. She had, however, not advanced far, before she observed an unusual appearance in the copse near the meadow where the sparkling brook which flowed through the adjacent country took its

rise. She at once recognized a tiger couched in the attitude to spring, as she had seen him represented in the painting. The impression was fearful. "Flee! gracious lady," cried Honorio, "flee at once!" She turned her horse to mount the steep hill she had just descended: but her young attendant drew his pistol, and, approaching the monster, fired; unfortunately he missed his mark, the tiger leaped aside, the horse started, and the terrified beast pursued his course and followed the princess. The latter urged her horse up the steep, stony acclivity, forgetting for a moment that the pampered animal she rode was unused to such exertions; but, urged by his impetuous rider, the spirited steed made a new effort, till at length, stumbling at an inequality of the ground, after many attempts to recover his footing, he fell exhausted to the ground. The princess released herself from the saddle with great expertness and presence of mind, and brought her horse again to its feet. The tiger was in pursuit at a slow pace. The uneven ground and sharp stones appeared to retard his progress; though, as Honorio approached, his speed and strength seemed to be renewed. They now came nearer to the spot where the princess stood by her horse; and Honorio, bending down, discharged a second pistol. This time he was successful, and shot the monster through the head. The animal fell, and, as he lay stretched upon the ground at full length, gave evidence of that might and terror which was now reduced to a lifeless form. Honorio had leaped from his horse, and was now kneeling on the body of the huge brute. He had already put an end to his struggles with the hunting-knife which gleamed within his grasp. He looked even more handsome and active than the princess had ever seen him in list or tournament. Thus had he oftentimes driven his bullet through the head of the Turk in the riding-school, piercing his forehead under the turban, and, carried onward by his rapid courser, had oftentimes struck the Moor's head to the ground with his shining sabre. In all such knightly feats he was dexterous and successful, and here he had found an opportunity for putting his skill to the test.

"Despatch him quickly," said the princess faintly: "I fear he may injure you with his claws."

"There is no danger," answered the youth; "he is dead enough: and I do not wish to spoil his skin, — it shall ornament your sledge next winter."

"Do not jest at such a time," continued the princess: "such a moment calls forth every feeling of devotion that can fill the heart."

"And I never felt more devout than now," added Honorio, "and therefore are my thoughts cheerful: I only consider how this creature's skin may serve your pleasure."

"It would too often remind me of this dreadful moment," she replied.

"And yet," answered the youth with burning cheek, "this triumph is more innocent than that in which the arms of the defeated are borne in proud procession before the conqueror."

"I shall never forget your courage and skill," rejoined the princess; "and let me add that you may, during your whole life, command the gratitude and favor of the prince. But rise, — the monster is dead: rise, I say; and let us think what next is to be done."

"Since I find myself now kneeling before you," replied Honorio, "let me be assured of a grace, of a favor, which you can bestow upon me. I have oftentimes implored your princely husband for permission to set out upon my travels. He who dares aspire to the good fortune of becoming your guest should have seen the world. Travellers flock hither from all quarters; and when the conversation turns on some town, or on some peculiar part of the globe, your guests are asked if they have never seen the same. No one can expect confidence who has not seen every thing. We must instruct ourselves for the benefit of others."

"Rise!" repeated the princess: "I can never consent to desire or request any thing contrary to the wish of my husband; but, if I mistake not, the cause of your detention here has already been removed. It was the wish of your prince to mark how your character would ripen, and prove worthy of an independent nobleman, who might one day be to both himself and his sovereign as great an honor abroad, as had hitherto been the case here at court; and I doubt not that your present deed of bravery will prove as good a passport as any youth can carry with him through the world."

The princess had scarcely time to mark, that, instead of an expression of youthful delight, a shade of grief now darkened his countenance; and he could scarcely display his emotion, before a woman approached, climbing the mountain hastily, and leading a boy by the hand. Honorio had just risen from his kneeling posture, and seemed lost in thought, when the woman advanced with piercing cries, and immediately flung herself upon the lifeless body of the tiger. Her conduct, no less than her gaudy and peculiar attire, bore

evidence that she was the owner and attendant of the animal. The boy, by whom she was accompanied, was remarkable for his sparkling eyes and jet-black hair. He carried a flute in his hand, and joined his tears to those of his mother; whilst, with a more calm but deep-felt sorrow than she displayed, he knelt quietly at her side.

The violent expression of this wretched woman's grief was succeeded by a torrent of expostulations, which rushed from her in broken sentences, reminding one of a mountain stream whose course is interrupted by impeding rocks. Her natural expressions, short and abrupt, were forcible and pathetic: vain would be the endeavor to translate them into our idiom; we must be satisfied with their general meaning. "They have murdered thee, poor animal, murdered thee without cause! Tamely thou wouldest have lain down to await our arrival; for thy feet pained thee, and thy claws were powerless. Thou didst lack thy burning native sun to bring thee to maturity. Thou wert the most beautiful animal of thy kind! Whoever beheld a more noble royal tiger stretched out to sleep, than thou art as thou liest here, never to rise again? When in the morning thou awokest at the earliest dawn of day, opening thy wide jaws, and stretching out thy ruddy tongue, thou seemedst to us to smile; and even when a growl burst from thee, still didst thou ever playfully take thy food from the hand of a woman, or from the fingers of a child. Long did we accompany thee in thy travels, and long was thy society to us as indispensable as profitable. To us, in very truth, did food come from the ravenous, and sweet refreshment from the strong. But alas, alas! this can never be again!"

She had not quite ended her lamentations, when a troop of horsemen was observed riding in a body over the heights which led from the castle. They were soon recognized as the hunting cavalcade of the prince, and he himself was at their head. Riding amongst the distant hills, they had observed the dark columns of smoke which obscured the atmosphere; and pushing on over hill and dale, as if in the heat of the chase, they had followed the course indicated by the smoke, which served them as a guide. Rushing forward, regardless of every obstacle, they had come by surprise upon the astonished group, who presented a remarkable appearance in the opening of the hills. Their mutual recognition produced a general surprise; and, after a short pause, a few words of explanation cleared up the apparent mystery. The

prince heard with astonishment the extraordinary occurrence, as he stood surrounded by the crowd of attendants on foot and on horseback. There seemed no doubt about the necessary course. Orders and commands were at once issued by the prince.

A stranger now forced his way forward, and appeared within the circle. He was tall in figure, and attired as gaudily as the woman and her child. The members of the family recognized each other with mutual surprise and pain. But the man, collecting himself, stood at a respectful distance from the prince, and addressed him thus: —

"This is not a moment for complaining. My lord and mighty master, the lion has also escaped, and is concealed somewhere here in the mountain; but spare him, I implore you! have mercy upon him, that he may not perish like this poor animal!"

"The lion escaped!" exclaimed the prince. "Have you found his track?"

"Yes, sir. A peasant in the valley, who needlessly took refuge in a tree, pointed to the direction he had taken, — this is the way, to the left; but, perceiving a crowd of men and horses before me, I became curious to know the occasion of their assembling, and hastened forward to obtain help."

"Well," said the prince, "the chase must begin in this direction. Load your rifles, go deliberately to work: no misfortune can happen, if you but drive him into the thick woods below us. But in truth, worthy man, we can scarcely spare your favorite: why were you negligent enough to let him escape?"

"The fire broke out," replied the other, "and we remained quiet and prepared: it spread quickly round, but raged at a distance from us. We were provided with water in abundance; but suddenly an explosion of gunpowder took place, and the conflagration immediately extended to us and beyond us. We were too precipitate, and are now reduced to ruin."

The prince was still engaged in issuing his orders, and there was general silence for a moment, when a man was observed flying, rather than running, down from the castle. He was quickly recognized as the watchman of the artist's studio, whose business it was to occupy the dwelling and look after the workmen. Breathless he advanced, and a few words served to announce the nature of his business.

"The lion had taken refuge on the heights, and had lain down in the sunshine behind the lofty walls of the castle.

He was reposing at the foot of an old tree in perfect tranquillity. But," continued the man in a tone of bitter complaint, "unfortunately, I took my rifle to the town yesterday, to have it repaired, or the animal had never risen again: his skin, at least, would have been mine; and I had worn it in triumph all my life."

The prince, whose military experience had often served him in time of need, — for he had frequently been in situations where unavoidable danger pressed on every side, — observed, in reply to the man, "What pledge can you give, that, if we spare your lion, he will do no mischief in the country?"

"My wife and child," answered the father hastily, "will quiet him and lead him peacefully along, until I repair his shattered cage; and then we shall keep him harmless and uninjured."

The child seemed to be looking for his flute. It was that species of instrument which is sometimes called the soft, sweet flute, short in the mouthpiece, like a pipe. Those who understood the art of using it could draw from it the most delicious tones.

In the mean time, the prince inquired of the keeper by which path the lion had ascended the mountain.

"Through the low road," replied the latter: "it is walled in on both sides, has long been the only passage, and shall continue so. Two footpaths originally led to the same point; but we destroyed them, that there might remain but one way to that castle of enchantment and beauty which is to be formed by the taste and talent of Prince Frederick."

After a thoughtful pause, during which the prince stood contemplating the child, who continued playing softly on his flute, the former turned towards Honorio, and said, —

"Thou hast this day performed a great deal: finish the task you have begun. Occupy the narrow road of which we have heard; hold your rifle ready, but do not shoot if you think it likely that the lion may be driven back; but, under any circumstances, kindle a fire, that he may be afraid to descend in this direction. The man and his wife must answer for the consequences."

Honorio proceeded without delay to execute the orders he had received.

The child went on with his tune, which was not exactly a melody: but a mere succession of notes followed, without any precise order or artistic arrangement; yet, perhaps for

this very reason, the effect seemed replete with enchantment. Every one was delighted with the simple music; when the father, full of a noble enthusiasm, addressed the assembled spectators thus: —

"God has bestowed the gift of wisdom upon the prince, and the power of seeing that all divine works are good, each after its kind. Behold how the rocks stand firm and motionless, proof against the effects of sun and storm. Their summits are crowned with ancient trees; and, elated with the pride of their ornaments, they look round boldly far and wide. But, should a part become detached, it no longer appears as before: it breaks into a thousand pieces, and covers the side of the declivity. But even there the pieces find no resting-place: they pursue their course downwards, till the brook receives them, and carries them onward to the river. Thence, unresisting and submissive, their sharp angles having become rounded and smooth, they are borne along with greater velocity from stream to stream, till they finally attain the ocean, in whose mighty depths giants abide and dwarfs abound.

"But who celebrates the praise of the Lord, whom the stars praise from all eternity? Why, however, should we direct our vision so far? Behold the bee, how he makes his provision in harvest-time, and constructs a dwelling, correct in angle and level, at once the architect and workman. Behold the ant: she knows her way, and loses it not; she builds her habitation of grass and earth and tiny twigs, builds it high, and strengthens it with arches, but in vain, — the prancing steed approaches, and treads it into nothing, destroying the little rafters and supports of the edifice. He snorts with impatience and with restlessness; for the Lord has formed the horse as companion to the wind, and brother to the storm, that he may carry mankind whither he will. But in the palm-forest even *he* takes to flight. There, in the wilderness, the lion roams in proud majesty: he is monarch of the beasts, and nothing can resist his strength. But man has subdued his valor: the mightiest of animals has respect for the image of God, in which the very angels are formed; and they minister to the Lord and his servants. Daniel trembled not in the lions' den: he stood full of faith and holy confidence, and the wild roaring of the monsters did not interrupt his pious song."

This address, which was delivered with an expression of natural enthusiasm, was accompanied by the child's sweet

music. But, when his father had concluded, the boy commenced to sing with clear and sonorous voice, and some degree of skill. His parent in the mean time seized his flute, and in soft notes accompanied the child as he sung: —

"Hear the prophet's song ascending
From the cavern's dark retreat,
Whilst an angel, earthward bending,
Cheers his soul with accents sweet.
Fear and terror come not o'er him,
As the lion's angry brood
Crouch with placid mien before him,
By his holy song subdued."

The father continued to accompany the verses with his flute, whilst the mother's voice was occasionally heard to intervene as second.

The effect of the whole was rendered more peculiar and impressive by the child's frequently inverting the order of the verses. And if he did not, by this artifice, give a new sense and meaning to the whole, he at least highly excited the feelings of his audience: —

"Angels o'er us mildly bending,
Cheer us with their voices sweet.
Hark! what strains enchant the ear!
In the cavern's dark retreat,
Can the prophet quake with fear?
Holy accents, sweetly blending,
Banish ev'ry earthly ill,
Whilst an angel choir descending,
Executes the heavenly will."

Then all three joined with force and emphasis: —

"Since the eternal Eye, far-seeing,
Earth and sea surveys in peace,
Lion shall with lamb agreeing
Live, and angry tempests cease.
Warriors' sword no more shall lower,
Faith and Hope their fruit shall bear:
Wondrous is the mighty power
Of Love, which pours its soul in prayer."

The music ceased. Silence reigned around. Each one listened attentively to the dying tones, and now only one could observe and note the general impression. Every listener was overcome, though each was affected in a different manner. The prince looked sorrowfully at his wife, as though he had only just perceived the danger which had

lately threatened him; whilst she, leaning upon his arm, did not hesitate to draw forth her embroidered handkerchief to dry the starting tear. It was delightful to relieve her youthful heart from the weight of grief with which she had for some time felt oppressed. A general silence reigned around; and forgotten were the fears which all had experienced, both from the conflagration below and the appearance of the formidable lion above.

The repose of the whole company was first interrupted by the prince, who made a signal to lead the horses nearer: he then turned to the woman, and addressed her thus: "You think, then, to master the lion wherever you meet him, by the power of your song, assisted by that of the child and the tones of your flute, and believe that you can thus lead him harmless and uninjured to his cage?"

She protested and assured him that she would do so, whereupon a servant was ordered to show her the way to the castle. The prince and a few of his attendants now took their departure hastily; whilst the princess, accompanied by the rest, followed more slowly after. But the mother and the child, accompanied by the servant, who had armed himself with a rifle, hastened to ascend the mountain.

At the very entrance of the narrow road which led to the castle, they found the hunting attendants busily employed in piling together heaps of dry brushwood, to kindle a large fire.

"There is no necessity for such precaution," observed the woman: "all will yet turn out well."

They perceived Honorio at a little distance from them, sitting upon a fragment of the wall, with his double-barrelled rifle in his lap, prepared as it seemed for every emergency. But he paid little attention to the people who approached: he was absorbed in his own contemplations, and seemed engaged in deepest thought. The woman entreated that he would not permit the fire to be kindled: he, however, paid not the smallest attention to her request. She then raised her voice, and exclaimed, "Thou handsome youth who killed my tiger, I curse thee not; but spare my lion, and I will bless thee!"

But Honorio was looking upon vacancy: his eyes were bent upon the sun, which had finished its daily course, and was now about to set.

"You are looking to the setting sun," cried the woman; and you are right, for there is yet much to do: but hasten,

delay not, and you will conquer. But, first of all, conquer yourself" He seemed to smile at this observation. The woman passed on, but could not avoid looking round to observe him once more. The setting sun had cast a rosy glow upon his countenance: she thought she had never beheld so handsome a youth.

"If your child," said the attendant, "can, as you imagine, with his fluting and his singing, entice and tranquillize the lion, we shall easily succeed in mastering him; for the ferocious animal has lain down to sleep under the broken arch, through which we have secured a passage into the castle-court, as the chief entrance has been long in ruins. Let the child, then, entice him inside, when we can close the gate without difficulty; and the child may, if he please, escape by a small winding staircase, which is situated in one of the corners. We may, in the mean time, conceal ourselves; but I shall take up a position which will enable me to assist the child at any moment with my rifle."

"These preparations are all needless: Heaven, and our own skill, bravery, and good fortune, are our best defence."

"But first let me conduct you by this steep ascent to the top of the tower, right opposite to the entrance of which I have spoken. The child may then descend into the arena, and there he can try to exercise his power over the obedient animal."

This was done. Concealed above, the attendant and the mother surveyed the proceeding. The child descended the narrow staircase, and soon appeared in the wide court-yard. He immediately entered into the narrow opening opposite, when the sweet sounds of his flute were heard; but these gradually diminished, till they finally ceased. The pause was fearful: the solemnity of the proceeding filled the old attendant with apprehension, accustomed as he was to every sort of danger. He declared that he would rather engage the enraged animal himself. But the mother preserved her cheerful countenance, and, leaning over the parapet in a listening attitude, betrayed not the slightest sign of fear.

At length the flute was heard again. The child had issued from the dark recess, his face beaming with triumph: the lion was slowly following, and seemed to walk with difficulty. Now and then the animal appeared disposed to lie down; but the child continued to lead him quietly along, bending his way through the half-leafless autumn-tinged trees, until he arrived at a spot which was illumined by the last rays of

the setting sun. They were shedding their parting glory through the ruins; and in this spot he recommenced his sweet song, which we cannot refrain from repeating: —

"Hear the prophet's song ascending
From the cavern's dark retreat,
Whilst an angel, earthward bending,
Cheers his soul with accents sweet.
Fear and terror come not o'er him,
As the lion's angry brood
Crouch with placid mien before him,
By his holy song subdued."

The lion, in the mean time, had lain quietly down, and, raising his heavy paw, had placed it in the lap of the child. The latter stroked it gently, and continued his chant, but soon observed that a sharp thorn had penetrated into the ball of the animal's foot. With great tenderness, the child extracted the thorn, and, taking his bright-colored silk handkerchief from his neck, bound it round the foot of the huge creature; whilst the attentive mother, still joyfully leaning over the parapet with outstretched arms, would probably, as was her wont, have testified her approbation with loud shouts and clapping of hands, if the attendant had not rudely seized her, and reminded her that the danger was not yet completely over.

The child now joyfully continued his song, after he had hummed a few notes by way of prelude: —

"Since the eternal Eye, far-seeing,
Earth and sea surveys in peace,
Lion shall with lamb agreeing
Live, and angry tempests cease.
Warriors' sword no more shall lower,
Faith and Hope their fruit shall bear:
Wondrous is the mighty power
Of Love, which pours its soul in prayer."

If it were possible to conceive that the features of so fierce a monster, at once the tyrant of the forest and the despot of the animal kingdom, could display an expression of pleasure and grateful joy, it might have been witnessed upon this occasion; and, in very truth, the child, in the fulness of his beauty, looked like some victorious conqueror; though it could not be said that the lion seemed subdued, for his mighty power was only for a time concealed. He wore the aspect of a tamed creature, who had been content to make a voluntary surrender of the mighty power with which it was

endued. And thus the child continued to play and to sing, transposing his verses or adding to them, as he felt inclined.

"Holy angels, still untiring,
Aid the good and virtuous child,
Every noble deed inspiring,
And restraining actions wild.
So the forest king to render
Tame as child at parent's knee,
Still be gentle, kind, and tender,
Use sweet love and melody."

THE END.

GOETHE'S

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND,

AND

TRAVELS IN ITALY.

From the German.

BY

REV. A. J. W. MORRISON, M.A.

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LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND.

When, a few years ago, the copies of the following letters were first made known to us, it was asserted that they had been found among Werther's papers; and it was pretended, that, before his acquaintance with Charlotte, he had been in Switzerland. We have never seen the originals. however, we would not on any account anticipate the judgment and feelings of our readers; for, whatever may be their true history, it is impossible to read them without sympathy.

PART THE FIRST.

How do all my descriptions disgust me, when I read them over! Nothing but your advice, your command, your injunction, could have induced me to attempt any thing of the kind. How many descriptions, too, of these scenes, had I not read before I saw them! Did these, then, afford me an image of them, or, at best, but a mere vague notion? In vain did my imagination attempt to bring the objects before it: in vain did my mind try to revolve from them some thoughts. Here I now stand contemplating these wonders; and what are my feelings in the midst of them! I can think of nothing, I can feel nothing; and how willingly would I both think and feel! The glorious scene before me excites my soul to its inmost depths, and impels me to be doing; and yet what can I do — what do I? I now sit down and scribble and describe. Away with you, ye descriptions! Delude my friend, make him believe that I am doing something, — that he sees and reads something.

Were, then, these Switzers free? — free, these opulent burghers in their little pent-up towns? — free, those poor

devils on their rocks and crags? What is it that man cannot be made to believe, especially when he cherishes in his heart the memory of some old tale of marvel? Once, forsooth, they did break a tyrant's yoke, and might, for the moment, fancy themselves free; but out of the carcass of the single oppressor the good sun, by a strange new birth, has hatched a swarm of petty tyrants. And so, now, they are ever telling that old tale of marvel: one hears it till one is sick of it. They formerly made themselves free, and have ever since remained free; and now they sit behind their walls, hugging themselves with their customs and laws — their philandering and philistering. And there, too, on the rocks, it is surely fine to talk of liberty, when for six months of the year, they, like the marmot, are bound hand and foot by the snow.

Alas! how wretched must any work of man look in the midst of this great and glorious Nature, but especially such sorry, poverty-stricken works as these black and dirty little towns, such mean heaps of stones and rubbish! Large rubble and other stones on the roofs, too, that the miserable thatch may not be carried off from the top of them; and then the filth, the dung, and the gaping idiots! When here you meet with man and the wretched work of his hands, you are glad to run away immediately from both.

That there are in man very many intellectual capacities which in this life he is unable to develop, which, therefore, point to a better future and to a more harmonious state of existence, — on this point we are both agreed. But, further than this, I cannot give up that other fancy of mine, even though, on account of it, you may again call me, as you have so often done already, a mere enthusiast. For my part, I do think that man feels conscious, also, of corporeal qualities of whose mature expansion he can have no hope in this life. This, most assuredly, is the case with *flying*. How strongly, at one time, used the clouds, as they drove along the blue sky, to tempt me to travel with them to foreign lands! and now in what danger do I stand, lest they should carry me away with them from the mountain-peak as they sweep violently by! What desire I feel to throw myself into the boundless regions of the air, to poise over the terrific abyss, or to alight on some otherwise inaccessible rock! With what a longing do I draw deeper and deeper breath,

when, in the dark blue depth below me, the eagle soars over rocks and forests, or, in company and in sweet concord with his mate, wheels in wide circles round the eyry to which he has intrusted his young! Must I, then, never do more than creep up to the summits? Must I always go on clinging to the highest rocks, as well as to the lowest plain? and when I have at last, with much toil, reached the desired eminence, must I still anxiously grasp at every holding-place, shudder at the thought of return, and tremble at the chance of a fall?

With what wonderful properties we are born! What vague aspirations rise within us! How rarely do imagination and our bodily powers work in opposition! Peculiarities of my early boyhood again recur. While I am walking, and have a long road before me, my arms go dangling by my side; I at times make a grasp, as if I would seize a javelin, and hurl it, I know not at whom or what; and then I fancy an arrow is shot at me which pierces me to the heart: I strike my hand upon my breast, and feel an inexpressible sweetness; and then after this I soon revert to my natural state. Whence comes this strange phenomenon? what is the meaning of it? and why does it invariably recur under the same figures, in the same bodily movement, and with the same sensation?

I am repeatedly told that the people who have met me on my journey are little satisfied with me. I can readily believe it, for neither has any one of them contributed to my satisfaction. I cannot tell how it comes to pass that society oppresses me, that the forms of politeness are disagreeable to me, that what people talk about does not interest me, that all they show to me is either quite indifferent, or else produces an impression quite opposite to what they expect. When I am shown a drawing or painting of any beautiful spot, immediately a feeling of disquiet arises within me which is utterly inexpressible. My toes within my shoes begin to bend, as if they would clutch the ground: a cramp-like motion runs through my fingers. I bite my lips, and hasten to leave the company I am in, and throw myself down, in the presence of the majesty of nature, on the first seat, however inconvenient. I try to take in the scene before me with my eye, to seize all its beauties; and on the spot I love to cover a whole sheet with scratches

which represent nothing exactly, but which, nevertheless, possess an infinite value in my eyes, as serving to remind me of the happy moment whose bliss even this bungling exercise could not mar. What means, then, this strange effort to pass from art to nature, and then back again from nature to art? If it gives promise of an artist, why is steadiness wanting to me? If it calls me to enjoyment, wherefore, then, am I not able to seize it? I lately had a present of a basket of fruit. I was in raptures at the sight of it, as of something heavenly, — such riches, such abundance, such variety, and yet such affinity! I could not persuade myself to pluck off a single berry: I could not bring myself to take a single peach or a fig. Most assuredly this gratification of the eye and the inner sense is the highest, and most worthy of man: in all probability it is the design of Nature, when the hungry and thirsty believe that she has exhausted herself in marvels merely for the gratification of their palate. Ferdinand came and found me in the midst of these meditations. He did me justice, and then said, smiling, but with a deep sigh, "Yes, we are not worthy to consume these glorious products of Nature: truly it were a pity. Permit me to make a present of them to my beloved?" How glad was I to see the basket carried off! How did I love Ferdinand! How did I thank him for the feeling he had excited in me, for the prospect he gave me! Ay, we ought to acquaint ourselves with the beautiful: we ought to contemplate it with rapture, and attempt to raise ourselves up to its height. And, in order to gain strength for that, we must keep ourselves thoroughly unselfish: we must not make it our own, but rather seek to communicate it, indeed, to make a sacrifice of it to those who are dear and precious to us.

How sedulously we are shaped and moulded in our youth! how constantly we then are called on to lay aside now this, now that, bad feeling! But what, in fact, are our so-called bad feelings, but so many organs by means of which man is to aid himself in life? How people worry a poor child in whom but a little spark of vanity is discovered! and yet what a poor miserable creature is a man who has no vanity at all! I will now tell you what has led me to make all these reflections. The day before yesterday we were joined by a young fellow who was most disagreeable to me and Ferdinand. His weak points were so prominent, his emptiness so mani-

fest, and the care he bestowed on his outward appearance so obvious, that we looked down upon him as far inferior to ourselves; and yet he was everywhere received better than we. Among other of his follies, he wore a waistcoat of red satin, which round the neck was so cut as to look like the ribbon of some order or other. We could not refrain from joking about this piece of absurdity. But he let them all pass; for he drew a good profit from it, and perhaps secretly laughed at us. For host and hostess, coachman, waiter, and chambermaid, and, indeed, not a few of our fellow-travellers, were taken in by this seeming ornament, and showed greater politeness to him to than us. Not only was he always first waited upon, but, to our great humiliation, we saw that all the pretty girls in the inns bestowed all their stolen glances upon him. And then, when it came to the reckoning, which his eminence and distinction had enhanced, we had to pay our full shares. Who, then, was the fool in the game? Assuredly not he.

There is something pretty and instructive about the symbols and maxims which one here sees on all the stoves. Here you have the drawing of one of these symbols which particularly caught my fancy. A horse, tethered by his hind-foot to a stake, is grazing round it as far as his tether will permit: beneath is written, "Allow me to take my allotted portion of food." This, too, will be the case with me when I come home, and, like the horse in the mill, shall have to work away at your pleasure, and in return, like the horse here on the stove, shall receive a nicely measured dole for my support. Yes, I am coming back; and what awaits me was certainly well worth all the trouble of climbing up these mountain heights, of wandering through these valleys, and seeing this blue sky, of discovering that there is a nature which exists by an eternal, voiceless necessity, which has no wants, no feelings, and is divine; whilst we, whether in the country or in the towns, have alike to toil hard to gain a miserable subsistence, and at the same time struggle to subject every thing to our lawless caprice, and call it liberty.

Ay, I have ascended the *Furca*, — the summit of St. Gothard. These sublime, incomparable scenes of nature will ever stand before my eye. Ay, I have read the Roman history in order to gain from the comparison a distinct and vivid feeling what a thoroughly miserable being I am.

Never has it been so clear to me as during these last few days, that I, too, could be happy on moderate means; could be quite as happy as any one else, if only I knew a trade, — an exciting one, indeed, but yet one which had no consequences for the morrow, which required nothing but industry and attention at the time, without calling for either foresight or retrospection. Every mechanic seems to me the happiest of mortals: all he has to do is already settled for him, what he can do is fixed and known. He has not to rack his brains over the task that is set him. He works away without thinking, without exertion or haste, but still with diligence and pleasure in his work, like a bird building its nest, or a bee constructing its cells. He is but a degree above the beasts, and yet he is a perfect man. How do I envy the potter at his wheel, or the joiner behind his bench!

Tilling the soil is not to my liking: this first and most necessary of man's occupations is disagreeable to me. In it man does but ape Nature, who scatters her seeds everywhere; whereas man would choose that a particular field should produce none but one particular fruit. But things do not go on exactly so: the weeds spring up luxuriantly; the cold and wet injures the crop, or the hail cuts it off entirely. The poor husbandman anxiously waits throughout the year to see how the cards will decide the game with the clouds, and determine whether he shall win or lose his stakes. Such a doubtful, ambiguous condition may be right suitable to man in his present ignorance, while he knows not whence he came, nor whither he is going. It may, then, be tolerable to man to resign all his labors to chance; and thus the parson, at any rate, has an opportunity, when things look thoroughly bad, to remind him of Providence, and to connect the sins of his flock with the incidents of Nature.

So, then, I have nothing to joke Ferdinand about! I, too, have met with a pleasant adventure. Adventure! — why do I use the silly word? There is nothing of adventure in a gentle attraction which draws man to man. Our social life, our false relations — those are adventures, those are monstrosities; and yet they come before us as well known, and as nearly akin to us, as uncle and aunt.

We had been introduced to Herr Tüdou; and we found ourselves very happy among this family, — rich, open-hearted, good-natured, lively people, who in the society of their

children, in comfort and without care, enjoy the good which each day brings with it, their property, and their glorious neighborhood. We young folks were not required, as is too often the case in so many formal households, to sacrifice ourselves at the card-table in order to humor the old. On the contrary, the old people — father, mother, and aunts — gathered round us, when, for our own amusement, we got up some little games in which chance and thought and wit had their counteracting influence. Eleonora, for I must now at last mention her name, — the second daughter (her image will forever be present to my mind), — a slim slight frame, deliately chiselled features, a bright eye, a palish complexion, which in young girls of her age is rather pleasing than disagreeable, as being a sign of no very incurable a malady : on the whole, her appearance was extremely agreeable. She seemed cheerful and lively, and every one felt at his ease with her. Soon, indeed I may venture to say at once, — at once, on the very first evening, she made me her companion : she sat by my side ; and, if the game separated us a moment, she soon contrived to find her old place again. I was gay and cheerful. My journey, the beautiful weather, the country — all had contributed to produce in mean immoderate cheerfulness, — ay, I might almost venture to say a state of excitement. I derived it from every thing, and imparted it to every thing : even Ferdinand seemed to forget his fair one. We had almost exhausted ourselves in varying our amusements, when we at last thought of the "game of matrimony." The names of the ladies and of the gentlemen were thrown separately into two hats, and then the pairs were drawn out one by one. On each couple as determined by the lot, one of the company whose turn it might happen to be had to write a little poem. Every one of the party — father, mother, and aunts — were obliged to put their names in the hats. We cast in, besides, the names of our acquaintances, and, to enlarge the number of candidates for matrimony, we threw in those of all the well-known characters of the literary and of the political world. We commenced playing, and the first pairs that were drawn were highly distinguished personages. It was not every one, however, who was ready at once with his verses. *She*, Ferdinand and myself, and one of the aunts, who wrote very pretty verses in French — we soon divided among ourselves the office of secretary. The conceits were mostly good, and the verses tolerable. Hers, especially, had a touch of nature about them which distinguished them from all others. Without being

really clever, they had a happy turn : they were playful without being bitter, and showed good will towards every one. The father laughed heartily ; and his face was lit up with joy when his daughter's verses were declared to be the best, after mine. Our unqualified approbation highly delighted him. We praised, as men praise unexpected merit, — as we praise an author who has bribed us. At last out came my lot, and chance had taken honorable care of me. It was no less a personage than the Empress of all the Russias, who was drawn to be my partner for life. The company laughed heartily at the match ; and Eleonora maintained that the whole company must try their best to do honor to so eminent a consort. All began to try : a few pens were bitten to pieces. She was ready first, but wished to read last. The mother and the aunt could make nothing of the subject ; and although the father was rather matter-of-fact, Ferdinand somewhat humorous, and the aunts rather reserved, still, through all, you could see friendship and good will. At last it came to her turn. She drew a deep breath, her ease and cheerfulness left her : she did not read, but rather lisped it out, and laid it before me to read it to the rest. I was astonished, amazed. Thus does the bud of love open in beauty and modesty. I felt as if a whole spring had showered upon me all its flowers at once. Every one was silent. Ferdinand lost not his presence of mind. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, "very beautiful! He deserves the poem as little as an empire." — "If only we have rightly understood it," said the father. The rest requested I would read it once more. My eyes had hitherto been fixed on the precious words : a shudder ran through me from head to foot. Ferdinand, who saw my perplexity, took the paper up, and read it. She scarcely allowed him to finish before she drew out the lots for another pair. The game was not kept up long after this, and refreshments were brought in.

Shall I, or shall I not? Is it right of me to hide in silence any thing from him to whom I tell so much, nay, all? Shall I keep back from you a great matter, when I yet weary you with so many trifles which assuredly no one would ever read but you who have taken so wonderful a liking for me? or shall I keep back any thing from you, because it might, perhaps, give you a false, not to say an ill, opinion of me? No : do you know me better than I even know myself. If I should do any thing which you do not believe possible I could do, you

will amend it: if I should do any thing deserving of censure, you will not spare me; you will lead me and guide me whenever my peculiarities entice me off the right road.

My joy, my rapture, at works of art when they are true, when they are immediate and speaking expressions of Nature, afford the greatest delight to every collector, to every *dilettante*. Those, indeed, who call themselves connoisseurs, are not always of my opinion; but I care nothing for their connoisseurship when I am happy. Does not living nature vividly impress itself on my sense of vision? Do not its images remain fixed in my brain? Do not they there grow in beauty, delighting to compare themselves, in turn, with the images of art which the mind of others has also embellished and beautified? I confess to you that my fondness for Nature arises from the fact of my always seeing her so beautiful, so lovely, so brilliant, so ravishing, that the similation of the artist, even his imperfect imitation, transports me almost as much as if it were a perfect type. It is, however, only such works of art as bespeak genius and feeling, that have any charms for me. Those cold imitations which confine themselves to the narrow circle of a certain meagre mannerism, of mere painstaking diligence, are to me utterly intolerable. You see, therefore, that my delight and taste cannot well be riveted by a work of art, unless it imitates such objects of nature as are well known to me; so that I am able to test the imitation by my own experience of the originals. Landscape, with all that lives and moves therein; flowers and fruit-trees; Gothic churches; a portrait taken directly from Nature, — all this I can recognize, feel, and, if you like, judge of. Honest W—— amused himself with this trait of my character, and, in such a way that I could not be offended, often made merry with it at my expense. He sees much farther in this matter than I, and I shall always prefer that people should laugh at me while they instruct than that they should praise without benefiting me. He had noticed what things I was most immediately pleased with, and, after a short acquaintance, did not hesitate to avow, that, in the objects that so transported me, there might be much that was truly estimable, and which time alone would enable me to distinguish.

But I turn from this subject, and must now, however circuitously, come to the matter, which, though reluctantly, I cannot but confide to you. I can see you in your room, in your little garden, where, over a pipe of tobacco, you will

probably break the seal, and read this letter. Can your thoughts follow me into this free and motley world? Will the circumstances and true state of the case become clear to your imagination? And will you be as indulgent towards your absent friend as I have often found you when present?

When my artistic friend became better acquainted with me, and judged me worthy of being gradually introduced to better pieces of art, he one day, not without a most mysterious look, took me to a case, which, being opened, displayed a life-size Danae receiving in her lap the golden shower. I was amazed at the splendor of the limbs, the magnificence of the posture and arrangement, the intense tenderness and the intellectuality of the sensual object; and yet I did but stand before it in silent contemplation. It did not excite in me *that* rapture, *that* delight, *that* inexpressible pleasure. My friend, who went on descanting upon the merits of the picture, was too full of his own enthusiasm to notice my coldness, and delighted to have an opportunity of pointing out to me in this painting the distinctive excellences of the Italian school.

But the sight of this picture has not made me happy: it has made me uneasy. What! said I to myself, — in what a strange case do we civilized men find ourselves, with our many conventional restraints! A mossy rock, a waterfall, rivets my eye so long that I can tell every thing about it, — its heights, its cavities, its lights and shades, its hues, its blending tints and reflections: all is distinctly present to my mind, and, whenever I please, comes vividly before me in a most happy imitation. But of that masterpiece of Nature, the human frame, of the order and symmetry of the limbs, — of all this I have but a very general notion, which, in fact, is no notion at all. My imagination presents to me any thing but a vivid image of this glorious structure; and, when art presents an imitation of it to my eye, it awakens in me no sensation, and I am unable to judge of the merits of the picture. No, I will remain no longer in this state of stupidity. I will stamp on my mind the shape of man, as well as that of a cluster of grapes, or of a peach-tree.

I induced Ferdinand to bathe in the lake. What a glorious shape my friend has! How duly proportioned all his limbs are! what fulness of form! what splendor of youth! What a gain to have enriched my imagination with this perfect model of manhood! Now I can people the woods, the

meadow, and the hills, with similar fine forms. I can see him as Adonis chasing the boar, or as Narcissus contemplating himself in the mirror of the spring.

But alas! my imagination cannot furnish as yet a Venus holding him from the chase, a Venus bewailing his death, or a beautiful Echo casting one sad look more on the cold corpse of the youth before she vanishes forever. I have therefore resolved, cost what it will, to see a female form in the state in which I have seen my friend.

When, therefore, we reached Geneva, I made arrangements, in the character of an artist, to complete my studies of the nude figure, and to-morrow evening my wish is to be gratified.

I cannot avoid going to-day with Ferdinand to a grand party. It will form an excellent foil to the studies of this evening. Well enough do I know those formal parties, where the old women require you to play at cards with them, and the young ones to ogle with them; where you must listen to the learned, pay respect to the parson, and give way to the noble; where the numerous lights show you scarcely one tolerable form, and that one hidden and buried beneath some barbarous load of frippery. I shall have to speak French, too, — a foreign tongue, — the use of which always makes a man appear silly, whatever he may think of himself, since the best he can express in it is nothing but commonplace and the most obvious of remarks, and that, too, only with stammering and hesitating lips. For what is it that distinguishes the blockhead from the really clever man, but the peculiar quickness and vividness with which the latter discerns the nicer shades and proprieties of all that comes before him, and expresses himself thereon with facility? whereas the former (just as we all do with a foreign language) is forced on every occasion to have recourse to some ready-found and conversational phrase or other. To-day I will calmly put up with the sorry entertainment, in expectation of the rare scene of Nature which awaits me.

My adventure is over. It has fully equalled my expectation, nay, surpassed it; and yet I know not whether to congratulate or to blame myself on account of it.

PART THE SECOND.

MUNSTER, Oct. 3, 1797.

FROM Basle you will receive a packet containing an account of my travels up to that point; for we are now continuing in good earnest our tours through Switzerland. On our route to Biel we rode up the beautiful valley of the Birsch, and at last reached the pass which leads to this place.

Among the ridges of the broad and lofty range of mountains, the little stream of the Birsch found, of old, a channel for itself. Necessity soon after may have driven men to clamber wearily and painfully through its gorges. The Romans, in their time, enlarged the track; and now you may travel through it with perfect ease. The stream, dashing over crags and rocks, and the road, run side by side; and, except at a few points, these make up the whole breadth of the pass, which is hemmed in by rocks, the top of which is easily reached by the eye. Behind them the mountain chain rose with a slight inclination: the summits, however, were veiled by a mist.

Here walls of rock rise precipitously one above another, there immense strata run obliquely down to the river and the road; here, again, broad masses lie piled one over another, while close beside stands a line of sharp-pointed crags. Wide clefts run yawning upwards; and blocks, of the size of a wall, have detached themselves from the rest of the stony mass. Some fragments of the rock have rolled to the bottom: others are still suspended, and by their position alarm you, as also likely at any moment to come toppling down.

Now round, now pointed, now overgrown, now bare, are the tops of these rocks, among and high above which some single bald summit boldly towers; while along the perpendicular cliffs, and among the hollows below, the weather has worn many a deep and winding cranny.

The passage through this defile raised in me a grand but calm emotion. The sublime produces a beautiful calmness in the soul, which, entirely possessed by it, feels as great as it ever can feel. How glorious is such a pure feeling when it rises to the very highest, without overflowing! My eye and my soul were both able to take in the objects before me; and as I was pre-occupied by nothing, and had no false tastes to counteract their impression, they had on me their full and natural effect. When we compare such a feeling with that

we are sensible of when we laboriously harass ourselves with some trifle, and strain every nerve to gain as much as possible for it, and, as it were, to patch it out, striving to furnish joy and aliment to the mind from its own creation, we then feel sensibly what a poor expedient, after all, the latter is.

A young man whom we have had for our companion from Basle said his feelings were very far from what they were on his first visit, and gave all the honor to novelty. I, however, would say, when we see such objects as these for the first time, the unaccustomed soul has to expand itself; and this gives rise to a sort of painful joy, — an overflowing of emotion, which agitates the mind, and draws from us the most delicious tears. By this operation, the soul, without knowing it, becomes greater in itself, and is, of course, not capable of ever feeling again such a sensation; and man thinks, in consequence, that he has lost something, whereas in fact he has gained. What he loses in delight, he gains in inward riches. If only destiny had bidden me to dwell in the midst of some grand scenery, then would I every morning have imbibed greatness from its grandeur; as, from a lonely valley, I would extract patience and repose.

After reaching the end of the gorge, I alighted, and went back alone through a part of the valley. I thus called forth another profound feeling, — one by which the attentive mind may expand its joys to a high degree. One guesses in the dark about the origin and existence of these singular forms. It may have happened when and how it may: these masses must, according to the laws of gravity and affinity, have been formed grandly and simply by aggregation. Whatever revolutions may subsequently have upheaved, rent, and divided them, the latter were only partial convulsions; and even the idea of such mighty commotions gives one a deep feeling of the eternal stability of the masses. Time, too, bound by the everlasting law, has had here greater, here less, effect upon them.

Internally their color appears to be yellowish. The air, however, and the weather, have changed the surface into a bluish-gray; so that the original color is only visible here and there in streaks and in the fresh cracks. The stone itself slowly crumbles beneath the influence of the weather, becoming rounded at the edges as the softer flakes wear away. In this manner have been formed hollows and cavities gracefully shelving off, which, when they have sharp slanting and pointed edges, present a singular appearance.

Vegetation maintains its rights on every ledge, on every flat surface; for in every fissure the pines strike root, and the mosses and plants spread themselves over the rocks. One feels deeply convinced that there is nothing accidental; that here there is working an eternal law, which, however slowly, yet surely governs the universe; that there is nothing here from the hand of man but the convenient road by means of which this singular region is traversed.

GENEVA, Oct. 21, 1779.

The great mountain range, which, running from Basle to Geneva, divides Switzerland from France, is, as you are aware, named the Jura. Its principal heights run by Lausanne, and reach as far as Rolle and Nyon. In the midst of this summit ridge, Nature has cut out — I might almost say washed out — a remarkable valley; for on the tops of all these limestone rocks the operation of the primal waters is manifest. It is called La Vallée de Joux, which means the Valley of the Rock, since Joux, in the local dialect, signifies a rock. Before I proceed with the further description of our journey, I will give you a brief geographical account of its situation. Lengthwise it stretches, like the mountain range itself, almost directly from south to north, and is locked in on the one side by Sept Moncels, and on the other by Dent de Vaulion, which, after the Dole, is the highest peak of the Jura. Its length, according to the statement of the neighborhood, is nine short leagues, but, according to our rough reckoning as we rode through it, six good leagues. The mountainous ridge which bounds it lengthwise on the north, and is also visible from the flat lands, is called the Black Mountain (Le Noir Mont). Towards the west, the Risou rises gradually, and slopes away towards Franche Comté. France and Berne divide the valley pretty evenly between them; the former claiming the upper and inferior half, and the latter possessing the lower and better portion, which is properly called La Vallée du Lac de Joux. Quite at the upper part of the valley, and at the foot of Sept Moncels, lies the Lac des Rousses, which has no single visible origin, but gathers its waters from the numerous springs which here gush out of the soil, and from the little brooks which run into the lake from all sides. Out of it flows the Orbe, which, after running through the whole of the French and a great portion of the Bernese territory, forms, lower down and towards the Dent de Vaulion, the Lac de Joux, which falls

on one side into a smaller lake, the waters of which have some subterraneous outlet. The breadth of the valley varies: above, near the Lac des Rousses, it is nearly half a league, then it closes in to expand again presently, and to reach its greatest breadth, which is nearly a league and a half. So much to enable you better to understand what follows. While you read it, however, I would beg you now and then to cast a glance upon your map, although, so far as concerns this country, I have found them all to be incorrect.

Oct. 24.—In company with a captain and an upper ranger of the forests in these parts, we rode, first of all, up Mont, a little scattered village which much more correctly might be called a line of husbandmen's and vine-dressers' cottages. The weather was extremely clear. When we turned to look behind us, we had a view of the Lake of Geneva, the mountains of Savoy and Valais, and could just catch Lausanne, and also, through a light mist, the country round Geneva. Mont Blanc, which towers above all the mountains of Faucigni, stood out more and more distinctly. It was a brilliant sunset; and the view was so grand, that no human eye was equal to it. The moon rose almost at the full as we got continually higher. Through large pine-forests we continued to ascend the Jura, and saw the lake in a mist, and in it the reflection of the moon. It became lighter and lighter. The road is a well-made causeway, though it was laid down merely for the sake of facilitating the transport of the timber to the plains below. We had been ascending for full three leagues, before the road began gently to descend. We thought we saw below us a vast lake, for a thick mist filled the whole valley which we overlooked. Presently we came nearer to the mist, and observed a white bow, which the moon formed in it, and were soon entirely enveloped in the fog. The company of the captain procured us lodgings in a house where strangers were not usually entertained. In its internal arrangement, it differed in nothing from usual buildings of the same kind, except that the great room in the centre was at once the kitchen, the anteroom, and general gathering-place of the family; and from it you entered at once into the sleeping-rooms, which were either on the same floor with it, or had to be approached by steps. On the one side was the fire, which was burning on the ground on some stone slabs; while a chimney, built durably and neatly of planks, received and carried off the smoke. In the corner were the doors of the oven. All the rest of the floor was of

wood, with the exception of a small piece near the window, around the sink, which was paved. Moreover, all around and overhead, on the beams, a multitude of domestic articles and utensils were arranged in beautiful order, and all kept nice and clean.

Oct. 25. — This morning the weather was cold but clear, the meadows covered with hoar-frost, and here and there light clouds were floating in the air. We could pretty nearly survey the whole of the lower valley, our house being situated at the foot of the eastern side of Noir Mont. About eight we set off, and, in order to enjoy the sun fully, proceeded on the western side. The part of the valley we now traversed was divided into meadows, which towards the lake were rather swampy. The inhabitants either dwell in detached houses built by the side of their farms, or else have gathered closer together in little villages, which bear simple names derived from their several sites. The first of those that we passed through was called "Le Sentier." We saw at a distance the Dent de Vaulion peeping out over a mist which rested on the lake. The valley grew broader; but our road now lay behind a ridge of rock which shut out our view of the lake, and then through another village, called "Le Lieu." The mist arose and fell off, highly variegated by the sun. Close hereto is a small lake, which apparently has neither inlet nor outlet to its waters. The weather cleared up completely as we came to the foot of Dent de Vaulion, and reached the northern extremity of the great lake, which, as it turns westward, empties itself into a smaller by a dam beneath the bridge. The village just above is called "Le Pont." The situation of the smaller lake is what you may easily conceive as being in a peculiar little valley, which may be called pretty. At the western extremity there is a singular mill built in a ravine of the rock, which the smaller lake used formerly to fill. At present it is dammed out of the mill, which is erected in the hollow below. The water is conveyed by sluices to the wheel, from which it falls into crannies of the rock, and, being sucked in by them, does not show itself again till it reaches Valorbe, which is a full league off, where it again bears the name of the "Orbe." These outlets (*entonnoirs*) require to be kept clear: otherwise the water would rise, and again fill the ravine, and overflow the mill, as it has often done already. We saw the people hard at work removing the worn pieces of the limestone, and replacing them by others.

We rode back again over the bridge, towards Le Pont, and took a guide for the Dent du Vaulion. In ascending it we now had the great lake directly behind us. To the east its boundary is the Noir Mont, behind which the bald peak of the Dole rises up: to the west it is shut in by the mountain ridge, which, on the side of the lake, is perfectly bare. The sun felt hot: it was between eleven and twelve o'clock. By degrees we gained a sight of the whole valley, and were able to discern in the distance the Lac des Rousses, and then, stretching to our feet, the district we had just ridden through, and the road which remained for our return. During the ascent my guide discoursed of the whole range of the country and the lordships, which, he said, it was possible to distinguish from the peak. In the midst of such talk we reached the summit. But a very different spectacle was prepared for us. Under a bright and clear sky nothing was visible but the high mountain chain. All the lower regions were covered with a white sea of cloudy mist, which stretched from Geneva northwards, along the horizon, and glittered brilliantly in the sunshine. Out of it rose, to the east, the whole line of snow and ice capped mountains, acknowledging no distinction of names of either the princes or peoples who fancied they were owners of them, and owning subjection only to one Lord, and to the glance of the sun, which was tinging them with a beautiful red. Mont Blanc, right opposite to us, seemed the highest; next to it were the ice-crowned summits of Valais and Oberland; and lastly came the lower mountains of the canton of Berne. Towards the west, the sea of mist, which was unconfined to one spot; on the left, in the remotest distance, appeared the mountains of Solothurn; somewhat nearer, those of Neufchâtel; and right before us, some of the lower heights of the Jura. Just below, lay some of the masses of the Vaulion, to which belongs the Dent (tooth), which takes from it its name. To the west, Franche-Comté, with its flat, outstretched, and wood-covered hills, shut in the whole horizon. In the distance, towards the north-west, one single mass stood out distinct from all the rest. Straight before us, however, was a beautiful object. This was the peak which gives this summit the name of a tooth. It descends precipitously, or rather with a slight curve, inwards; and in the bottom it is succeeded by a small valley of pine-trees, with beautiful grassy patches here and there, while right beyond it lies the valley of the Orbe(Val-orbe), where

you see this stream coming out of the rock, and can trace, in thought, its route backwards to the smaller lake. The little town of Valorbe also lies in this valley. Most reluctantly we quitted the spot. A delay of a few hours longer (for the mist generally disperses in about that time) would have enabled us to distinguish the low lands with the lake; but, in order that our enjoyment should be perfect, we must always have something behind still to be wished. As we descended, we had the whole valley lying perfectly distinct before us. At Le Pont we again mounted our horses, and rode to the east side of the lake, and passed through L'Abbaye de Joux, which at present is a village, but once was a settlement of monks, to whom the whole valley belonged. Towards four we reached our auberge, and found our meal ready, of which we were assured by our hostess that at twelve o'clock it would have been good eating, and which, overdone as it was, tasted excellently.

Let me now add a few particulars just as they were told me. As I mentioned just now, the valley belonged formerly to the monks, who, having divided it again to feudatories, were, with the rest, ejected at the Reformation. At present it belongs to the canton of Berne; and the mountains around are the timber-stores of the Pays de Vaud. Most of the timber is private property, and is cut up under supervision, and then carried down into the plains. The planks are also made here into deal utensils of all kinds, and pails, tubs, and similar articles manufactured.

The people are civil and well disposed. Besides their trade in wood, they also breed cattle. Their beasts are of a small size. The cheese they make is excellent. They are very industrious, and a clod of earth is with them a great treasure. We saw one man, with a horse and cart, carefully collecting the earth which had been thrown up out of a ditch, and carrying it to some hollow places in the same field. They lay the stones carefully together, and make little heaps of them. There are here many stone-polishers, who work for the Genevese and other tradesmen; and this business furnishes occupation for many women and children. The houses are neat, but durable; the form and internal arrangements being determined by the locality, and the wants of the inmates. Before every house there is a running stream, and everywhere you see signs of industry, activity, and wealth. But above all things is the highest praise due to the excellent roads, which in this remote region, as also in

all the other cantons, are kept up by that of Berne. A causeway is carried all round the valley, not unnecessarily broad, but in excellent repair; so that the inhabitants can pursue their avocations without inconvenience, and, with their small horses and light carts, pass easily along. The air is very pure and salubrious.

On the 26th of October, during breakfast, we deliberated as to the road we should take on our return. As we heard that the Dole, the highest summit of the Jura, lay at no great distance from the upper end of the valley, and as the weather promised to be most glorious, so that we might to-day hope to enjoy all that chance denied us yesterday, we finally determined to take this route. We loaded a guide with bread and cheese, and butter and wine, and by eight o'clock mounted our horses. Our route now lay along the upper part of the valley, in the shade of Noir Mont. It was extremely cold, and there had been a sharp hoar-frost. We had still a league to ride, through the part belonging to Berne, before the causeway (which there terminates) branches off into two parts. Through a little wood of pine-trees we entered the French territory. Here the scene changed greatly. What first excited our attention was the wretched roads. The soil is rather stony: everywhere you see great heaps of those which have been picked off the fields. Soon you come to a part which is very marshy, and full of springs. The woods all around you are in wretched condition. In all the houses and people you recognize, I will not say want, but certainly a hard and meagre subsistence. They belong, almost as serfs, to the canons of St. Claude: they are bound to the soil (*glebæ astricti*), and are oppressed with imposts (*sujets à la main-morte et au droit de la suite*), of which we will hereafter have some talk together, as also of a late edict of the king's, repealing the *droit de la suite*, and inviting the owners and occupiers to redeem the *main-morte* for a certain compensation. But still even this portion of the valley is well cultivated. The people love their country dearly; though they lead a hard life, being driven occasionally to steal the wood from the Bernese, and sell it again in the lowlands. The first division is called the Bois d'Amant. After passing through it, we entered the parish of Les Rousses, where we saw before us the little Lake des Rousses and Les Sept Moncels, — seven small hills of different shapes, but all connected together, which form the southern limit of the valley. We soon came upon the new road

which runs from the Pays de Vaud to Paris. We kept to this for a mile downwards, and now left entirely the valley. The bare summit of the Dole was before us. We alighted from our horses, and sent them on by the road towards St. Cergue, while we ascended the Dole. It was near noon. The sun felt hot, but a cool south wind came now and then to refresh us. When we looked round for a halting-place, we had behind us Les Sept Moncels, we could still see a part of the Lac des Rousses, and around it the scattered houses of the parish. The rest of the valley was hidden from our eye by the Noir Mont, above which we again saw our yesterday's view of Franche-Comté, and nearer at hand, southwards, the last summits and valleys of the Jura. We carefully avoided taking advantage of a little peep in the hill, which would have given us a glimpse of the country, for the sake of which, in reality, our ascent was undertaken. I was in some anxiety about the mist: however, from the aspect of the sky above, I drew a favorable omen. At last we stood on the highest summit, and saw with the greatest delight that to-day we were indulged with all that yesterday had been denied us. The whole of the Pays de Vaux and de Gex lay like a plan before us; all the different holdings divided off with green hedges, like the beds of a parterre. We were so high, that the rising and sinking of the landscape before us were unnoticeable. Villages, little towns, country-houses, vine-covered hills, and higher up still, where the forests and Alps begin, the cow-sheds (mostly painted white, or some other light color), — all glittered in the sunshine. The mist had already rolled off from Lake Leman. We saw the nearest part of the coast on our side, quite clear: of the so-called smaller lake, where the larger lake contracts itself, and turns towards Geneva, which was right opposite to us, we had a complete view; and on the other side, the country which shuts it in was gradually clearing. But nothing could vie with the view of the mountains, covered with snow and glaciers. We sat down before some rocks, to shelter us from the cold wind, with the sunshine full upon us, and highly relished our little meal. We kept watching the mist, which gradually retired. Each one discovered, or fancied he discovered, some object or other. One by one we distinctly saw Lausanne, surrounded with its houses and gardens, then Bevay and the Castle of Chillon; the mountains, which shut out from our view the entrance into Valais, and extended as far as the lake; from thence the borders of Savoy,

Evian, Repaille, and Tonon, with a sprinkling of villages and farmhouses between them. At last Geneva stood clear from the mist; but beyond, and towards the south, in the neighborhood of Monte Credo and Monte Vauche, it still hung immovable. When the eye turned to the left, it caught sight of the whole of the lowlands from Lausanne, as far as Solothurn, covered with a light halo. The nearer mountains and heights, and every spot that had a white house on it, could be closely distinguished. The guides pointed out a glimmering, which they said was the castle of Chauvan, which lies to the left of the Neuberger-See. We were just able to guess whereabouts it lay, but could not distinguish it through the bluish haze. There are no words to express the grandeur and beauty of this view. At the moment every one is scarcely conscious of what he sees: one does but recall the names and sites of well-known cities and localities, to rejoice in a vague conjecture that he recognizes them in certain white spots which strike his eye in the prospect before him.

And then the line of glittering glaciers was continually drawing the eye back again to the mountains. The sun made his way towards the west, and lighted up their great flat surfaces, which were turned towards us. How beautifully before them rose from above the snow the variegated rows of black rocks! — teeth, towers, walls; wild, vast, inaccessible vestibules! — and seeming to stand there in the free air in the first purity and freshness of their manifold variety. Man gives up at once all pretensions to the infinite, while he here feels that neither with thought nor vision is he equal to the finite.

Before us we saw a fruitful and populous plain. The spot on which we were standing was a high, bare mountain rock, which, however, produces a sort of grass as food for the cattle, which are here a great source of gain. This the conceited lord of creation may yet make his own; but those rocks before his eyes are like a train of holy virgins, which the spirit of heaven reserves for itself alone in these inaccessible regions. We tarried a while, tempting each other, in turn, to try and discover cities, mountains, and regions, now with the naked eye, now with the telescope, and did not begin to descend till the setting sun gave permission to the mist — his own parting breath — to spread itself over the lake.

With sunset we reached the ruins of the fort of St. Cergue

Even when we got down in the valley, our eyes were still riveted on the mountain glaciers. The farthest of these, lying on our left in Oberland, seemed almost to be melting into a light fiery vapor: those still nearer stood with their sides towards us, still glowing and red; but by degrees they became white, green, and grayish. There was something melancholy in the sight. Like a powerful body over which death is gradually passing from the extremities to the heart, so the whole range gradually paled away as far as Mont Blanc, whose ampler bosom was still covered all over with a deep red blush, and even appeared to us to retain a reddish tint to the very last, — just as, when one is watching the death of a dear friend, life still seems to linger, and it is difficult to determine the very moment when the pulse ceases to beat.

This time, also, we were very loath to depart. We found our horses in St. Cergue; and, that nothing might be wanting to our enjoyment, the moon rose, and lighted us to Nyon. While on the way, our strained and excited feelings were gradually calmed, and assumed their wonted tone; so that we were able, with keen gratification, to enjoy from our inn window the glorious moonlight which was spread over the lake.

At different spots of our travels, so much was said of the remarkable character of the glaciers of Savoy, and when we reached Geneva we were told it was becoming more and more the fashion to visit them, that the count[1] was seized with a strange desire to bend our course in that direction, and from Geneva to cross Cluse and Salenche, and enter the Valley of Chamouni, and, after contemplating its wonderful objects, to go on by Valorsine and Trent into Valais. This route, however, which was the one usually pursued by travellers, was thought dangerous in this season of the year. A visit was therefore paid to M. de Saussure at his country-house, and his advice requested. He assured us that we need not hesitate to take that route: there was no snow as yet on the middle-sized mountains; and if on our road we were attentive to the signs of the weather and the advice of the country-people, who were seldom wrong in their judgment, we might enter upon this journey with perfect safety. Here is the copy of the journal of a day's hard travelling.

[1] The Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar, who travelled under the title of Count of——

CLUSE IN SAVOY, Nov. 3, 1779.

To-day, on departing from Geneva, our party divided. The count, with me and a huntsman, took the route to Savoy. Friend W., with the horses, proceeded through the Pays de Vaud for Valais. In a light four-wheeled cabriolet we proceeded first of all to visit Hüber at his country-seat, — a man out of whom mind, imagination, and imitative tact oozes at every pore, one of the very few thorough men we have met with. He saw us well on our way; and then we set off with the lofty snow-capped mountains, which we wished to reach, before our eyes. From the Lake of Geneva, the mountain-chains verge towards each other, to the point where Bonneville lies, halfway between the Mole, a considerable mountain, and the Arve. There we took our dinner. Behind the town the valley closes right in. Although not very broad, it has the Arve flowing gently through it, and is on the southern side well cultivated; and everywhere the soil is put to some profit. From the early morning, we had been in fear of its raining, some time at least before night; but the clouds gradually quitted the mountains, and dispersed into fleeces, — a sign which has more than once in our experience proved a favorable omen. The air was as warm as it usually is in the beginning of September, and the country we travelled through beautiful; many of the trees being still green. Most of them had assumed a brownish-yellow tint, but only a few were quite bare. The crops were rich and verdant. The mountains caught from the red sunset a rosy hue, blended with violet; and all these rich tints were combined with grand, beautiful, and agreeable forms of the landscape. We talked over much that was good. Towards five we came towards Cluse, where the valley closes, and has only one outlet, through which the Arve issues from the mountains, and by which, also, we propose to enter them to-morrow. We ascended a lofty eminence, and saw beneath us the city, partly built on the slightly inclined side of a rock, but partly on the flat portion of the valley. Our eyes ranged with pleasure over the valley; and, sitting on the granite rocks, we awaited the coming of night in calm and varied discourse. Towards seven, as we descended, it was not at all colder than it is usually in summer about nine At a miserable inn (where, however, the people were ready and willing, and by their *patois* afforded us much amusement) we are now going, about ten o'clock, to bed, intending to set out early to-morrow, before the morning shall dawn.

SALENCHE, Nov. 4, 1779.
Noon.

Whilst a dinner is being prepared by very willing hands, I will attempt to set down the most remarkable incidents of our yesterday's journey, which commenced with the early morning. With break of day we set out on foot from Cluse, taking the road towards Balme. In the valley the air was agreeably fresh. The moon, in her last quarter, rose bright before the sun, and charmed us with the sight, as being one which we do not often see. Single light vapors rose upwards from all the chasms in the rocks. It seemed as if the morning air were awakening the young spirits, who took pleasure in meeting the sun with expanded bosoms, and gilding them in his rays. The upper heaven was perfectly clear, except where now and then a single cloudy streak, which the rising sun lit up, swept lightly across it. Balme is a miserable village, not far from the spot where a rocky gorge runs off from the road. We asked the people to guide us through the cave for which the place is famous. At this they kept looking at one another, till at last one said to the second, "Take you the ladder, I will carry the rope: come, gentlemen." This strange invitation did not deter us from following them. Our line of descent passed, first of all, among fallen masses of limestone rock, which by the course of time had been piled up, step by step, in front of the precipitous wall of rock, and were now overgrown with bushes of hazel and beech. Over these you reach, at last, the strata of the rock itself, which you have to climb up slowly and painfully, by means of the ladder and of the steps cut into the rock, and by help of branches of the nut-trees which hung over head, or of pieces of rope tied to them. After this you find yourself, to your great satisfaction, in a kind of portal, which has been worn out of the rock by the weather, and overlooks the valley and the village below. We now prepared for entering the cave, — lighted our candles, and loaded a pistol, which we proposed to let off. The cave is a long gallery, mostly level, and on one strand; in parts broad enough for two men to walk abreast, in others only passable by one; now high enough to walk upright, then obliging you to stoop, and sometimes even to crawl on hands and feet. Nearly about the middle, a cleft runs upwards, and forms a sort of a dome. In one corner, another goes downwards. We threw several stones down it, and counted slowly from seventeen to nineteen before they

reached the bottom, after touching the sides many times, but always with a different echo. On the walls a stalactite forms its various devices: however, it is only damp in a very few places, and forms, for the most part, long drops, and not those rich and rare shapes which are so remarkable in Baumann's Cave. We penetrated as far as we could for the water, and, as we came out, let off our pistol, which shook the cave with a strong but dull echo, so that it boomed round us like a bell. It took us a good quarter of an hour to get out again; and, on descending the rocks, we found our carriage, and drove onwards. We saw a beautiful waterfall in the manner of the Staubbach. Neither its height was very great, nor its volume very large, and yet it was extremely interesting, for the rocks formed around it, as it were, a circular niche, in which its waters fell; and the pieces of the limestone, as they were tumbled one over another, formed the most rare and unusual groups.

We arrived here at mid-day, not quite hungry enough to relish our dinner, which consisted of warmed fish, cow-beef, and very stale bread. From this place there is no road leading to the mountains that is passable for so stately an equipage as we have with us: it therefore returns to Geneva, and I now must take my leave of you in order to pursue my route a little farther. A mule with my luggage will follow us as we pick our way on foot.

CHAMOUNI, Nov. 4, 1779.
Evening, about nine o'clock.

It is only because this letter will bring me for a while nearer to yourself, that I resume my pen: otherwise it would be better for me to give my mind a little rest.

We left Salenche behind us in a lovely open valley. During our noonday's rest the sky had become overcast with white fleecy clouds, about which I have here a special remark to make. We had seen them on a bright day rise equally fine, if not still finer, from the glaciers of Berne. Here, too, it again seemed to us as if the sun had first of all attracted the light mists which evaporated from the tops of the glaciers, and then a gentle breeze had, as it were, combed the fine vapors, like a fleece of foam, over the atmosphere. I never remember at home, even in the height of summer (when such phenomena do also occur with us), to have seen any so transparent; for here it was a perfect web of light. Before long the ice-covered mountains from which it rose lay before us.

The valley began to close in. The Arve was gushing out of the rock. We now began to ascend a mountain, and went up higher and higher, with the snowy summits right before us. Mountains and old pine-forests, either in the hollows below, or on a level with, our track, came out one by one before the eye as we proceeded. On our left were the mountain peaks, bare and pointed. We felt that we were approaching a mightier and more massive chain of mountains. We passed over a dry and broad bed of stones and gravel, which the water-courses tear down from the sides of the rocks, and in turn flow among, and fill up. This brought us into an agreeable valley, flat, and shut in by a circular ridge of rocks, in which lies the little village of Serves. There the road runs round some very highly variegated rocks, and takes again the direction towards the Arve. After crossing the latter, you again ascend. The masses become constantly more imposing. Nature seems to have begun here with a light hand to prepare her enormous creations. The darkness grew deeper and deeper as we approached the Valley of Chamouni; and when, at last, we entered it, nothing but the larger masses were discernible. The stars came out one by one; and we noticed above the peaks of the summits, right before us, a light which we could not account for. Clear, but without brilliancy; like the milky way, but closer; something like that of the Pleiades, — it riveted our attention, until at last, as our position changed, like a pyramid illuminated by a secret light within, which could best be compared to the gleam of a glow-worm, it towered high above the peaks of all the surrounding mountains, and at last convinced us that it must be the peak of Mont Blanc. The beauty of this view was extraordinary. For while, together with the stars that clustered round it, it glimmered, — not, indeed, with the same twinkling light, but in a broader and more continuous mass, — it seemed to belong to a higher sphere, and one had difficulty in thought to fix its roots again in the earth. Before it we saw a line of snowy summits, sparkling as they rested on the ridges covered with the black pines; while between the dark forests vast glaciers sloped down to the valley below.

My descriptions begin to be irregular and forced: in fact, one wants two persons here, — one to see, and the other to describe.

Here we are, in the middle village of the valley called "Le Prieuré," comfortably lodged in a house which a widow caused to be built here in honor of the many strangers who

visited the neighborhood. We are sitting close to the hearth, relishing our Muscatel wine from the Vallée d'Aost far better than the lenten dishes which were served up for our dinner.

Nov. 5, 1779. Evening.

To take up one's pen and write, almost requires as great an effort as to go into a cold river. At this moment I have a great mind to put you off by referring you to the description of the glaciers of Savoy, published by Bourritt, an enthusiastic climber.

Invigorated, however, by a few glasses of excellent wine, and by the thought that these pages will reach you much sooner than either the travellers or Bourritt's book, I will do my best. The Valley of Chamouni, in which we are at present, lies very high among the mountains, and, from six to seven leagues long, runs pretty nearly from south to north. The characteristic features which to my mind distinguish it from all others, are its having scarcely any flat portion; but the whole tract, like a trough, slopes from the Arve gradually up the sides of the mountain. Mont Blanc and the line of mountains which runs off from it, and the masses of ice which fill up the immense ravines, make up the eastern wall of the valley, on which, throughout its entire length, seven glaciers, of which one is considerably larger than the others, run down to the bottom of the valley.

The guides whom we had engaged to show us to the ice-lake came betimes. One was an active young fellow; the other, much older, who seemed to think himself a very shrewd personage, having held intercourse with all learned foreigners, and being well acquainted with the nature of the ice-mountains, and a very clever fellow. He assured us, that, for eight and twenty years (so long had he acted as guide), this was the first time his services had been put in requisition so late in the year, — after All-Saints' Day, — and yet that we might even now see every object quite as well as in June. Provided with wine and food, we began to ascend Mont Anvert, from which we were told the view of the ice-lake would be quite ravishing. Properly I should call it the ice-valley or the ice-stream; for, looking at it from above, the huge masses of ice force themselves out of a deep valley in tolerable smoothness. Right behind it ends a sharp-pointed mountain, from both sides of which waves of ice run frozen into the principal stream. Not the slightest trace of snow

was as yet to be seen on the rugged surfaces, and the blue crevices glistened beautifully. The weather, by degrees, became overcast; and I saw gray wavy clouds, which seemed to threaten snow more than it had ever yet done. On the spot where we were standing is a small cabin, built of stones loosely piled together, as a shelter for travellers, which in joke has been named "The Castle of Mont Anvert." An Englishman of the name of Blaire, who is residing at Geneva, has caused a more spacious one to be built at a more convenient spot, and a little higher up, where, sitting by a fireside, you catch through the window a view of the whole ice-valley. The peaks of the rocks over against you, as also in the valley below, are very pointed and rugged. These jags are called needles; and the Aiguille du Dru is a remarkable peak of this kind, right opposite to Mont Anvert. We now wished to walk upon the ice-lake itself, and to consider these immense masses close at hand. Accordingly, we climbed down the mountain, and took nearly a hundred steps round about on the wave-like crystal cliffs. It is certianly a singular sight, when, standing on the ice itself, you see before you the masses pressing upwards, and divided by strangely shaped clefts. However, we did not like standing on this slippery surface; for we were not provided with ice-shoes, nor had we nails in those which we ordinarily wore, and which, on the contrary, had become smooth and rounded with our long walk. We therefore made our way back to the hut, and, after a short rest, were ready for returning. We descended the mountain, and came to the spot where the ice-stream, step by step, forces its way to the valley below; and we entered the cavern, into which it empties its water. It is broad, deep, and of the most beautiful blue; and in the cave the supply of water is more invariable than farther on at the mouth, since great pieces of ice are constantly melting and dissolving in it.

On our road to the Auberge, we passed the house where there were two Albinos, — children between twelve and fourteen, with very white complexions, rough white hair, and with red and restless eyes, like those of rabbits. The deep night which hangs over the valley invites me to retire early to bed; and I am hardly awake enough to tell you that we have seen a tame young ibex, who stands out as distinctly among the goats, as the natural son of a noble prince from the burgher's family among whom he is privately brought up and educated. It does not suit with our discourses, that I should speak of any thing out of its due order. Besides, you

do not take much delight in specimens of granite, quartz, or in larch and pine trees, yet, most of all, you would desire to see some remarkable fruits of our botanizing. I think I am stupid with sleep: I cannot write another line.

CHAMOUNI, Nov. 6, 1776.
Early.

Content with seeing all that the early season allows us to see, we are ready to start again, intending to penetrate as far as Valais to-day. A thick mist covers the whole valley, and reaches halfway up the mountains; and we must wait and see what sun and wind will yet do for us. Our guide purposes that we should take the road over the Col de Balme (a lofty eminence which lies on the north side of the valley, towards Valais), from the summit of which, if we are lucky, we shall be able to take another survey of the Valley of Chamouni, and of all its remarkable objects.

Whilst I am writing, a remarkable phenomenon is passing along the sky. The mists, which are shifting about and breaking in some places, allow you, through their openings, as through skylights, to catch a glance of the blue sky, while at the same time the mountain peaks, rising above our roof of vapor, are illuminated by the sun's rays. Even without the hope it gives of a beautiful day, this sight of itself is a rich treat to the eye.

We have at last obtained a standard for judging the heights of the mountains. It is at a considerable height above the valley that the vapor rests on the mountains. At a still greater height are clouds, which have floated off upwards from the top of the mist; and then far above these clouds you see the summits glittering in the sunshine.

It is time to go. I must bid farewell to this beautiful valley and to you.

MARTINAC IN VALAIS, Nov. 6, 1779.
Evening.

We have made the passage across without any mishap, and so this adventure is over. The joy of our good luck will keep my pen going merrily for a good half-hour yet.

Having packed our luggage on a mule, we set out early (about nine) from Prieuré. The clouds shifted, so that the peaks were now visible, and then were lost again: at one moment the sun's rays came in streaks on the valley, at the next the whole of it was again in shade. We went up the

valley, passing the outlet of the ice-stream, then the glacier d'Argentière, which is the highest of the five: the top of it, however, was hidden from our view by the clouds. On the plain we held a council whether we should or not take the route over Col de Balme, and abandon the road over Valorsine. The prospect was not the most promising: however, as here there was nothing to lose, and much, perhaps, to gain, we took our way boldly towards the dark region of mists and clouds. As we approached the Glacier du Tour, the clouds parted, and we saw this glacier also in full light. We sat down a while, and drank a flask of wine, and took something to eat. We now mounted towards the sources of the Arve, passing over rugged meadows, and patches scantily covered with turf, and came nearer and nearer to the region of mists, until at last we entered right into it. We went on patiently for a while, till at last, as we got up higher, it began again to clear above our heads. It lasted for a short time: so we passed right out of the clouds, and saw the whole mass of them beneath us, spread over the valley, and were able to see the summits of all the mountains on the right and left that enclosed it, with the exception of Mont Blanc, which was covered with clouds. We were able to point them out one by one, and to name them. In some we saw the glaciers reaching from their summits to their feet: in others we could only discern their tracks, as the ice was concealed from our view by the rocky sides of the gorges. Beyond the whole of the flat surface of the clouds, except at its southern extremity, we could distinctly see the mountains glittering in the sunshine. Why should I enumerate to you the names of summits, peaks, needles, icy and snowy masses, when their mere designations can furnish no idea to your mind, either of the whole scene or of its single objects?

It was quite singular how the spirits of the air seemed to be waging war beneath us. Scarcely had we stood a few minutes enjoying the grand view, when a hostile ferment seemed to arise within the mist; and it suddenly rose upwards, and threatened once more to envelop us. We commenced stoutly ascending the height, in the hope of yet a while escaping from it; but it outstripped us, and enclosed us on all sides. However, perfectly fresh, we continued to mount; and soon there came to our aid a strong wind, blowing from the mountain. Blowing over the saddle which connected two peaks, it drove the mist back again into the valley. This strange conflict was frequently repeated; and at last, to our

joy, we reached the Col de Balme. The view from it was singular, indeed unique. The sky above the peaks was overcast with clouds: below, through the many openings in the mist, we saw the whole of Chamouni, and between these two layers of cloud the mountain summits were all visible. On the east we were shut in by rugged mountains: on the west we looked down on wild valleys, where, however, on every green patch, human dwellings were visible. Before us lay the Valley of Valais, where, at one glance, the eye took in mountains piled in every variety of mass, one upon another, and stretching as far as Martinac, and even beyond it. Surrounded on all sides by mountains, which, farther on towards the horizon, seemed continually to multiply, and to tower higher and higher, we stood on the confines of Valais and Savoy.

Some contrabandists, who were ascending the mountains with their mules, were alarmed at seeing us; for at this season they did not reckon on meeting with any one at this spot. They fired a shot to intimate that they were armed, and one advanced before the rest to reconnoitre. Having recognized our guide, and seen what a harmless figure we made, he returned to his party, who now approached us, and we passed one another with mutual greetings.

The wind now blew sharp; and it began to snow a little as we commenced our descent, which was rough and wild enough, through an ancient forest of pines, which had taken root on the faces of the gneiss. Torn up by the winds, the trunks and roots lay rotting together; and the rocks, which were loosened at the same time, were lying in rough masses among them.

At last we reached the valley where the River Trent takes its rise from a glacier, and passing the village of Trent, close upon our right, we followed the windings of the valley along a rather inconvenient road, and about six reached Martinac, which lies in the flatter portion of the Valais. Here we must refresh ourselves for further expeditions.

MARTINAC, Nov. 6, 1779.
Evening.

Just as our travels proceed uninterruptedly, so my letters, one after another, keep up my conversation with you. Scarcely have I folded and put aside the conclusion of "Wanderings through Savoy," ere I take up another sheet of paper in order to acquaint you with all that we have further in contemplation.

It was night when we entered a country about which our curiosity had long been excited. As yet we have seen nothing but the peaks of the mountains, which enclose the valley on both sides, and then only in the glimmering of twilight. We crept into our inn, and from the window we see the clouds shift. We feel as glad and comfortable to have a roof over our heads, as children do, when with stools, table-leaves, and carpets they construct a roof near the stove, and therein say to one another that outside "it is raining or snowing," in order to excite a pleasant and imaginary shudder in their little souls. It is exactly so with us on this autumnal evening in this strange and unknown region.

We learn from the maps that we are sitting in the angle of an elbow, from which the smaller part of Valais — running almost directly from south to north, and with the Rhone — extends to the Lake of Geneva, while the other and the larger portion stretches from west to east, and goes up the Rhone to its source, the Furca. The prospect of riding through the Valais is very agreeable: our only anxiety is how we are to cross over into it. First of all, with the view of seeing the lower portion, it is settled that we go to-morrow to St. Maurice, where we are to meet our friend, who, with the horses, has gone round by the Pays de Vaud. To-morrow evening we think of being here again, and then on the next day shall begin to go up the country. If the advice of M. de Saussure prevails, we shall perform the route to the Furca on horseback, and then back to Brieg over the Simplon, where, in any weather, the travelling is good over Domo d'Osula, Lago Maggiore, Bellinzona, and then up Mount Gothard. The road is said to be excellent, and everywhere passable for horses. We should best prefer going over the Furca to St. Gothard, both for the sake of the shorter route, and also because this *détour* through the Italian provinces was not within our original plan. But then what could we do with our horses? They could not be made to descend the Furca; for, in all probability, the path for pedestrians is already blocked up by the snow.

With regard to the latter contingency, however, we are quite at our ease, and hope to be able, as we have hitherto done, to take counsel, from moment to moment, with circumstances as they arise.

The most remarkable object in this inn is a servant-girl, who, with the greatest stupidity, gives herself all the airs of one of our would-be delicate German ladies We had a

good laugh, when after bathing our weary feet in a bath of red wine and clay, as recommended by our guide, we had in the affected hoiden to wipe them dry.

Our meal has not refreshed us much, and after supper we hope to enjoy our beds more.

St. Maurice, Nov. 7, 1779.
Nearly noon.

On the road it is my way to enjoy the beautiful views in order that I may call in one by one my absent friends, and converse with them on the subject of the glorious objects. If I come into an inn, it is in order to rest myself, to go back in memory and to write something to you, when many a time my overstrained faculties would much rather collapse upon themselves, and recover their tone in a sort of half-sleep.

This morning we set off at dawn from Martinac. A fresh breeze was stirring with the day, and we soon passed the old castle which stands at the point where the two arms of Valais make a sort of Y. The valley is narrow, shut in on its two sides by mountains highly diversified in their forms, and which, without exception, are of a peculiar and sublimely beautiful character. We came to the spot where the Trent breaks into the valley around some narrow and perpendicular rocks; so that one almost doubts whether the river does not flow out of the solid rock itself. Close by stands the old bridge, which only last year was greatly injured by the stream; while not far from it lie immense masses of rock, which have fallen very recently from the mountains, and blocked up the road. The whole group together would make an extremely beautiful picture. At a short distance, a new wooden bridge has been built and a new road laid down.

We knew that we were getting near the famous waterfall of Pisse Vache, and wished heartily for a peep at the sun; the shifting clouds giving us some hope that our wish would be gratified. On the road we examined various pieces of granite and of gneiss, which, with all their differences, seem, nevertheless, to have a common origin. At last we stood before the waterfall, which well deserves its fame above all others. At a considerable height a strong stream bursts from a cleft in the rock, falling downward into a basin, over which the foam and spray is carried far and wide by the wind. The sun at this moment came forth from the clouds, and made the sight doubly vivid. Below in the spray, wherever you go, you have close before you a rainbow. If you go higher up,

you still witness no less singular a phenomenon. The airy foaming waves of the upper stream of water, as, with their frothy vapor, they come in contact with the angle of vision at which the rainbow is formed, assume a flame-like hue, without giving rise to the pendent form of the bow; so that at this point you have before you a constantly varying play of fire.

We climbed all round, and, sitting down near it, wished we were able to spend whole days, and many a good hour of our life, on this spot. Here, too, as in so many other places during our present tour, we felt how impossible it was to enjoy and to be fully impressed with grand objects on a passing visit.

We came to a village where there were some merry soldiers, and we drank there some new wine. Some of the same sort had been set before us yesterday. It looked like soap and water: however, I had rather drink it than their sour "this year's" and "two years' old" wine. When one is thirsty, nothing comes amiss.

We saw St. Maurice at a distance: it is situated just at the point where the valley closes in, so much as to cease to be any thing more than a mere pass. Over the city, on the left, we saw a small church, with a hermitage close to it; and we hope to have an opportunity yet of visiting them both.

We found in the inn a note from our friend, who has stopped at Bec, which is about three-quarters of a league from this place: we have sent a messenger to him. The count is gone out for a walk, to see the country before us. I shall take a morsel to eat, and then set out towards the famous bridge and the pass.

After one o'clock.

I have at last got back from the spot where one could be contented to spend whole days together, lounging and loitering about, without once getting tired, holding converse with one's self.

If I had to advise any one as to the best route into Valais, I should recommend the one from the Lake of Geneva up the Rhone. I have been on the road to Bec over the great bridge, from which you step at once into the Bernese territory. Here the Rhone flows downwards, and the valley near the lake becomes a little broader. As I turned round again, I saw that the rocks near St. Maurice pressed together from both sides, and that a small light bridge, with a high arch,

was thrown boldly across from them over the Rhone, which rushes beneath it with its roaring and foaming stream. The numerous angles and turrets of a fortress stand close to the bridge, and a single gateway commands the entrance into Valais. I went over the bridge back towards St. Maurice, and even beyond it, in search of a view which I had formerly seen a drawing of at Huber's house, and by good luck found it.

The count is come back. He had gone to meet the horses, and, mounting his gray, had outstripped the rest. He says the bridge is so light and beautiful, that it looks like a horse in the act of leaping a ditch. Our friend, too, is coming, and is quite contented with his tour. He accomplished the distance from the Lake of Geneva to Bec in a few days, and we are all delighted to see one another again.

MARTINAC, at about nine.

We were out riding till late at night; and the road seemed much longer returning than going, as, in the morning, our attention had been constantly attracted from one object to another. Besides, I am, for this day at least, heartily tired of descriptions and reflections: however, I must try hastily to perpetuate the memory of two beautiful objects. It was deep twilight, when, on our return, we reached the waterfall of the Pisse Vache. The mountains, the valley, and the heavens themselves, were dark and dusky. By its grayish tint and unceasing murmur you could distinguish the falling stream from all other objects, though you could scarcely discern the slightest motion. Suddenly the summit of a very high peak glowed just like molten brass in a furnace, and above it rose red smoke. This singular phenomenon was the effect of the setting sun illuminating the snow and the mists which ascended from it.

SION, Nov. 8, 1779.
About three o'clock.

This morning we missed our way riding, and were delayed, in consequence, three hours at least. We set out from Martinac before dawn, in order to reach Sion in good time The weather was extraordinarily beautiful, only that the sun, being low in the heavens, was shut out by the mountains; so that the road, as we passed along, was entirely in the shade. The view, however, of the marvellously beautiful valley of Valais called up many a good and cheerful idea. We had

ridden for full three hours along the high road, with the Rhone on our left, when we saw Sion before us; and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on the prospect of soon ordering our noon-day's meal, when we found that the bridge we ought to cross had been carried away. Nothing remained for us, we were told by the people who were busy repairing it, but either to leave our horses, and go by a foot-path which ran across the rocks, or else to ride on for about three miles, and then cross the Rhone by some other bridges. We chose the latter; and we would not suffer any ill humor to get possession of us, but determined to ascribe this mischance to the interposition of our good genius, who intended to take us a slow ride through this interesting region with the advantage of good daylight. Everywhere, indeed, in this narrow district, the Rhone makes sad havoc. In order to reach the other bridges, we were obliged, for more than a league and a half, to ride over sandy patches, which, in the various inundations, are constantly shifting, and are useful for nothing but alder and willow beds. At last we came to the bridges, which were wretched, tottering, long, and composed of rotten timbers. We had to lead our horses over, one by one, and with extreme caution. We were now on the left side of the Valais, and had to turn backwards to get to Sion. The road itself was, for the most part, wretched and stony: every step, however, opened a fresh view, which was well worth a painting. One, however, was particularly remarkable. The road brought us up to a castle, below which there was spread out the most lovely scene that we had seen in the whole road. The mountains nearest to us run down on both sides slantingly to the level ground, and by their shape give a kind of perspective effect to the natural landscape. Beneath us was the Valais, in its entire breadth from mountain to mountain, so that the eye could easily take it in. The Rhone, with its ever-varying windings and bushy banks, was flowing past villages, meadows, and richly cultivated highlands. In the distance you saw the Castle of Sion, and the various hills which begin to rise behind it. The farthest horizon was shut in, amphitheatre like, with a semicircular range of snow-capped mountains, which, like all the rest of the scene, stood glittering in the sun's meridian splendor. Disagreeable and rough was the road we had to ride over: we therefore enjoyed the more, perhaps, the still tolerably green festoons of the vines which overarched it. The inhabitants, to whom every spot of

earth is precious, plant their grape-vines close against the walls which divide their little holdings from the road, where they grow to an extraordinary thickness, and, by means of stakes and trellises, are trained across the road so as almost to form one continuous arbor. The lower grounds were principally meadows. In the neighborhood of Sion, however, we noticed some tillage. Towards this town, the scenery is extremely diversified by a variety of hills, and we wished to be able to make a longer stay in order to enjoy it. But the hideousness of the town and of the people fearfully disturb the pleasant impression which the scenery leaves. The most frightful goitres put me altogether out of humor. We cannot well put our horses any farther to-day, and therefore we think of going on foot to Seyters. Here in Sion the inn is disgusting, and the whole town has a dirty and revolting appearance.

SEYTERS, Nov. 8, 1779.
Night.

As evening had begun to fall before we set out from Sion, we reached here at night, with the sky above us clear and starry. We have consequently lost many a good view: that I know well. Particularly we should have liked to ascend to the Castle of Tourbillon, which is at no great distance from Sion: the view from it must be uncommonly beautiful. A guide whom we took with us skilfully guided us through some wretched low lands, where the water was out. We soon reached the heights, and had the Rhone below us on our right. By talking over some astronomical matters, we shortened our road, and have taken up our abode here with some very worthy people, who are doing their best to entertain us. When we think over what we have gone through, so busy a day, with its many incidents and sights, seems almost equal to a whole week. I begin to be quite sorry that I have neither time nor talent to sketch at least the outlines of the most remarkable objects; for that would be much better for the absent than all descriptions.

SEYTERS, Nov. 9, 1779.

Before we set out, I can just bid you good-morning. The count is going with me to the mountains on the left, towards Leukerbad. Our friend will, in the mean time, stay here with the horses, and join us to-morrow at Leuk.

LEUKERBAD, Nov. 9, 1779.
At the foot of Mount Gemmi.

In a little wooden house, where we have been most kindly received by some very worthy people, we are sitting in a small, low room, and trying how much of to-day's highly interesting tour can be communicated in words. Starting from Seyters very early, we proceeded for three leagues up the mountains, after having passed large districts laid waste by the mountain torrents. One of these streams will suddenly rise, and desolate an extent of many miles, covering with fragments of rock and gravel the fields, meadows, and gardens, which (at least wherever possible) the people laboriously set to work to clear, in order, within two generations, perhaps; to be again laid waste. We have had a gray day, with every now and then a glimpse of sunshine. It is impossible to describe how infinitely variegated the Valais here again becomes: the landscape bends and changes every moment. Looking around you, all the objects seem to lie close together; and yet they are separated by great ravines and hills. Generally we had had the open part of the valley below us, on the right, when suddenly we came upon a spot which commanded a most beautiful view over the mountains

In order to render more clear what it is I am attempting to describe, I must say a few words on the geographical position of the district in which we are at present. We had now, for three hours, been ascending the mountainous region which separates Valais from Berne. This is, in fact, the great track of mountains which runs in one continuous chain from the Lake of Geneva to Mount St. Gothard, and on which, as it passes through Berne, rest the great masses of ice and snow. Here "above" and "below" are but the relative terms of the moment. I say, for instance, beneath me lies a village; and, in all probability, the level on which it is built is on a precipitous summit, which is far higher above the valley below than I am above it.

As we turned an angle of the road, and rested a while at a hermitage, we saw beneath us, at the end of a lovely green meadow-land which stretched along the brink of an enormous chasm, the village of Inden, with its white church exactly in the middle of the landscape, and built altogether on the slope of the hillside. Beyond the chasm another line of meadow lands and pine forests went upwards, while right behind the village a vast cleft in the rocks ran up the summit. On the left hand the mountains came right down to

us, while those on our right stretched far away into the distance; so that the little hamlet, with its white church, formed, as it were, the focus towards which the many rocks, ravines, and mountains all converged. The road to Inden is cut out of the precipitous side of the rock, which, on your left going to the village, lines the amphitheatre. It is not dangerous, although it looks frightful enough. It goes down on the slope of a rugged mass of rocks, separated from the yawning abyss on the right by nothing but a few poor planks. A peasant with a mule, who was descending at the same time as ourselves, whenever he came to any dangerous points, caught his beast by the tail, lest the steep descent should cause him to slip, and roll into the rocks below. At last we reached Inden. As our guide was well known there, he easily managed to obtain for us, from a good-natured dame, some bread and a glass of red wine; for in these parts there are no regular inns.

We now ascended the high ravine behind Inden, where we soon saw before us the Gemmiberg (of which we had heard such frightful descriptions), with Leukerbad at its foot, lying between two lofty, inaccessible, snow-covered mountains, as if it were in the hollow of a hand. It was three o'clock, nearly, when we arrived there; and our guide soon procured us lodgings. There is properly no inn, even here; but, in consequence of the many visitors to the baths at this place, all people have good accommodations. Our hostess had been put to bed the day before; but her husband, with an old mother and a servant-girl, did very creditably the honors of the house. We ordered something to eat, and went to see the warm springs, which in several places burst out of the earth with great force, and are received in very clean reservoirs. Out of the village, and more towards the mountains, there are said to be still stronger ones. The water has not the slightest smell of sulphur; and neither at its source, nor in its channel, does it make the least deposit of ochre, or of any other earth or mineral, but, like any other clear spring-water, it leaves not the slightest trace behind it. As it comes out of the earth, it is extremely hot, and is famous for its good qualities. We had still time for a walk to the foot of the Gemmi, which appeared to us to be at no great distance. I must here repeat a remark that has been made so often already, — that, when one is surrounded with mountain scenery, all objects appear to be extremely near. We had a good league to go, — across fragments of rocks which had fallen

from the heights, and over gravel brought down by the torrents, — before we reached the foot of the Gemmi, where the road ascends along the precipitous crags. This is the only pass into the canton of Berne, and the sick have to be transported along it in sedan-chairs.

If the season did not bid us hasten onward, we should probably to-morrow make an attempt to ascend this remarkable mountain: as it is, however, we must content ourselves with the simple view of it. On our return we saw the clouds brewing, which in these parts is a highly interesting sight. The fine weather we have hitherto enjoyed has made us almost entirely forget that we are in November: moreover, as they foretold us in Berne, the autumn here is very delightful. The short days, however, and the clouds, which threaten snow, warn us how late it is in the year. The strange drift which has been agitating them this evening was singularly beautiful. As we came back from the foot of the Gemmi, we saw light mists come up the ravine from Inden, and move with great rapidity. They continually changed their direction, going, now forward, now backward; and at last, as they ascended, they came so near to Leukerbad, that we saw clearly that we must double our steps, if we would not, before nightfall, be enveloped in the clouds. However, we reached our quarters without accident; and, whilst I write this, it is snowing in earnest. This is the first fall of snow that we have yet had; and when we call to mind our warm ride yesterday, from Martinac to Sion, beneath the vine-arbors, which were still pretty thick with leaves, the change does appear sudden indeed. I have been standing some time at the door, observing the character and look of the clouds, which are beautiful beyond description. It is not yet night; but at intervals the clouds veil the whole sky, and make it quite dark. They rise out of the deep ravines until they reach the highest summits of the mountains: attracted by these, they appear to thicken; and, being condensed by the cold, they fall down in the shape of snow. It gives you an inexpressible feeling of loneliness to find yourself here at this height, as it were, in a sort of well, from which you scarcely can suppose that there is even a footpath to get out by, except down the precipice before you. The clouds which gather here in this valley, at one time completely hiding the immense rocks, and absorbing them in a waste, impenetrable gloom, or at another letting a part of them be seen, like huge spectres, give to the people a cast of melancholy. In

the midst of such natural phenomena, the people are full of presentiments and forebodings. Clouds, a phenomenon remarkable to every man from his youth up, are in the flat countries, generally looked upon at most as something foreign, something super-terrestrial. People regard them as strangers, as birds of passage, which, hatched under a different climate, visit this or that country for a moment or two in passing; as splendid pieces of tapestry, wherewith the gods part off their pomp and splendor from human eyes. But here, where they are hatched, one is enveloped in them from the very first, and the eternal and intrinsic energy of his nature feels moved at every nerve to forebode, and to indulge in presentiments.

To the clouds, which with us even produce these effects, we pay little attention: moreover, as they are not pushed so thickly and directly before our eyes, their economy is the more difficult to observe. With regard to all such phenomena, one's only wish is to dwell on them for a while, and to be able to tarry several days in the spots where they are observable. If one is fond of such observations, the desire becomes the more vivid, the more one reflects that every season of the year, every hour of the day, and every change of weather, produces new phenomena which we little looked for. And as no man, not even the most ordinary character, was ever a witness, even for once, of great and unusual events, without their leaving behind in his soul some traces or other, and making him feel himself also to be greater for this one little shred of grandeur, so that he is never weary of telling the whole tale of it over again, and has gained, at any rate, a little treasure for his whole life, just so is it with the man who has seen and become familiar with the grand phenomena of nature. He who manages to preserve these impressions, and to combine them with other thoughts and emotions, has, assuredly, a stock of spice wherewith to season the most tasteless parts of life, and to give a pervading relish to the whole of existence.

I observe that in my notes I make very little mention of human beings. Amid these grand objects of nature, they are but little worthy of notice, especially where they do but come and go. I doubt not but that, on a longer stay, we should meet with many worthy and interesting people. One thing I think I have observed everywhere, — the farther one moves from the high road and the busy marts of men, the more people are shut in by the mountains, isolated and confined to

the simplest wants of life, the more they draw their maintenance from simple, humble, and unchangeable pursuits, the better, the more obliging, the more friendly, unselfish, and hospitable they are.

LEUKERBAD, Nov. 10, 1779.

We are getting ready by candle-light, in order to descend the mountain again as soon as day breaks. I have passed a rather restless night. I had not been long in bed before I felt as if I were attacked all over with the nettle-rash. I soon found, however, that it was a swarm of jumping insects, who, ravenous for blood, had fallen upon the new-comer. These insects breed in great numbers in these wooden houses. The night appeared to me extremely long; and I was heartily glad, when, in the morning, a light was brought in.

LEUKERBAD.
About ten o'clock.

We have not much time to spare: however, before we set out, I will give you an account of the remarkable breaking up of our company, which has here taken place, and also of the cause of it. We set out from Leukerbad with daybreak this morning, and had to make our way over the meadows through the fresh and slippery snow. We soon came to Inden, where, leaving above us on our right the precipitous road which we came down yesterday, we descended to the meadow lands along the ravine, which now lay on our left. It is extremely wild, and overgrown with trees; but a very tolerable road runs down into it. Through the clefts in the rock, the water which comes down from Leukerbad has its outlets into the Valais. High up on the side of the hill which yesterday we descended, we saw an aqueduct skilfully cut out of the rock, by which a little stream is conducted from the mountain, then through a hollow into a neighboring village.

Next we had to ascend a steep height, from which we soon saw the open country of Valais, with the dirty town of Valais lying beneath us. These little towns are mostly stuck on the hillsides, the roofs inelegantly covered with coarsely split planks, which within a year become black, and overgrown with moss; and when you enter them you are at once disgusted, for every thing is dirty. Want and hardship are everywhere apparent among these highly privileged and free burghers.

We found here our friend, who brought the unfavorable report, that it was beginning to be injudicious to proceed farther with the horses. The stables were everywhere small and narrow, being built only for mules or sumpter-horses; oats, too, were rarely to be procured: indeed, he was told, that, higher up among the mountains, there were none to be had. Accordingly a council was held. Our friend, with the horses, was to descend the Valais, and go by Bec, Vevay, Lausanne, Freiburg, and Berne, to Lucerne; while the count and I pursued our course up the Valais, and endeavored to penetrate to Mount Gothard, and then through the canton of Uri, and by the lake of the Forest Towns, likewise make for Lucerne. In these parts you may anywhere procure mules, which are better suited to these roads than horses; and to go on foot is, after all, the most agreeable mode of travel. Our friend is gone, and our portmanteaus packed on the back of a mule, and so we are now ready to set off, and make our way on foot to Brieg. The sky has a motley appearance: still I hope that the good luck which has hitherto attended us, and attracted us to this distant spot, will not abandon us at the very point where we have the most need of it.

BRIEG, Nov. 10, 1779.
Evening.

Of to-day's expedition I have little to tell you, unless you would like to be entertained with a long circumstantial account of the weather. About eleven o'clock we set off from Leuk, in company with a Suabian butcher's boy, — who had run away hither, and had found a place, where he served somewhat in the capacity of *Hanswurst* (Jack-pudding), — and with our luggage packed on the back of a mule, which its master was driving before him. Behind us, as far as the eye could reach, thick snow-clouds, which came driving up the lowlands, covered every thing. It was really a dull aspect. Without expressing my fears, I felt anxious, lest — even though right before us it looked as clear as it could do in the land of Goshen — the clouds might, nevertheless, overtake us; and here, perhaps in the territory of the Valais, shut in on both sides by mountains, we might be covered with the clouds, and in one night snowed up. Thus whispered alarm, which got possession almost entirely of one ear: at the other, good courage was speaking in a confident tone, and, reproving me for want of faith, kept reminding me of the past, and

called my attention to the phenomena of the atmosphere before us. Our road went continually on towards the fine weather. Up the Rhone all was clear; and, although a strong west wind kept driving the clouds behind us, they could not reach us.

The following was the cause of this. Into the valley of Valais there are, as I have so often remarked already, running down from the neighboring mountain chains, many ravines, which fall into it like little brooks into a great stream, as, indeed, all their waters flow off into the Rhone. Out of each of these openings rushes a current of wind, which has been forming in the inner valleys and nooks of the rocks. Whenever the principal drift of the clouds up the valley reaches one of these ravines, the current of the wind does not allow the clouds to pass, but contends with them and with the wind that is driving them, and thus detains them, and disputes with them for whole hours the passage up the valley. This conflict we often witnessed; and, when we believed we should surely be overtaken by the clouds, an obstacle of this kind would again arise; and, after we had gone a league, we found they had scarcely stirred from the spot.

Towards evening the sky was uncommonly beautiful. As we arrived at Brieg, the clouds got there almost as soon as we: however, as the sun had set, and a driving east wind blew against them, they were obliged to come to a halt, and formed a huge crescent, from mountain to mountain, across the valley. The cold air had greatly condensed them; and, where their edge stood out against the blue sky, it presented to the eye many beautiful, light, and elegant forms. It was quite clear that they were heavy with snow: however, the fresh air seemed to us to promise that much would not fall during the night.

Here we are in a very comfortable inn; and, what greatly tends to make us contented, we have found a roomy chamber with a stove in it, so that we can sit by the fireside, and take counsel together as to our future travels. Through Brieg runs the usual road to Italy, over the Simplon. Should we, therefore, give up our plan of going over the Furca to Mount St. Gothard, we shall go with hired horses and mules to Domo d'Ossula, Margozro, pass up Lago Maggiore, and then to Bellinzona, and then on to St. Gothard, and over Airolo, to the monastery of the Capuchins. This road is passable all the winter through, and good travelling for

horses. However, to our minds it is not very inviting, especially as it was not in our original plan, and will not bring us to Lucerne till five days after our friend. We should like better to see the whole of the Valais up to its extreme limit, whither we hope to come by to-morrow evening; and, if fortune favors, we shall be sitting, by about the same time next day, in Realp, in the canton of Uri, which is on Mount Gothard, and very near to its highest summit. If we then find it impossible to cross the Furca, the road back to this spot will still be open to us, and we then shall pursue from necessity what we will not do from choice.

You can well believe that I have here closely examined the people, whether they believe that the passage over the Furca is open; for that is the one idea with which I rise, and lie down to sleep, and occupy myself all day long. Hitherto our journey was like a march directed against an enemy; and now it is as if we were approaching the spot where he has intrenched himself, and we must give him battle. Besides our mule, two horses are ordered to be ready by the evening.

MUNSTER, Nov. 11, 1779.
Evening, six o'clock.

Again we have had a pleasant and prosperous day. This morning, as we set out early and in good time from Brieg, our host, when we were already on the road, said, "If the mountain (so they call the Furca here) should prove too fearful, you can easily come back, and take another route." With our two horses and mule we soon came upon some pleasant meadows, where the valley becomes so narrow that it is scarcely some gunshots wide. Here are some beautiful pasture-lands, on which stand large trees; while pieces of rock lie scattered about, which have rolled down from the neighboring mountains. The valley gradually grows narrower; and the traveller is forced to ascend along the side of the mountain, having, the while, the Rhone below him, in a rugged ravine on his left. Above him, however, the land is beautifully spread out. On the variously undulating hills are verdant and rich meadows and pretty hamlets, which, with their dark-brown wooden houses, peep out prettily from among the snow. We travelled a good deal on foot, and we did so in turns to accommodate one another; for, although riding is safe enough, still it excites one's alarm to see another riding before you along so narrow a track, and

on so weak an animal, and just on the brink of so rugged a precipice. And, as no cattle can be left in the meadows (for the people here shut them all up in sheds at this season), such a country looks lonely; and the thought that one is continually being hemmed in closer and closer by the vast mountains fills the imagination with sombre and disagreeable fancies, enough to make you fall from your seat if you are not very firm in the saddle. Man is never perfectly master of himself. As he lives in utter ignorance of the future, as, indeed, what the next moment may bring forth is hidden from him, he has often, when any thing unusual falls beneath his notice, to contend with involuntary sensations, forebodings, and dream-like fancies, at which shortly afterwards he may laugh outright, but which at the decisive moment are often extremely oppressive.

In our noonday quarters we met with some amusement. We had taken up our lodgings with a woman in whose house every thing looked neat and orderly. Her room, after the fashion of the country, was wainscoted; the beds ornamented with carving; the cupboards, tables, and all the other little repositories which were fastened against the walls or to the corners, had pretty ornaments of turner's work or carving. From the portraits which hung around in the room, it was easy to see that several members of the family had devoted themselves to the clerical profession. We also observed over the door a collection of bound books, which we took to be the endowment of one of these reverend personages. We took down the "Legends of the Saints," and read it while our meal was preparing. On one occasion of our hostess' entering the room, she asked us if we had ever read the history of St. Alexis. We said no, and took no further notice of her question, but went on reading the chapter we each had begun. When, however, we had sat down to table, she placed herself by our sides, and began again to talk of St. Alexis. We asked her whether he was her patron saint or that of her family; which she denied, affirming at the same time, however, that this saintly person had undergone so much for the love of God, that his history always affected her more than any other's. When she saw that we knew nothing about him, she began to tell us his history. "St. Alexis," she said, "was the son of noble, rich, and God-fearing parents in Rome; and in the practice of good works he delighted to follow their example, for they did extraordinary good to the poor. All this, however, did not appear

enough to Alexis; but he secretly devoted himself entirely to God's service, and vowed to Christ perpetual virginity. When, in the course of time, his parents wished to marry him to a lovely and amiable maiden, he did not oppose their will, and the marriage ceremony was concluded; but, instead of retiring to his bed in the nuptial chamber, he went on board a vessel which he found ready to sail, and with it passed over to Asia. Here he assumed the garb of a wretched mendicant, and became so thoroughly disguised, that the servants of his father who had been sent after him failed to recognize him. Here he posted himself near the door of the principal church, invariably attending the divine services, and supporting himself on the alms of the faithful. After two or three years, various miracles took place, betokening the special favor of the Almighty. In the church, the bishop heard a voice bidding him summon into the sacred temple that man whose prayer was most acceptable to God, and to keep him by his side while he celebrated divine worship. As the bishop did not at once know who could be meant, the voice went on to announce to him the beggar, whom, to the great astonishment of the people, he immediately fetched into the church. St. Alexis, embarrassed by having the attention of the people directed to him, quietly and silently departed, also on shipboard, intending to proceed still farther abroad. But, by a tempest and other circumstances, he was compelled to land in Italy. The saint, seeing in all this the finger of God, was rejoiced to meet with an opportunity of exercising self-denial in the highest degree. He therefore set off direct for his native town, and placed himself as a beggar at the door of his parents' house. With their usual pious benevolence did they receive him, and commanded one of their servants to furnish him with lodging in the castle and with all necessary sustenance. This servant, annoyed at the trouble he was put to, and displeased with his master's benevolence, assigned to this seeming beggar a miserable hole under some stone steps, where he threw to him, as to a dog, a sorry pittance of food. The saint, instead of suffering himself to be vexed thereat, first of all thanked God sincerely for it in his heart, and not only bore with patient meekness all this, which he might easily have altered, but, with incredible and superhuman fortitude, endured to witness the lasting grief of his parents and his wife for his absence. For he heard his much-loved parents and his beautiful spouse invoke his name a hundred times a

day, and pray for his return, and he saw them waste their days in sorrow for his supposed absence." At this passage of her narrative our good hostess could not refrain her tears; while her two daughters, who during the story had crept close to her side, kept steadily looking up in their mother's face. "But," she continued, "great was the reward which the Almighty bestowed on his constancy, giving him, at his death, the greatest possible proofs of his favor in the eyes of the faithful. For after living several years in this state, daily frequenting the service of God with the most fervent zeal, he at last fell sick, without any particular heed being given to his condition by any one. One morning shortly after this, while the Pope was himself celebrating high mass, in the presence of the emperor and all the nobles, suddenly all the bells in the whole city of Rome began to toll, as if for the passing knell of some distinguished personage. Whilst every one was full of amazement, it was revealed to the Pope that this marvel was in honor of the death of the holiest person in the whole city, who had but just died in the house of the noble patrician. The father of Alexis, being interrogated, thought at once of the beggar. He went home, and found him beneath the stairs, quite dead. In his folded hands the saintly man clutched a paper, which his old father sought in vain to take from him. He returned to the church, and told all this to the emperor and the Pope, who thereupon, with their courtiers and clergy, set off to visit the corpse of the saint. When they reached the spot, the holy father took the paper without difficulty out of the hands of the dead man, and handed it to the emperor, who thereupon caused it to be read aloud by his chancellor. The paper contained the history of the saint. Then you should have seen the grief of his parents and wife, which now became excessive, — to think that they had had near to them a son and husband so dear, for whom there was nothing too good that they would not have done; and then, too, to know how ill he had been treated! They fell upon his corpse and wept so bitterly, that there was not one of the bystanders who could refrain from tears. Moreover, among the multitude of the people who gradually flocked to the spot, there were many sick, who were brought to the body, and by its touch were made whole."

When she had finished her story, she affirmed over and over again, as she dried her eyes, that she had never heard a more touching history; and I, too, was seized with so great

a desire to weep, that I had the greatest difficulty to hide and suppress it. After dinner I looked out the legend itself in "Father Cochem," and found that the good dame had dropped none of the purely human traits of the story, while she had clean forgotten all the tasteless remarks of this writer.

We keep going continually to the window, watching the weather, and are at present very near offering a prayer to the wind and clouds. Long evenings and universal stillness are the elements in which writing thrives right merrily; and I am convinced, that if, for a few months only, I could contrive, or were obliged, to stay at a spot like this, all my unfinished dramas would of necessity be completed one after another.

We have already had several people before us, and questioned them with regard to the pass over the Furca; but even here we have been unable to gain any precise information, although the mountain is only two or three leagues distant. We must, however, rest contented; and we shall set ourselves at break of day to reconnoitre, and see how destiny will decide for us. However, in general, I may be disposed to take things as they go, it would, I must confess, be highly annoying to me if we should be forced to retrace our steps again. If we are fortunate, we shall be by to-morrow evening at Realp or St. Gothard, and by noon the next day among the Capuchins, at the summit of the mountain. If things go unfortunately, we have two roads open for a retreat, — back through the whole of Valais, and by the well-known road over Berne to Lucerne; or back to Brieg, and then by a wide *détour* to St. Gothard. I think in this short letter I have told you three times. But in fact it is a matter of great importance to us. The issue will decide which was in the right, — our courage, which gave us a confidence that we must succeed, or the prudence of certain persons who were very earnest in trying to dissuade us from attempting this route. This much, at any rate, is certain, that both prudence and courage must own chance to be over them both. And now that we have once more examined the weather, and found the air to be cold, the sky bright, and without any signs of a tendency to snow, we shall go calmly to bed.

MUNSTER, Nov. 12, 1776.
Six o'clock in the morning.

We are quite ready, and all is packed up in order to set out hence with the break of day. We have before us two leagues to Oberwald, and from there the usual reckoning makes six leagues to Realp. Our mule is to follow us with the baggage as far as it is possible to take him.

REALP, Nov. 12, 1779.
Evening.

We reached this place just at nightfall. We have surmounted all difficulties, and the knots which entangled our path have been cut in two. Before I tell you where we are lodged, and before I describe to you the character of our hosts, allow me the gratification of going over in thought the road which we did not see before us without anxiety, but which we have left behind us without accident, though not without difficulty. About seven we started from Munster, and saw before us the snow-covered amphitheatre of mountain summits, and took to be the Furca the mountain which in the background stood obliquely before it. But, as we afterwards learned, we made a mistake: it was concealed from our view by the mountains on our left and by high clouds. The east wind blew strong, and fought with some snow-clouds, chasing the drifts, now over the mountains, now up the valley. But this only made the snow-drifts deeper on the ground, and caused us several times to miss our way; although, shut in as we were on both sides, we could not fail of reaching Oberwald eventually. About nine we actually got there; and, when we dropped in at an inn, its inmates were not a little surprised to see such characters appear there this time of the year. We asked whether the pass over the Furca were still practicable; and they answered, that their folk crossed for the greater part of the winter, but whether we should be able to get across, they could not tell. We immediately sent for some of these persons to be our guides. There soon appeared a strong, thick-set peasant, whose very look and shape inspired confidence. With him we immediately began to treat: if he thought the pass was practicable for us, let him say so, and then take one or more comrades and come with us. After a short pause he agreed, and went away to get ready and to fetch the others. In the mean time we paid our muleteer the hire of his beast, since we could no longer make any use of his mule; and having

eaten some bread and cheese, and drank a glass of red wine, felt full of strength and spirits, as our guide came back, followed by another man, who looked still bigger and stronger, and, seeming to have all the strength and courage of a horse, he quickly shouldered our portmanteau. And now we set out, a party of five, through the village, and soon reached the foot of the mountain, which lay on our left, and began gradually to ascend it. At first we had to follow a beaten track which came down from a neighboring Alp: soon, however, this came to an end, and we had to go up the mountain side through the snow. Our guides, with great skill, tracked their way among the rocks around which the usual path winds, although the deep and smooth snow had covered all alike. Still our road lay through a forest of pines, while the Rhone flowed beneath us in a narrow, unfruitful valley. Into it we also, after a little while, had to descend, and, by crossing a little foot-bridge, we came in sight of the glacier of the Rhone. It is the hugest we have as yet had so full a view of. Being of very great breadth, it occupies the whole saddle of the mountain, and descends uninterruptedly down to the point, where, in the valley, the Rhone flows out of it. At this source the people tell us it has for several years been decreasing. But that is as nothing compared with all the rest of the huge mass. Although every thing was full of snow, still the rough crags of ice, on which the wind did not allow the snow to lie, were visible with their dark-blue fissures, and you could see clearly where the glacier ended and the snow-covered rock began. To this point, which lay on our left, we came very close. Presently we again reached a light foot-bridge over a little mountain-stream, which flowed through a barren, trough-shaped valley to join the Rhone. After passing the glacier, neither on the right, nor on the left, nor before you, was there a tree to be seen: all was one desolate waste, — no rugged and prominent rocks, nothing but long smooth valleys, slightly inclining eminences, which now, in the snow, which levelled all inequalities, presented to us their simple, unbroken surfaces. Turning now to the left, we ascended a mountain, sinking at every step deep in the snow. One of our guides had to go first, and, boldly treading down the snow, break the way by which we were to follow.

It was a strange sight, when, turning for a moment your attention from the road, you directed it to yourself and your fellow-travellers. In the most desolate region of the world, in a boundless, monotonous wilderness of mountains envel-

oped in snow, where, for three leagues before and behind, you would not expect to meet a living soul, while on both sides you had the deep hollows of a web of mountains, you might see a line of men wending their way, treading each in the deep footsteps of the one before him, and where, in the whole of the wide expanse thus smoothed over, the eye could discern nothing but the track they left behind them. The hollows as we left them lay behind us gray and boundless in the mist. The changing clouds continually passed over the pale disk of the sun, and spread over the whole scene a perpetually moving veil. I am convinced that any one, who, while pursuing this route, allowed his imagination to gain the mastery, would, even in the absence of all immediate danger, fall a victim to his own apprehensions and fears. In reality, there is little or no risk of a fall here. The great danger is from the avalanches, when the snow has become deeper than it is at present, and begins to roll. However, our guide told us that they cross the mountains throughout the winter, carrying from Valais to St. Gothard skins of the chamois, in which a considerable trade is carried on here. But then, to avoid the avalanches, they do not take the route that we did, but remain for some time longer in the broad valley, and then go straight up the mountain. This road is safer, but much more inconvenient. After a march of about three hours and a half, we reached the saddle of the Furca, near the cross which marks the boundary of Valais and Uri. Even here we could not distinguish the double peak from which the Furca derives its name. We now hoped for an easier descent; but our guides soon announced to us still deeper snow, as we immediately found it to be. Our march continued in single file, as before; and the foremost man, who broke the path, often sank up to his waist in the snow. The readiness of the people, and their light way of speaking of matters, served to keep up our courage; and I will say, for myself, that I have accomplished the journey without fatigue, although I cannot say that it was a mere walk. The huntsman Hermann asserted that he had often before met with equally deep snow in the forests of Thuringia; but at last he could not help bursting out with a loud exclamation, "The Furca is a"—

A vulture, or lammergeyer, swept over our heads with incredible rapidity. It was the only living thing that we had met with in this waste. In the distance we saw the mountains of the Ursi lighted up with the bright sunshine. Our

guides wished to enter a shepherd's hut which had been abandoned and snowed up, and to take something to eat; but we urged them to go onwards to avoid standing still in the cold. Here, again, is another group of valleys; and at last we gained an open view into the Valley of the Ursi.

We now proceeded at a shorter pace; and, after travelling about three leagues and a half from the cross, we saw the scattered roofs of Realp. We had several times questioned our guides as to what sort of an inn, and what kind of wine, we were likely to find in Realp. The hopes they gave us were any thing but good; but they assured us that the Capuchins there, although they had not, like those on the summit of St. Gothard, an hospice, were in the habit of entertaining strangers. We should there get some good red wine, and better food than at an inn. We therefore sent one of our party forward to inform the Capuchins of our arrival, and procure a lodging for us. We did not loiter long behind, and arrived very soon after him, when we were received at the door by one of the fathers, — a portly, good-looking man. With much friendliness of manner he invited us to enter, and at the threshold begged that we would put up with such entertainment as they could offer, since at no time, and least of all at this season of the year, were they prepared to receive such guests. He therefore led us into a warm room, and was very busy waiting upon us, while we took off our boots, and changed our linen. He begged us once for all to make ourselves perfectly at home. As to our meat, we must, he said, be indulgent; for they were in the middle of their long fast, which would last till Christmas Day. We assured him that a warm room, a bit of bread, and a glass of red wine, would, in our present circumstances, fully satisfy all our wishes. He procured us what we asked for; and we had scarcely refreshed ourselves a little, ere he began to recount to us all that concerned the establishment, and the settlement of himself and fellows, on this waste spot. "We have not," he said, "an hospice, like the fathers on Mount St. Gothard: we are here in the capacity of parish priests, and there are three of us. The duty of preaching falls to my lot: the second father has to look after the school; and the brother, after the household." He went on to describe their hardships and toils, here, at the farthest end of a lonely valley, separated from all the world, and working hard to very little profit. This spot, like all others, was formerly provided with a secular priest; but, an ava-

lanche having buried half of the village, the last one had run away, and taken the pyx with him, whereupon he was suspended, and they, of whom more resignation was expected, were sent there in his place.

In order to write all this, I had retired to an upper room, which is warmed from below by a hole in the floor; and I have just received an intimation that dinner is ready, which, notwithstanding our luncheon, is right welcome news.

About nine.

The fathers, priests, servants, guides, and all, took their dinner together at a common table. The brother, however, who superintended the cooking, did not make his appearance till dinner was nearly over. Out of milk, eggs, and flour he had compounded a variety of dishes, which we tasted one after another, and found them all very good. Our guides, who took great pleasure in speaking of the successful issue of our expedition, praised us for our uncommon dexterity in travelling, and assured us that it was not every one that they would have undertaken the task of being guides to. They even confessed, also, that this morning, when their services were required, one had gone first to reconnoitre, and to see if we looked like people who would really go through all difficulties with them; for they were particularly cautious how they accompanied old or weak people at this time of the year, since it was their duty to take over in safety every one they had once engaged to guide, being bound, in case of his falling sick, to carry him, even though it should be at the imminent risk of their own lives, and, if he were to die on the passage, not to leave his body behind. This confession at once opened the flood-gates to a host of anecdotes; and each, in turn, had his story to tell of the difficulties and dangers of wandering over the mountains amidst which the people had here to live as in their proper element; so that with the greatest indifference they speak of mischances and accidents to which they themselves are daily liable. One of them told a story of how, on the Candersteg, on his way to Mount Gemmi, he and a comrade with him (he is mentioned on every occasion with both Christian and surname) found a poor family in the deep snow, the mother dying, her boy half dead, and the father in that state of indifference which verges on a total prostration of intellect. He took the woman on his back, and his comrade her son; and, thus laden,

they had driven before them the father, who was unwilling to move from the spot.

During the descent of Gemmi the woman died on his back; but he brought her, dead as she was, to Leukerbad. When we asked what sort of people they were, and what could have brought them at such a season into the mountains, he said they were poor people of the canton of Berne, who, driven by want, had taken to the road at an unseasonable period of the year, in the hope of finding some relations either in Valais or the Italian canton, and had been overtaken by a snow-storm. Moreover, they told many anecdotes of what had happened to themselves during the winter journeys over the Furca with the chamois-skins; on which expeditions, however, they always travelled in companies. Every now and then our reverend host would make excuses for the dinner, and we redoubled our assurances that we wished for nothing better. We also found that he contrived to bring back the conversation to himself and his own matters, observing that he had not been long in this place. He began to talk of the office of preaching and of the skill that a preacher ought to have. He compared the good preacher to a chapman who cleverly puffs his wares, and by his pleasant words makes himself agreeable to his customers. After dinner he kept up the conversation; and, as he stood with his left hand leaning on the table, he accompanied his remarks with his right, and, while he discoursed most eloquently on eloquence, appeared at the moment as if he wished to convince us that he himself was the clever chapman. We assented to his observations, and he came from the lecture to the thing itself. He panegyrized the Roman-Catholic religion. "We must," he said, "have a rule of faith; and the great value of it consists in its being fixed, and as little as possible liable to change. We," he said, "had made Scripture the foundation of our faith; but it was insufficient. We ourselves would not venture to put it into the hands of common men; for holy as it is, and full as every leaf is of the Spirit of God, still the worldly-minded man is insensible of all this, and finds rather perplexities and stumbling-blocks throughout. What good can a mere layman extract from the histories of sinful men which are contained therein, and which the Holy Ghost has there recorded for the strengthening of the faith of the tried and experienced children of God? What benefit can a common man draw from all this, when he is unable to consider the whole context and connection?

How is such a person to see his way clear out of the seeming contradictions which occasionally occur, out of the difficulties which arise from the ill arrangement of the books, and the differences of style, when the learned themselves find it so hard, and while so many passages make them hold their reason in abeyance? What ought we, therefore, to teach? A rule of faith founded on Scripture, and proved by the best of commentaries? But who, then, is to comment upon Scripture? Who is to set up this rule? I, perhaps, or some other man? By no means. Every man has his own way of taking and seeing things, and represents them after his own ideas. That would be to give to the people as many systems of doctrines as there are heads in the world, and to produce inexplicable confusion, as indeed had already been done. No: it remains for the Holy Church alone to interpret Scripture, to determine the rule by which the souls of men are to be guided and governed. And what is the Church? It is not any single supreme head, or any particular member alone. No! it is all the holiest, most learned, and most experienced men of all times, who, with the co-operation of the Holy Spirit, have successively combined in building up that great, universal, and agreeing body, which has its great councils for its members to communicate their thoughts to one another, and for mutual edification; which banishes error, and thereby imparts to our holy religion a certainty and a stability such as no other profession can pretend to, and gives it a foundation, and strengthens it with bulwarks which even hell cannot overthrow. And just so it is with the text of the Sacred Scriptures. We have," he said, "the Vulgate, moreover, an approved version of the Vulgate, and of every sentence a commentary which the Church itself has accredited. Hence arises that uniformity of our teaching which surprises every one. Whether," he continued, "you hear me preach in this most remote corner of the world, or, in the great capital of a distant country, are listening to the dullest or cleverest of preachers, all will hold one and the same language. A Catholic Christian will always hear the same doctrine: everywhere will he be instructed and edified in the same manner. And this is what constitutes the certainty of our faith, what gives us the peace and confidence by which we in life hold sure communion with our brother Catholics, and at death we can calmly part in the sure hope of meeting one another again."

In his speech, as in a sermon, he let the subjects follow in

due order, and spoke more from an inward feeling of satisfaction that he was exhibiting himself under a favorable aspect than from any bigoted anxiety for conversion. During the delivery he would occasionally change the arm he rested upon, or draw them both into the arms of his gown, or let them rest on his portly stomach; now and then he would, with much grace, draw his snuff-box out of his capote, and, after using it, replace it with a careless ease. We listened to him attentively, and he seemed to be quite content with our way of receiving his instructions. How greatly amazed would he have been if an angel had revealed to him at the moment, that he was addressing his peroration to a descendant of Frederick the Wise!

Nov. 13, 1779.
Among the Capuchins, on the summit of Mount St. Gothard.
Morning, about ten o'clock.

At last we have fortunately reached the utmost limits of our journey. Here it is determined we shall rest a while, and then turn our steps towards our dear fatherland. Very strange are my feelings here, on this summit, where, four years ago, I passed a few days with very different anxieties, sentiments, plans, and hopes, and at a very different season of the year, when, without any foreboding of my future fortunes, but moved by I know not what, I turned my back upon Italy, and ignorantly went to meet my present destiny. I did not even recognize the house again. Some time ago it was greatly injured by an avalanche; and the good fathers took advantage of this opportunity, and made a collection throughout the canton for enlarging and improving their residence. Both of the two fathers who reside here at present are absent; but, as I hear, they are still the same that I met four years ago. Father Seraphin, who has now passed fourteen years in this post, is at present at Milan; and the other is expected to-day from Airolo. In this clear atmosphere the cold is awful. As soon as dinner is over, I will continue my letter; for I see clearly we shall not go far outside the door.

After dinner.

It is getting colder and colder. One does not like to stir from the stove. Indeed, it is most delightful to sit upon it, which in this country, where the stoves are made of stone tiles, it is very easy to do so. First of all, therefore, we will

tell you of our departure from Realp, and then of our journey hither.

Yesterday evening, before we retired to our beds, the good father would show us his bedroom, where every thing was in nice order, in a very small space. His bed, which consisted of a bag of straw, with a woollen coverlid, did not appear to us to be any thing very meritorious, as we ourselves had often put up with no better. With great pleasure and internal satisfaction he showed us every thing, — his book-case and all other things. We praised all that we saw; and, parting on the best terms with each other, we retired for the night. In furnishing our room, in order that two beds might stand against one wall, both had been made unusually small. This inconvenience kept me long awake, until I thought of remedying it by placing four chairs together. It was quite broad daylight before we awoke this morning. When we went down, we found nothing but happy and friendly faces. Our guides, on the point of entering upon their return over yesterday's beautiful route, seemed to look upon it as an epoch, and as a history with which hereafter they would be able to entertain other strangers; and, as they were well paid, the idea of an adventure became complete in their minds. After this, we made a capital breakfast, and departed.

Our road now lay through the Valley of the Uri, which is remarkable as having, at so great an elevation, such beautiful meadows, and pasturage for cattle. They make here a cheese which I prefer to all others. No trees, however, grow here. Sally-bushes line all the brooks, and on the mountains little shrubs grow thickly together. Of all the countries that I know, this is to me the loveliest and most interesting, — whether it is that old recollections make it precious to me, or that the reception of such a long chain of Nature's wonders excites within me a secret and inexpressible feeling of enjoyment. I take it for granted that you bear in mind that the whole country through which I am leading you is covered with snow, and that rock and meadow alike are snowed over. The sky has been quite clear, without a single cloud; the hue far deeper than one is accustomed to see in low and flat countries; and the white mountain-ridges, which stood out in strong contrast to it, were either glittering in the sunshine, or else took a grayish tint in the shade.

In an hour and a half we reached Hôpital, — a little village within the canton of Uri, which lies on the road to St. Gothard. Here, at last, I regained the track of my former tour.

We entered an inn, and, though it was as yet morning, ordered a dinner, and soon afterward began to ascend the summit. A long train of mules, with their bells, enlivened the whole region. It is a sound which awakens all one's recollections of mountain scenery. The greater part of the train was in advance of us, and, with their sharp iron shoes, had pretty well cut up the smooth, icy road. We also saw some laborers who were employed in covering the slippery ice with fresh earth in order to render it passable. The wish which I formerly gave utterance to, that I might one day be permitted to see this part of the world under snow, is now at last gratified. The road goes up the Reuss, as it dashes down over rocks all the way, and forms everywhere the most beautiful waterfalls. We stood a long while attracted by the singular beauty of one, which, in considerable volume, was dashing over a succession of dark black rocks. Here and there, in the cracks and on the flat ledges, pieces of ice had formed; and the water seemed to be running over a variegated black-and-white marble. The masses of ice glistened in the sun like veins of crystal, and the water flowed pure and fresh between them.

On the mountains, there are no more tiresome fellow-travellers than a train of mules, they have so unequal a pace. With a strange instinct, they always stop a while at the bottom of a steep ascent, and then dash off at a quick pace up it, to rest again at the top. Very often, too, they will stop at the level spots, which do occur now and then, until they are forced on by the drivers, or by other beasts coming up. And so the foot-passenger, by keeping a steady pace, soon gains upon them, and in the narrow road has to push by them. If you stand still a little while to observe any object, they, in their turn, will pass by you, and you are pestered with the deafening sound of their bells, and hard brushed with their loads, which project to a good distance on each side of them. In this way we at last reached the summit of the mountain, of which you can form some idea by fancying a bald skull surrounded with a crown. Here one finds himself on a perfect flat surrounded with peaks. Far and near the eye meets with nothing but bare and mostly snow-covered peaks and crags.

It is scarcely possible to keep one's self warm, especially as they have here no fuel but brushwood, and of that, too, they are obliged to be very sparing, as they have to fetch it up the mountains, from a distance of at least three leagues;

for at the summit, they tell us, scarcely any kind of wood grows. The reverend father is returned from Airolo, so frozen, that, on his arrival, he could scarcely utter a word. Although here the Capuchins are allowed to clothe themselves a little more comfortably than the rest of their order, still their style of dress is by no means suited to such a climate as this. All the way up from Airolo, the road was frozen perfectly smooth, and he had the wind in his face. His beard was quite frozen, and it was a long while before he recovered. We had some conversation together on the hardships of their residence: he told us how they managed to get through the year, their various occupations, and their domestic circumstances. He could speak nothing but Italian, and so we had an opportunity of putting to use the exercises which we had taken in this language during the spring. Towards evening, we went for a moment outside the house-door, that the good father might point out to us the peak which is considered to be the highest summit of Mount Gothard. But we could scarcely endure to stay out a very few minutes, so searching and pinching was the cold. This time, therefore, we shall remain close shut up within doors, and shall have time enough, before we start to-morrow, to travel again, in thought, over all the most remarkable parts of this region.

A brief geographical description will enable you to understand how remarkable the point is at which we are now sitting. St. Gothard is not, indeed, the highest mountain of Switzerland (in Savoy, Mont Blanc has a far higher elevation); and yet it maintains above all others the rank of a king of mountains, because all the great chains converge together around it, and all rest upon it as on their base. Indeed, if I do not make a great mistake, I think I was told at Berne, by Herr Wyttenbach, who from its highest summit had seen the peaks of all the others, that the latter all leaned towards it. The mountains of Schweitz and Unterwalden, joined by those of Uri, range from the north; from the east, those of the Grisons; from the south, those of the Italian cantons; while from the west, by means of the Furca, the double line of mountains which enclose Valais presses upon it. Not far from this house there are two small lakes, one of which sends forth the Ticino through gorges and valleys into Italy; while from the other, in like manner, the Reuss proceeds, till it empties itself in the Lake of the Forest towns.[1] Not far from this spot are the sources of the Rhine, which pursue an

[1] Lake Lucerne.

easterly course ; and if then we take in the Rhone, which rises at the foot of the Furca, and runs westward through Valais, we shall find ourselves at the point of a cross, from which mountain ranges and rivers proceed towards the four cardinal points.

TRAVELS IN ITALY.

AUCH IN ARCADIEN.

TRAVELS IN ITALY.

AUCH IN ARCADIEN.

FROM CARLSBAD TO THE BRENNER.

SEPT. 3, 1786.

As early as three o'clock in the morning, I stole out of Carlsbad; for otherwise I should not have been allowed to depart quietly. The band of friends, who, on the 28th of August, rejoiced to celebrate my birthday, had in some degree acquired a right to detain me. However, it was impossible to stay here any longer. Having packed a portmanteau merely, and a knapsack, I jumped alone into a post-chaise; and by half-past eight, on a beautifully calm but foggy morning, I arrived at Zevoda. The upper clouds were streaky and fleecy, the lower ones heavy. This appeared to me a good sign. I hoped, that, after so wretched a summer, we should enjoy a fine autumn. About twelve I got to Egra, under a warm and shining sun; and now it occurred to me, that this place had the same latitude as my own native town, and it was a real pleasure to me once more to take my midday meal beneath a bright sky, at the fiftieth degree.

On entering Bavaria, one comes at once on the monastery of Waldsassen, with the valuable domain of the ecclesiastical lords who were wise sooner than other men. It lies in a dish-like, not to say caldron-like, hollow, in a beautiful wheat-ground, enclosed on all sides by slightly ascending and fertile heights. This cloister also possesses settlements in the neighboring districts. The soil is decomposed slate-clay. The marl which is found in this mineral formation, and which, as yet undecomposed, slowly crumbles, makes the earth loose and extremely fertile. The land continues to rise until you come to Tirschenreuth, and the waters flow

against you, to fall into the Egra and the Elbe. From Tirschenreuth it descends southwards, and the streams run towards the Danube. I can very rapidly form an idea of a country as soon as I know by examination which way even the least brook runs, and can determine the river to whose basin it belongs. By this means, even in those districts of which it is impossible to take a survey, one can, in thought, form a connection between lines of mountains and valleys. From the last-mentioned place begins an excellent road formed of granite. A better one cannot be conceived; for, as the decomposed granite consists of gravelly and argillaceous earths, they bind excellently together, and form a solid foundation, so as to make a road as smooth as a threshing-floor. The country through which it runs looks so much the worse: it also consists of a granite-sand, lies very flat and marshy, and the excellent road is all the more desirable. And as, moreover, the roads descend gradually from this plane, one gets on with a rapidity that strikingly contrasts with the general snail's pace of Bohemian travelling. The enclosed billet will give you the names of the different stages. Suffice it to say, that, on the second morning, I was at Ratisbon; and so I did these twenty-four miles [1] and a half in thirty-nine hours. As the day began to dawn, I found myself between Schwondorf and Regenstauf; and I observed here a change for the better in the cultivation of the land. The soil was no longer the mere *débris* of the rock, but a mixed alluvial deposit. The inundation by which it was deposited must have been caused by the ebb and flood, from the basin of the Danube, into all the valleys which at present drain their water into it. In this way were formed the natural boles (*pölder*) on which the tillage is carried on. This remark applies to all lands in the neighborhood of large or small streams, and with this guide any observer may form a conclusion as to the soils suited for tillage.

Ratisbon is, indeed, beautifully situated. The country could not but invite men to settle, and build a city in it, and the spiritual lords have shown their judgment. All the land around the town belongs to them: in the city itself churches crowd churches, and monastic buildings are no less thick. The Danube reminds me of the dear old Main. At Frankfort, indeed, the river and bridges have a better appearance:

[1] A German mile is exactly equal to four English geographical, and to rather more than four and a quarter ordinary miles. The distance in the text may therefore be roughly set down as one hundred and four miles English. — A. J. W. M.

here, however, the view of the northern suburb, Stadt-amhof, looks very pretty, as it lies before you across the river.

Immediately on my arrival I betook myself to the College of the Jesuits, where the annual play was being acted by the pupils. I saw the end of the opera and the beginning of the tragedy. They did not act worse than many an unexperienced company of amateurs, and their dresses were beautiful, almost too superb. This public exhibition also served to convince me still more strongly of the worldly prudence of the Jesuits. They neglect nothing that is likely to produce an effect, and contrive to practise it with interest and care. In this there is not merely prudence, such as we understand the term abstractedly: it is associated with a real pleasure in the matter in hand, a sympathy and a fellow-feeling, a taste, such as arises from the experience of life. As this great society has among its members organ-builders, sculptors, and gilders, so, assuredly, there are some who patronize the stage with learning and taste; and, just as they decorate their churches with appropriate ornaments, these clear-sighted men take advantage of the world's sensual eye by an imposing theatre.

To-day I am writing in latitude forty-nine degrees. The weather promises to be fair, and even here the people complain of the coldness and wet of the past summer. The morning was cool, but it was the beginning of a glorious and temperate day. The mild atmosphere which the mighty river brings with it is something quite peculiar. The fruits are nothing very surprising. I have tasted, indeed, some excellent pears; but I am longing for grapes and figs.

My attention is riveted by the actions and principles of the Jesuits. Their churches, towers, and buildings have a something great and perfect in their plan, which imposes all beholders with a secret awe. In the decoration, gold, silver, metal, and polished marble are accumulated in such splendor and profusion as must dazzle the beggars of all ranks. Here and there one fails not to meet with something in bad taste in order to appease and to attract humanity. This is the general character of the external ritual of the Roman-Catholic Church; but I have never seen it applied with so much shrewdness, tact, and consistency as among the Jesuits. Here all tends to this one end. Unlike the members of the other spiritual orders, they do not continue an old, worn-out ceremonial, but, humoring the spirit of the age, continually deck it out with fresh pomp and splendor.

A rare stone is quarried here into blocks. In appearance it is a species of conglomerate: however, it must be held to be older, more primary, and of a porphyritic nature. It is of a greenish color, mixed with quartz, and is porous: in it are found large pieces of very solid jasper, in which, again, are to be seen little round pieces of a kind of breccia. A specimen would have been very instructive, and one could not help longing for one. The rock, however, was too solid; and I had taken a vow not to load myself with stones on this journey.

MUNICH, Sept. 6, 1786.

At half-past twelve on the 5th of September, I set off for Ratisbon. At Abbach the country is beautiful, while the Danube dashes against limestone rocks as far as Saal; the limestone somewhat similar to that at Osteroda, on the Hartz, — close, but, on the whole, porous. By six A.M. I was in Munich; and, after having looked about me for some twelve hours, I will notice only a few points. In the Sculpture Gallery I did not find myself at home. I must practise my eye, first of all, on paintings. There are some excellent things here. The sketches of Rubens from the Luxembourg Gallery caused me the greatest delight.

Here, also, is the rare toy, a model of Trajan's Pillar. The material *lapis-lazuli*, and the figures in gilt. It is, at any rate, a rare piece of workmanship, and in this light one takes pleasure in looking at it.

In the Hall of the Antiques I soon felt that my eye was not much practised on such objects. On this account I was unwilling to stay long there, and to waste my time. There was much that did not take my fancy, without my being able to say why. A *Drusus* attracted my attention; two Antonines pleased me, as also did a few other things. On the whole, the arrangement of the objects was not happy, although there is an evident attempt to make a display with them; and the hall, or rather the museum, would have a good appearance if it were kept in better repair and cleaner. In the Cabinet of Natural History I saw beautiful things from the Tyrol, which in smaller specimens I was already acquainted with, and indeed possessed.

I was met by a woman with figs, which, as the first, tasted delicious; but the fruit in general is not good, considering the latitude of forty-eight degrees. Every one is complaining here of the wet and cold. A mist, which might well be

called a rain, overtook me this morning early, before I reached Munich. Throughout the day the wind has continued to blow cold from off the Tyrolese mountains. As I looked towards them from the tower, I found them covered, and the whole heavens shrouded with clouds. Now, at setting, the sun is shining on the top of the ancient tower, which stands right opposite to my window. Pardon me that I dwell so much on wind and weather. The traveller by land is almost as much dependent upon them as the voyager by sea; and it would be a sad thing if my autumn in foreign lands should be as little favored as my summer at home.

And now straight for Innspruck. What a deal I pass over, both on my right and on my left, in order to carry out the one thought which has become almost too old in my soul!

MITTELWALD, Sept. 7, 1786.

It seems as if my guardian-spirit had said "Amen" to my "Credo," and I thank him that he has brought me to this place on so fine a day. My last postilion said, with a joyous exclamation, it was the first in the whole summer. I cherish in quiet my superstition that it will long continue so: however, my friends must pardon me if again I talk of air and clouds.

As I started from Munich, about five o'clock, the sky had cleared. On the mountains of the Tyrol the clouds stood in huge masses. Nor did the streaks in the lower regions move. The road lies on the heights, over hills of alluvial gravel, while below one sees the Isar flowing slowly. Here the work of the inundations of the primal oceans becomes conceivable. In many granite rubbles I found the counterparts of the specimens in my cabinet, for which I have to thank Knebel.

The mists rising from the river and the meadows hung about for a time; but at last they, too, dispersed. Between these gravelly hills, which you must think of as extending, both in length and breadth, for many leagues, is a highly beautiful and fertile region like that in the basin of the Regen. Now one comes again upon the Isar, and observes in its channel a precipitous section of the gravel-hills, at least a hundred and fifty feet high. I arrived at Wolfrathshausen, and reached the eight and fortieth degree. The sun was scorching hot. No one relies on the fine weather. Every one is complaining of the past year, and bitterly weeping over the arrangements of Providence.

And now a new world opened upon me. I was approaching the mountains, which stood out more and more distinctly. Benedictbeuern has a glorious situation, and charms one at the first sight. On a fertile plain is a long and broad white building, and behind it a broad and lofty ridge of rocks. Next, one ascends to the Kochel-see, and, still higher on the mountains, to the Walchen-see. Here I greeted the first snow-capped summit, and, in the midst of my admiration at being so near the snowy mountains, I was informed that yesterday it had thundered in these parts, and that snow had fallen on the heights. From these meteoric tokens people draw hopes of better weather, and from this early snow anticipate change in the atmosphere. The rocks around me are all of limestone, of the oldest formation, and containing no fossils. These limestone mountains extend, in vast, unbroken ranges, from Dalmatia to Mount St. Gothard. Hacquet has travelled over a considerable portion of the chain. They dip on the primary rocks of the quartz and clay.

I reached Walchen-see about half-past four. About three miles from this place I met with a pretty adventure. A harper and his daughter, a little girl of about eleven years, were walking before me, and he begged of me to take up his child. He went on with his instrument. I let her sit by my side; and she very carefully placed at her feet a large new box, — a pretty and accomplished creature, and already pretty well acquainted with the world. She had been on a pilgrimage on foot, with her mother, to Maria Einsiedel; and both had determined to go upon the still longer journey to St. Jago of Compostella, when her mother was carried off by death, and was unable to fulfil her vow. It was impossible, she thought, to do too much in honor of the Mother of God. After a great fire, in which a whole house was burnt to the lowest foundation, she herself had seen the image of the Mother of God, which stood over the door, beneath a glass frame, — image and glass both uninjured; which was surely a palpable miracle. All her journeys she had taken on foot. She had just played in Munich, before the elector of Bavaria, and altogether her performances had been witnessed by one and twenty princely personages. She quite entertained me. Pretty, large hazel eyes, a proud forehead, which she frequently wrinkled by an elevation of the brows. She was natural and agreeable when she spoke, and especially when she laughed out loud with the free laugh of childhood.

When, on the other hand, she was silent, she seemed to have a meaning in it, and, with her upper lip, had a sinister expression. I spoke with her on very many subjects: she was at home with all of them, and made most pertinent remarks. Thus she asked me once what tree one we came to was. It was a huge and beautiful maple, the first I had seen on my whole journey. She narrowly observed it, and was quite delighted when several more appeared, and she was able to recognize this tree. She was going, she told me, to Botzen, for the fair, where she guessed I, too, was hastening. When she met me there, I must buy her a fairing; which, of course, I promised to do. She intended to put on there her new coif, which she had had made out of her earnings at Munich. She would show it to me beforehand. So she opened the bandbox; and I could not do less than admire the head-gear, with its rich embroidery and beautiful ribbons.

Over another pleasant prospect we felt a mutual pleasure. She asserted that we had fine weather before us; for they always carried their barometer with them, and that was the harp. When the treble-string twanged, it was sure to be fine weather; and it had done so yesterday. I accepted the omen, and we parted in the best of humors and with the hope of a speedy meeting.

On the Brenner, Sept. 8, 1786.
Evening.

Hurried, not to say driven here by necessity, I have reached at last a resting-place in a calm, quiet spot just such as I could wish it to be. It has been a day which for many years it will be a pleasure to recall. I left Mittelwald about six in the morning, and a sharp wind soon perfectly cleared the sky. The cold was such as one looks for only in February. But now, in the splendor of the setting sun, the dark foreground thickly planted with fig-trees, and, peeping between them, the gray limestone rocks, and, behind all, the highest summit of the mountain covered with snow, and standing out in bold outline against the deep blue sky, furnish precious and ever-changing images.

One enters the Tyrol by Scharnitz. The boundary line is marked by a wall which bars the passage through the valley, and abuts on both sides on the mountains. It looks well. On one side the rocks are fortified; on the other they ascend perpendicularly. From Seefeld the road continually grew more interesting, and from Benedictbeuern to this place it

went on ascending, from height to height; while all the streams of the neighboring districts were making for the Isar. Now one caught a sight, over a ridge of rocks, of the Valley of the Inn; and Inzingen lay before us. The sun was high and hot, so that I was obliged to throw off some of my coats; for indeed, with the varying atmosphere of the day, I am obliged frequently to change my clothing.

At Zierl one begins to descend into the Valley of the Inn. Its situation is indescribably beautiful, and the bright beams of the sun made it look quite cheerful. The postilion went faster than I wished; for he had not yet heard mass, and was anxious to be present at it at Innspruck, where, as it was the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, he hoped to be a devout participant. Accordingly, we rattled along the banks of the Inn, hurrying by Martinswand, — a vast, precipitous, wall-like rock of limestone. To the spot where the Emperor Maximilian is said to have lost himself, I ventured to descend, and came up again without a guide; although it is, in any case, a rash undertaking.

Innspruck is gloriously situated in a rich, broad valley, between high rocks and mountains. Every body and every thing was decked out in honor of the Virgin's Nativity. At first I had some wish to stop there, but it promised neither rest nor peace. For a little while I amused myself with the son of my host. At last the people who were to attend to me came in one by one. For the sake of health, and prosperity to the flocks, they had all gone on a pilgrimage to Wilden, — a place of worship on the mountains, about three miles and a half from the city. About two o'clock, as my rolling carriage divided the gay, merry throng, every one was in holiday garb and promenade.

From Innspruck the road becomes even still more beautiful: no powers of description can equal it. The most frequented road, ascending a gorge which empties its waters into the Inn, offers to the eye innumerable varieties of scenery. While the road often runs close to the most rugged rocks, indeed is frequently cut right through them, one sees the other side above you slightly inclining, and cultivated with the most surprising skill. On the high and broad-ascending surface lie valleys, houses, cottages, and cabins, whitewashed, glittering among the fields and hedges. Soon all changed: the land becomes available only for pasture, until it, too, terminates on the precipitous ascent. I have gained some ideas for my scheme of a creation; none, however, perfectly

new and unexpected. I have also dreamed much of the model I have so long talked about, by which I am desirous to give a notion of all that is brooding in my own mind, and which in nature itself I cannot point out to every eye.

Now it grew darker and darker; individual objects were lost in the obscurity; the masses became constantly vaster and grander; at last, as the whole moved before me like some deeply mysterious figure, the moon suddenly illuminated the snow-capped summits; and now I am waiting till morning shall light up this rocky chasm in which I am shut up on the boundary-line of the north and south.

I must again add a few remarks on the weather, which, perhaps, favors me so highly in return for the great attention I pay to it. On the lowlands one has good or bad weather when it is already settled for either: on the mountains one is present with the beginning of the change. I have so often experienced this when, on my travels, or walks, or hunting-excursions, I have passed days and nights between the cliffs in the mountain forests. On such occasions a conceit occurred to me, which I give you as nothing better, but which, however, I cannot get rid of, as indeed, generally, such conceits are, of all things, most difficult to get rid of. I altogether look upon it as a truth; and so I will now give utterance to it, especially as I have already so often had occasion to prove the indulgence of my friends.

When we look at the mountains, either closely or from a distance, and see their summits above us, at one time glittering in the sunshine, at another enveloped in mist, swept round with strong clouds, or blackened with showers, we are disposed to ascribe it all to the atmosphere, as we can easily with the eye see and discern its movements and changes. The mountains, on the other hand, with their glorious shapes, lie before our outward senses immovable. We take them to be dead, because they are rigid; and we believe them to be inactive, because they are at rest. For a long while, however, I cannot put off the impulse to ascribe, for the most part, to their imperceptible and secret influence the changes which are observable in the atmosphere. For instance, I believe that the mass of the earth generally, and therefore, also, in an especial way, its more considerable continents, do not exercise a constant and invariable force of attraction, but that this attractive force manifests itself by a certain pulse, which, according to intrinsic, necessary, and probably, also, accidental external causes, increases or decreases. Though all

attempts by other objects to determine this oscillation may be too limited and rude, the atmosphere furnishes a standard both delicate and large enough to test their silent operations. When this attractive force decreases never so little, immediately the decrease in the gravity, and the diminished elasticity of the air, indicate this effect. The atmosphere is now unable to sustain the moisture which is diffused throughout it, either chemically or mechanically: the clouds lower, and the rain falls, and passes to the lowlands. When, however, the mountains increase their power of attraction, then the elasticity of the air is again restored, and two important phenomena result. First of all, the mountains collect around their summits vast masses of clouds, hold them fast and firm above themselves like second heads, until, as determined by the contest of electrical forces within them, they pour down as thunder-showers, rain, or mist; and then, on all that remains, the electricity of the air operates, which is now restored to a capacity of retaining more water, dissolving and elaborating it. I saw quite clearly the dispersion of a cloudy mass of this kind. It was hanging on the very highest peak: the red tints of the setting sun still illuminated it. Slowly and slowly pieces detached themselves from either end. Some fleecy nebulæ were drawn off, and carried up still higher, and then disappeared; and in this manner, by degrees, the whole mass vanished, and was strangely spun away before my eyes, like a distaff, by invisible hands.

If my friends are disposed to laugh at the itinerant meteorologist and his strange theories, I shall, perhaps, give them more solid cause for laughter by some other of my remarks; for I must confess, that as my journey was, in fact, a flight from all the unshapely things which tormented me in latitude 51°, I hoped in 48° to meet with a true Goshen. But I found myself disappointed; for latitude alone does not make a climate and fine weather, but the mountain chains, especially such as intersect the land from east to west. In these, great changes are constantly going on; and the lands which lie to the north have most to suffer from them. Thus, farther north, the weather throughout the summer was determined by the great Alpine range on which I am now writing. Here, for the last few months, it has rained incessantly, while a south-east or south-west wind carried the showers northwards. In Italy they are said to have had fine weather; indeed, a little too dry.

And now a few words on a kindred subject, — the vegeta-

ble world, which in so many ways depends on climate and moisture, and the height of the mountain ranges. Here, too, I have noticed no remarkable change, but still an improvement. In the valley before Innspruck, apples and pears are abundant; while the peaches and grapes are brought from the Welsh districts, or, in other words, the Southern Tyrol. Near Innspruck they grow a great deal of Indian corn and buckwheat, which they call *blende*. On the Brenner I first saw the larch, and near Schemberg the pine. Would the harper's daughter have questioned me about them also?

As regards the plants, I feel still more how perfect a tyro I am. Up to Munich I saw, I believed, none but those I was well accustomed to. In truth, my hurried travelling by day and night was not favorable to nicer observation on such objects. Now, it is true, I have my "Linnæus" at hand; and his terminology is well stamped on my brain. But whence are the time and quiet to come for analyzing, which, if I at all know myself, will ever become my forte? I, therefore, sharpen my eye for the more general features; and, when I met with the first gentiana near the Walchensee, it struck me that it was always near the water that I had hitherto noticed any new plants.

What made me still more attentive was the influence which the altitude of the mountain region evidently had on plants. Not only did I meet there with new specimens, but I also observed that the growth of the old ones was materially altered. While, in the lower regions, branches and stalks were stronger and more sappy, the buds stood closer together, and the leaves broader, the higher you got on the mountains, the stalks and branches became more fragile, the buds were at greater intervals, and the leaves thinner and more lanceolate. I noticed this in the case of a willow and of a gentiana, and convinced myself that it was not a case of different species. So also, near the Walchensee, I noticed longer and thinner rushes than anywhere else.

The limestone of the Alps which I have as yet travelled over has a grayish tint, and beautiful, singular, irregular forms; although the rock is divisible into blocks and strata. But as irregular strata occur, and the rock in general does not crumble equally under the influence of the weather, the sides and the peaks have a singular appearance. This kind of rock comes up the Brenner to a great height. In the region of the Upper Lake I noticed a slight modification. On a micaceous slate of dark green and gray colors, and

thickly veined with quartz, lay a white, solid limestone, which, in its detritus, sparkled, and stood in great masses, with numberless clefts. Above it I again found micaceous slate, which, however, seemed to me to be of a softer texture than the first. Higher up still, there was to be seen a peculiar kind of gneiss, or rather a granitic species which approximated to gneiss, as in the district of Ellbogen. Here at the top, and opposite the Inn, the rock is micaceous slate. The streams which come from the mountains leave deposits of nothing but this stone and of the gray limestone.

Not far from here must be the granitic base on which all rests. The maps show that one is on the side of the true great Brenner, from which the streams of a wide surrounding district take their rise.

The following is my external judgment of the people. They are active and straightforward. In form they are pretty generally alike. Hazel, well-opened eyes: with the women, brown and well-defined eyebrows, but with the men, light and thick. Among the gray rocks, the green hats of the men have a cheerful appearance. The hats are generally ornamented with ribbons, or broad silk sashes, and with fringes, which are prettily sewn on. On the other hand, the women disfigure themselves with white undressed cotton caps of a large size, very much like men's nightcaps. These give them a very strange appearance; but abroad, they wear the green hats of the men, which become them very much.

I have opportunity of seeing the value the common class of people put upon peacock's feathers, and in general how every variegated feather is prized. He who wishes to travel through these mountains will do well to take with him a lot of them. A feather of this kind produced at the proper moment will serve instead of the ever-welcome "something to drink."

Whilst I am putting together, sorting, and arranging these sheets, in such a way that my friends may easily take a review of my fortunes up to this point, and that I may at the same time dismiss from my soul all that I have lately thought and experienced, I have, on the other hand, cast many a trembling look on some packets of which I must give a good but brief account. They are to be my fellow-travellers: may they not exercise too great an influence on my next few days!

I brought with me to Carlsbad the whole of my manuscripts in order to complete the edition of my works which

Goschen has undertaken. The unprinted ones I had long possessed in beautiful transcripts by the practised hand of Secretary Vögel. This active person accompanied me on this occasion in order that I might, if necessary, command his dexterous services. By this means, and with the never-failing co-operation of Herder, I was soon in a condition to send to the printer the first four volumes, and was on the point of doing the same with the last four. The latter consisted, for the most part, of mere unfinished sketches, indeed of fragments; for, in truth, my perverse habit of beginning many plans, and then, as the interest waned, laying them aside, had gradually gained strength with increasing years, occupations, and duties.

As I had brought these scraps with me, I readily listened to the requests of the literary circles of Carlsbad, and read out to them all that before had remained unknown to the world, which already was bitter enough in its complaints that much with which it had entertained itself still remained unfinished.

The celebration of my birthday consisted mainly in sending me several poems in the name of my commenced but unfinished works. Among these, one was distinguished above the rest. It was called "The Birds." A deputation of these happy creatures, being sent to a true friend, earnestly entreat him to found at once and establish the kingdom so long promised to them. Not less obvious and playful were the allusions to my other unfinished pieces; so that all at once they again possessed a living interest for me, and I related to my friends the designs I had formed, and the entire plans. This gave rise to the expression of wishes and urgent requests, and gave the game entirely into Herder's hands; while he attempted to induce me to take back these papers, and, above all, to bestow upon the "Iphigenia" the pains it well deserved. The fragment which lies before me is rather a sketch than a finished piece. It is written in poetical prose, which occasionally falls into a sort of iambical rhythm, and even imitates other syllabic metres. This, indeed, does great injury to the effect, unless it is read well, and unless, by skilful turns, this defect is carefully concealed. He pressed this matter on me very earnestly; and as I concealed from him, as well as the rest, the great extent of my intended tour, and as he believed I had nothing more in view than a mountain trip, and as he was always ridiculing my geographical and mineralogical studies, he in-

sisted I should act much wiser, if, instead of breaking stones, I would put my hand to this work. I could not but give way to so many and well-meant remonstrances, but as yet I have had no opportunity to turn my attention to these matters. I now detach "Iphigenia" from the bundle, and take the play with me as my fellow-traveller into the beautiful and warm country of the South. The days are so long, and there will be nothing to disturb reflection, while the glorious objects of the surrounding scenery by no means depress the poetic nerve: indeed, assisted by movement and the free air, they rather stimulate and call it forth more quickly and more vividly.

FROM THE BRENNER TO VERONA.

TRENT, morning of the 11th September.

AFTER full fifty hours passed in active and constant occupation, I reached here about eight o'clock yesterday evening, and soon after retired to rest; so that I now find myself in condition to go on with my narrative. On the evening of the 9th, when I had closed the first portion of my diary, I thought I would try and draw the inn and post-house on the Brenner, just as it stood. My attempt was unsuccessful, for I missed the character of the place: I went home, therefore, in somewhat of an ill humor. Mine host asked me if I would not depart, telling me it was moonlight and the best travelling. Although I knew perfectly well, that as he wanted his horses early in the morning to carry in the after-crop (*Grummet*), and wished to have them home again in time for that purpose, his advice was given with a view to his own interest, I nevertheless took it, because it accorded with my own inclination. The sun re-appeared, the air was tolerable. I packed up, and started about seven o'clock. The blue atmosphere triumphed over the clouds, and the evening was most beautiful.

The postilion fell asleep; and the horses set off at a quick trot down hill, always taking the well-known route. When they came to a village, they went somewhat slower; then the driver would wake up, and urge them on again. And thus we descended at a good pace, with high rocks on both sides of us, or by the banks of the rapid River Etsch. The

moon rose, and shed her light upon the massive objects around. Some mills which stood between primeval pine-trees, over the foaming stream, seemed really everlasting.

When, at nine o'clock, I had reached Sterzingen, they gave me clearly to understand that they wished me off again. Arriving in Mittelwald exactly at twelve o'clock, I found everybody asleep except the postilion; and we were obliged to go on to Brixen, where they again, as it were, eloped with me, so that at dawn of day I was in Colman. The postilions drove so fast that there was neither seeing nor hearing; and although I could not help being sorry at travelling through this noble country with such frightful rapidity, and at night, too, as though I were fleeing from the place, I nevertheless felt an inward joy that a favorable wind was blowing from behind me, and seemed to hurry me towards the object of my wishes. At daybreak I perceived the first vineyard. A woman with pears and peaches met me; and thus we went on to Teutschen, where I arrived at seven o'clock, and then was again hurried on. After I had again travelled northwards for a while, I at last saw in the bright sunshine the valley where Botzen is situated. Surrounded by steep and somewhat high mountains, it is open towards the south, and sheltered towards the north by the Tyrolese range. A mild, soft air pervaded the spot. Here the Etsch again winds towards the south. The hills at the foot of the mountain are cultivated with vines. They are trained over long but low arbor-work. The purple grapes are gracefully suspended from the top, and ripen in the warmth of the soil, which is close beneath them. In the bottom of the valley, which, for the most part, consists of nothing but meadows, the vine is cultivated in narrow rows of similar festoons, at a little distance from each other; while between grows the Indian corn, the stalks of which at this time are high. I have often seen it ten feet high. The fibrous male blossom is not yet cut off, as is the case when fructification has ceased for some time.

I came to Botzen in a bright sunshine. A good assemblage of mercantile faces pleased me much. Everywhere one sees the liveliest tokens of an existence full of purpose, and highly comfortable. In the square, some fruit-women were sitting with round flat baskets, above four feet in diameter, in which peaches were arranged side by side so as to avoid pressure. Here I thought of a verse which I had seen written on the window of the inn at Ratisbon: —

"Comme les pêches et les melons
Sont pour la bouche d'un baron,
Ainsi les verges et les bâtons
Sont pour les fous, dit Salomon."

It is obvious that this was written by a northern baron; and no less clear is it, that, if he were in this country, he would alter his notions.

At the Botzen fair a brisk silk-trade is carried on. Cloths are also brought here, and as much leather as can be procured from the mountain districts. Several merchants, however, came chiefly for the sake of depositing their money, taking orders, and opening new credits. I felt I could have taken great delight in examining the various products that were collected here; but the impulse, the state of disquiet, which keeps urging me from behind, would not let me rest, and I must at once hasten from the spot. For my consolation, however, the whole matter is printed in the statistical papers; and we can, if we require it, get such instructions from books. I have now to deal only with the sensible impressions, which no book or picture can give. In fact, I am again taking an interest in the world; I am testing my faculty of observation, and trying how far I can go with my science and my acquirements, how far my eye is clear and sharp, how much I can take in at a hasty glance, and whether those wrinkles that are imprinted upon my heart are ever again to be effaced. Even in these few days, the circumstance that I have had to wait upon myself, and have always been obliged to keep my attention and presence of mind on the alert, has given me quite a new elasticity of intellect. I must now busy myself with the currency, must change, pay, note down, write; while I formerly did nothing but think, will, reflect, command, and dictate.

From Botzen to Trent the stage is nine leagues, and runs through a valley which constantly increases in fertility. All that merely struggles into vegetation on the higher mountains has here more strength and vitality: the sun shines with warmth, and there is once more belief in a Deity.

A poor woman cried out to me to take her child into my vehicle, as the hot soil was burning its feet. I did her this little service in honor of the strong light of heaven. The child was strangely decked out, but I could get nothing from it in any way.

The Etsch flows more gently in these parts, and it makes broad deposits of gravel in many places. On the land, near

the river and up the hills, the planting is so thick and close that one fancies one thing will suffocate the other. It is a regular thicket of vineyards, maize, mulberry-trees, apples, pears, quinces, and nuts. The danewort (*Attich*) thrives luxuriantly on the walls. Ivy with solid stems runs up the rocks, on which it spreads itself. The lizards glide through the interstices; and whatever has life or motion here, reminds one of the most charming works of art. The braided top-knots of the women, the bared breasts and light jackets of the men, the fine oxen which you see driven home from market, the laden asses, all combine to produce one of Heinrich Roos's animated pictures. And when evening draws on, and through the calmness of the air a few clouds rest upon the mountains, rather standing than running against the sky, and as, immediately after sunset, the chirp of the grasshoppers begins to grow loud, one feels quite at home in the world, and not a mere exile. I am as reconciled to the place as if I were born and bred in it, and had now just returned from Greenland, from a whaling expedition. Even the dust, which here, as in our country, often plays about my wheels, and which has so long remained strange to me, I welcome as an old friend. The bell-like voice of the cricket is most piercing, and far from unpleasant. A cheerful effect is produced when playful boys whistle against a field of such singers, and you almost fancy that the sound on each side is raised by emulation. The evening here is perfectly mild, no less so than the day.

If any one who lived in the South, or came from the South, heard my enthusiasm about these matters, he would consider me very childish. Alas! what I express here, I long ago was conscious of while suffering under an unkindly sky; and now I love to experience as an exception the happiness I hope soon to enjoy as a regular natural necessity.

TRENT.
The evening of the 10th September.

I have wandered about the city, which has an old, not to say a very primitive, look, though there are new and well-built houses in some of the streets. In the church there is a picture in which is represented the assembled council of the Jesuits listening to a sermon delivered by the general of the order. I should like to know what he is trying to palm upon them. The church of these fathers may at once be

recognized from the outside by pilasters of red marble on the façade. The doors are covered by a heavy curtain, which serves to keep off the dust. I raised it, and entered a small vestibule. The church itself is parted off by an iron grating, but so that it can be entirely overlooked. All was as silent as the grave, for divine service is no longer performed here. The front-door stood open, merely because all churches must be open at the time of vespers.

While I stood considering the architecture, which was, I found, similar to other Jesuit churches, an old man stepped in, and at once took off his little black cap. His old faded black coat indicated that he was a needy priest. He knelt down before the grating, and rose again after a short prayer. When he turned round, he said to himself, half aloud, "Well, they have driven out the Jesuits; but they ought to have paid them the cost of the church. I know how many thousands were spent on the church and the seminary." As he uttered this, he left the spot, and the curtain fell behind him. I lifted it again, and kept quiet. He remained a while standing on the topmost step, and said, "The emperor did not do it: the pope did it." With his face turned towards the street, so that he could not observe me, he continued, "First the Spaniards, then we, then the French. The blood of Abel cries out against his brother Cain!" And thus he went down the steps, and along the street, still talking to himself. I should conjecture he is one, who, having been maintained by the Jesuits, has lost his wits in consequence of the tremendous fall of the order, and now comes every day to search the empty vessel for its old inhabitants, and, after a short prayer, to pronounce a curse upon their enemies.

A young man whom I questioned about the remarkable sights in the town showed me a house which is called the "Devil's house," because the devil, who is generally too ready to destroy, is said to have built it in a single night, with stones rapidly brought to the spot. However, what is really remarkable about the house, the good man had not observed; namely, that it is the only house of good taste that I have yet seen in Trent, and was certainly built by some good Italian, at an earlier period. At five o'clock in the evening I again set off. The spectacle of yesterday evening was repeated, and at sunset the grasshoppers again began to sing. For about a league the journey lies between walls above which the grape-espaliers are visible. Other

walls, which are not high enough, have been eked out with stones, thorns, etc., to prevent passengers from plucking off the grapes. Many owners sprinkle the foremost rows with lime, which renders the grapes uneatable, but does not hurt the wine, as the process of fermentation drives out the heterogeneous matter.

Evening of Sept. 11.

I am now at Roveredo, where a marked distinction of language begins: hitherto it has fluctuated between German and Italian. I have now, for the first time, had a thoroughly Italian postilion. The inn-keeper does not speak a word of German, and I must put my own linguistic powers to the test. How delighted I am that the language I have always loved most now becomes living, — the language of common usage!

Torbole, 12th September.
After dinner.

How much do I wish that my friends were with me for a moment to enjoy the prospect which now lies before my eyes!

I might have been in Verona this evening: but a magnificent natural phenomenon was in my vicinity, — Lake Garda, a splendid spectacle, which I did not want to miss; and now I am nobly rewarded for taking this circuitous route. After five o'clock I started from Roveredo, up a side valley, which still pours its waters into the Etsch. After ascending this, you come to an immense rocky bar, which you must cross in descending to the lake. Here appeared the finest calcareous rocks for pictorial study. On descending, you come to a little village on the northern end of the lake, with a little port, or rather landing-place, which is called Torbole. On my way up, I was constantly accompanied by fig-trees; and, descending into the rocky atmosphere, I found the first olive-tree full of fruit. Here, also, for the first time, I found as a common fruit those little white figs which the Countess Lanthieri had promised me.

A door opens from the chamber in which I sit, into the courtyard below. Before this I have placed my table, and taken a rough sketch of the prospect. The lake may be seen for its whole length, and it is only at the end towards the left that it vanishes from our eyes. The shore, which is enclosed on both sides by hill and mountain, shines with a countless number of little hamlets.

After midnight the wind blows from north to south; and he who wishes to go down the lake must travel at this time, for a few hours before sunset the current of air changes, and moves northward. At this time (the afternoon) it blows strongly against me, and pleasantly qualifies the burning heat of the sun. Volkmann teaches me that this lake was formerly called "Benacus," and quotes from Virgil a line in which it was mentioned: —

"Fluctibus et fremiter resonans, Benace, marino."

This is the first Latin verse the subject of which ever stood visibly before me; and now, in the present moment, when the wind is blowing more and more strongly, and the lake casts loftier billows against the little harbor, it is just as true as it was hundreds of years ago. Much, indeed, has changed; but the wind still roars about the lake, the aspect of which gains even greater glory from a line of Virgil's.

The above was written in a latitude of 45° 50′.

I went out for a walk in the cool of the evening; and now I really find myself in a new country, surrounded by objects entirely strange. The people lead a careless, sauntering life. In the first place, the doors are without locks; but the host assured me that I might be quite at ease, even though all I had about me consisted of diamonds. In the second place, the windows are covered with oiled paper instead of glass. In the third place, an extremely *necessary* convenience is wanting, so that one comes pretty close to a state of nature. When I asked the waiter for a certain place, he pointed down into the courtyard: "Qui, abasso puo servirsi!" — "Dove?" asked I. "Da per tutto, dove vuol," was the friendly reply. The greatest carelessness is visible everywhere, but still there is life and bustle enough. During the whole day the women of the neighborhood are incessantly chattering and shrieking: all have something to do at the same time. I have not yet seen an idle woman.

The host, with Italian emphasis, assured me that he felt great pleasure in being able to serve me with the finest trout. They are taken near Torbole, where the stream flows down from the mountains, and the fish seeks a passage upward. The emperor farms this fishery for ten thousand gulden. The fish, which are large (often weighing fifty pounds), and spotted over the whole body to the head, are not trout,

properly so called. The flavor, which is between that of trout and salmon, is delicate and excellent.

But my real delight is in the fruit, — in the figs and in the pears, which must, indeed, be excellent, where citrons are already growing.

Evening of Sept. 13.

At three o'clock this morning I started from Torbole with a couple of rowers. At first the wind was so favorable that we put up a sail. The morning was cloudy, but fine, and perfectly calm at daybreak. We passed Limona, the mountain gardens of which — laid out terrace-fashion, and planted with citron-trees — have a neat and rich appearance. The whole garden consists of rows of square white pillars placed at some distance from each other, and rising up the mountain in steps. On these pillars strong beams are laid, that the trees planted between them may be sheltered in the winter. The view of these pleasant objects was favored by a slow passage; and we had already passed Malsesine when the wind suddenly changed, took the direction usual in the daytime, and blew towards the north. Rowing was of litle use against this superior power, and therefore we were forced to land in the harbor of Malsesine. This is the first Venetian spot on the eastern side of the lake. When one has to do with water, we cannot say, "I will be at this or that particular place to-day." I will make my stay here as useful as I can, especially by making a drawing of the castle, which lies close to the water, and is a beautiful object. As I passed along, I took a sketch of it.

Sept. 14.

The wind, which blew against me yesterday, and drove me into the harbor of Malsesine, was the cause of a perilous adventure, which I got over with good humor, and the remembrance of which I still find amusing. According to my plan, I went early in the morning into the old castle, which, having neither gate nor guard, is accessible to everybody. Entering the courtyard, I seated myself opposite to the old tower, which is built on and among the rocks. Here I had selected a very convenient spot for drawing, — a carved stone seat in the wall, near a closed door, raised some three or four feet high, such as we also find in the old buildings in our own country.

I had not sat long, before several persons entered the

yard, and walked backward and forward, looking at me. The multitude increased, and at last so stood as completely to surround me. I remarked that my drawing had excited attention. However, I did not allow myself to be disturbed, but quietly continued my occupation. At last a man, not of the most prepossessing appearance, came up to me, and asked me what I was about. I replied that I was copying the old tower, that I might have some remembrance of Malsesine. He said that this was not allowed, and that I must leave off. As he said this in the common Venetian dialect, so that I understood him with difficulty, I answered that I did not understand him at all. With true Italian coolness he took hold of my paper, and tore it, at the same time letting it remain on the pasteboard. Here I observed an air of dissatisfaction among the bystanders. An old woman, in particular, said that it was not right, but that the *podestà* ought to be called, who was the best judge of such matters. I stood upright on the steps, having my back against the door, and surveyed the assembly, which was continually increasing. The fixed, eager glances, the good-humored expression of most of the faces, and all the other characteristics of a foreign mob, made the most amusing impression upon me. I fancied that I could see before me the chorus of birds, which, as Treufreund, I had often laughed at in the Ettersburg theatre. This put me in excellent humor; and, when the *podestà* came up with his actuary, I greeted him in an open manner, and, when he asked me why I was drawing the fortification, modestly replied that I did not look upon that wall as a fortification. I called the attention of him and the people to the decay of the towers and walls, and to the generally defenceless position of the place, assuring him that I thought I only saw and drew a ruin.

I was answered thus: "If it was only a ruin, what could there be remarkable about it?" As I wished to gain time and favor, I replied, very circumstantially, that they must be well aware how many travellers visited Italy for the sake of the ruins only; that Rome, the metropolis of the world, having suffered the depredations of barbarians, was now full of ruins, which had been drawn hundreds of times; and that all the works of antiquity were not in such good preservation as the amphitheatre at Verona, which I hoped soon to see.

The *podestà*, who stood before me, though in a less elevated position, was a tall man, not exactly thin, of about thirty years of age. The flat features of his spiritless face per-

fectly accorded with the slow, constrained manner in which he put his questions. Even the actuary, a sharp little fellow, seemed as if he did not know what to make of a case so new and so unexpected. I said a great deal of the same sort. The people seemed to take my remarks good-naturedly; and, on turning towards some kindly female faces, I thought I could read assent and approval.

When, however, I mentioned the amphitheatre at Verona, which in this country is called the "Arena," the actuary, who had in the mean while collected himself, replied that this was all very well, because the edifice in question was a Roman building, famed throughout the world. In these towers, however, there was nothing remarkable, excepting that they marked the boundary between the Venetian domain and Austrian Empire; and therefore *espionage* could not be allowed. I answered by explaining, at some length, that not only the Greek and Roman antiquities, but also those of the middle ages, were worth attention. They could not be blamed, I granted, if, having been accustomed to this building from their youth upwards, they could not discern in it so many picturesque beauties as I did. Fortunately the morning sun shed the most beautiful lustre on the tower, rocks, and walls; and I began to describe the scene with enthusiasm. My audience, however, had these much lauded objects behind them; and, as they did not wish to turn altogether away from me, they all at once twisted their hands, like the birds, which we call "wry-necks" (*Wendehälse*), that they might see with their eyes what I had been lauding to their ears. Even the *podestà* turned round, though with more dignity than the rest, towards the picture I had been describing. This scene appeared to me so ridiculous that my good humor increased, and I spared them nothing, least of all, the ivy, which had been suffered for ages to adorn the rock and walls.

The actuary retorted, that this was all very well: but the Emperor Joseph was a troublesome gentleman, who certainly entertained many evil designs against Venice; and I might, probably, have been one of his subjects, appointed by him, to act as a spy on the borders.

"Far from belonging to the emperor," I replied, "I can boast, as well as you, that I am a citizen of a republic which also governs itself, but which is not, indeed, to be compared for power and greatness to the illustrious state of Venice, although in commercial activity, in wealth, and in the wisdom of its rulers, it is inferior to no state in Germany. I am a

native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city the name and fame of which has doubtless reached you."

"Of Frankfort-on-the-Main!" cried a pretty young woman. "Then, Mr. *Podestà*, you can at once see all about the foreigner, whom I look upon as an honest man. Let Gregorio be called: he has resided there a long time, and will be the best judge of the matter."

The kindly faces had already increased around me; the first adversary had vanished; and, when Gregorio came to the spot, the whole affair took a decided turn in my favor. He was a man upwards of fifty, with one of those well-known Italian faces. He spoke and conducted himself like one who feels that something foreign is not foreign to him, and told me at once that he had seen service in Bolongari's house, and would be delighted to hear from me something about this family and the city in general, which had left a pleasant impression in his memory. Fortunately, his residence at Frankfort had been during my younger years; and I had the double advantage of being able to say exactly how matters stood in his time, and what alteration had taken place afterwards. I told him about all the Italian families, none of whom had remained unknown to me. With many particulars he was highly delighted, as, for instance, with the fact that Herr Alessina had celebrated his "golden wedding"[1] in the year 1774, and that a medal had been struck on the occasion, which was in my possession. He remembered that the wife of this wealthy merchant was by birth a Brentano. I could also tell him something about the children and grandchildren of these families, — how they had grown up, and had been provided for and married, and had multiplied in their descendants.

When I had given the most accurate information about almost every thing about which he had asked, his features alternately expressed cheerfulness and solemnity. He was pleased and touched; while the people cheered up more and more, and could not hear too much of our conversation, of which, it must be confessed, he was obliged to translate a part into their own dialect.

At last he said, "*Podestà*, I am convinced that this is a good, accomplished, and well-educated gentleman, who is travelling about to acquire instruction. We will let him depart in a friendly manner, that he may speak well of us to his fellow-countrymen, and induce them to visit Malsesine,

[1] The fiftieth anniversary of a wedding-day is so called in Germany. — TRANS.

the beautiful situation of which is well worthy the admiration of foreigners." I gave additional force to these kind words by praising the country, the situation, and the inhabitants, not forgetting to mention the magistrates as wise and prudent personages.

This was well received; and I had permission to visit the place at pleasure, in company with Master Gregorio. The landlord with whom I had put up now joined us, and was delighted at the prospect of the foreign guests who would crowd upon him when once the advantages of Malsesine were properly known. With the most lively curiosity he examined my various articles of dress, but especially envied me the possession of a little pistol, which slipped conveniently into the pocket. He congratulated those who could carry such pretty weapons; this being forbidden in his country, under the severest penalties. This friendly but obtrusive personage I sometimes interrupted to thank my deliverer. "Do not thank me," said honest Gregorio; "for you owe me nothing. If the *podestà* had understood his business, and the actuary had not been the most selfish man in the world, you would not have got off so easily. The former was still more puzzled than you; and the latter would have pocketed nothing by your arrest, the information, and your removal to Verona. This he rapidly considered, and you were already free before our dialogue was ended."

Towards the evening the good man took me into his vineyard, which was very well situated, down along the lake. We were accompanied by his son, a lad of fifteen, who was forced to climb the trees, and pluck me the best fruit, while the old man looked out for the ripest grapes.

While thus placed between these two kind-hearted people, both strange to the world, alone, as it were, in the deep solitude of the earth, I felt in the most lively manner, as I reflected on the day's adventure, what a whimsical being man is: how the very thing which in company he might enjoy with ease and security, is often rendered troublesome and dangerous, from his notion that he can appropriate to himself the world and its contents after his own peculiar fashion.

Towards midnight my host accompanied me to the bark, carrying the basket of fruit with which Gregorio had presented me, and thus, with a favorable wind, I left the shore, which had promised to become for me a Læstrygonicum shore.

And now for my expedition on the lake. It ended happily, after the noble aspect of the water, and of the adjacent shore of Brescia, had refreshed my very heart. On the western side, where the mountains cease to be perpendicular, and near the lake, the land becomes more flat. Garignano, Bojaco, Cecina, Toscolan, Maderno, Verdom, and Salo, stand all in a row, and occupy a reach of about a league and a half; most of them being built in long streets. No words can express the beauty of this richly inhabited spot. At ten o'clock in the morning, I landed at Bartolino, placed my luggage on one mule, and myself on another. The road went now over a ridge which separates the valley of the Etsch from the hollow of the lake. The primeval waters seem to have driven against each other from both sides, in immense currents, and to have raised this colossal dam of gravel. A fertile soil was deposited upon the gravel at a quieter period, but the laborer is constantly annoyed by the appearance of the stones on the surface. Every effort is made to get rid of them. They are piled in rows and layers one on another, and thus a sort of thick wall is formed along the path. The mulberry-trees, from a want of moisture, have a dismal appearance at this elevation. Springs there are none. From time to time puddles of collected rain-water may be found, with which the mules, and even their drivers, quench their thirst. Some wheels are placed on the river beneath, to water at pleasure those plantations that have a lower situation.

The magnificence of the new country, which opens on you as you descend, surpasses description. It is a garden a mile long and broad, which lies quite flat at the foot of tall mountains and steep rocks, and is as neatly laid out as possible. By this way, about one o'clock on the 10th of September, I reached Verona, where I first write this, finish, and put together the first part of my diary, and indulge in the pleasing hope of seeing the amphitheatre in the evening.

Concerning the weather of these days I have to make the following statement. The night from the 9th to the 10th was alternately clear and cloudy: the moon had always a halo round it. Towards five o'clock in the morning, all the sky was overcast with gray, not heavy clouds, which vanished with the advance of day. The more I descended, the finer was the weather. As at Botzen the great mass of the mountains took a northerly situation, the air displayed quite another quality. From the different grounds in the

landscape, which were separated from each other in the most picturesque manner, by a tint more or less blue, it might be seen that the atmosphere was full of vapors equally distributed, which it was able to sustain, and which, therefore, neither fell in the shape of dew, nor were collected in the form of clouds. As I descended farther, I could plainly observe that all the exhalations from the Botzen Valley, and all the streaks of cloud which ascended from the more southern mountains, moved towards the higher northern regions, which they did not cover, but veiled with a kind of yellow fog. In the remotest distance, over the mountains, I could observe what is called a "water-gull." To the south of Botzen they have had the finest weather all the summer, only a little *water* (they say *aqua* to denote a light rain) from time to time, and then a return of sunshine. Yesterday a few drops occasionally fell, and the sun throughout continued shining. They have not had so good a year for a long while; every thing turns out well: the bad weather they have sent to us.

I mention but slightly the mountains and the species of stone; since Ferber's "Travels to Italy," and Hacquet's "Journey along the Alps," give sufficient information respecting this district. A quarter of a league from the Brenner, there is a marble quarry, which I passed at twilight. It may, nay must, lie upon mica-slate, as on the other side. This I found near Colman, just as it dawned: lower down there was an appearance of porphyry. The rocks were so magnificent, and the heaps were so conveniently broken up along the highway, that a "Voigt" cabinet might have been made and packed up at once. Without any trouble of that kind, I can take a piece, if it is only to accustom my eyes and my curiosity to a small quantity. A little below Colman, I found some porphyry, which splits into regular plates, and, between Brandrol and Neumark, some of a similar kind, in which, however, the laminæ separated in pillars. Ferber considered them to be volcanic productions; but that was fourteen years ago, when all the world had its head on fire. Even Hacquet ridicules the notion.

Of the people I can say but little, and that is not very favorable. On my descent from the Brenner, I discovered, as soon as day came, a decided change of form, and was particularly displeased by the pale, brownish complexion of the women: their features indicated wretchedness. The children looked equally miserable, the men somewhat better.

I imagine that the cause of this sickly condition may be found in the frequent consumption of Indian corn and buckwheat. Both the former (which they also call "Yellow Blende") and the latter (which is called "Black Blende") are ground, made into a thick pap with water, and thus eaten. The Germans on this side pull out the dough, and fry it in butter. The Italian Tyrolese, on the contrary, eat it just as it is, often with scrapings of cheese, and do not taste meat throughout the year. This necessarily glues up and stops the alimentary channels, especially with the women and children; and their cachectic complexion is an indication of the malady. They also eat fruit and green beans, which they boil down in water, and mix with oil and garlic. I asked if there were no rich peasants. "Yes, indeed!" was the reply. "Don't they indulge themselves at all? don't they eat any thing better?" — "No, they are used to it." — "What do they do with their money, then? how do they lay it out?" — "Oh! they have their ladies, who relieve them of that." This is the sum and substance of a conversation with mine host's daughter at Botzen.

I also learned from her that the vine-tillers were the worst off, although they appeared to be the most opulent; for they were in the hands of commercial towns-people, who advanced them enough to support life in the bad seasons, and in winter took their wine at a low price. However, it is the same thing everywhere.

My opinion concerning the food is confirmed by the fact that the women who inhabit the towns appear better and better. They have pretty, plump, girlish faces. The body is somewhat too short, in proportion to the stoutness and the size of the head; but sometimes the countenances have a most agreeable expression. The men we already know through the wandering Tyrolese. In the country their appearance is less fresh than that of the women, perhaps because the latter have more bodily labor, and are more in motion; while the former sit at home as traders and workmen. By the Garda Lake I found the people very brown, without the slightest tinge of red in their cheeks: however, they did not look unhealthy, but quite fresh and comfortable. Probably the burning sunbeams to which they are exposed at the foot of their mountains are the cause of their complexion.

FROM VERONA TO VENICE.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

WELL, then, the Amphitheatre is the first important monument of the old times that I have seen; and how well it is preserved! When I entered, and still more when I walked round the edge of it at the top, it seemed strange to me that I saw something great, and yet, properly speaking, saw nothing. Besides, I do not like to see it empty. I should like to see it full of people, just as, in modern times, it was filled up in honor of Joseph I. and Pius VI. The emperor, although his eye was accustomed to human masses, must have been astonished. But it was only in the earliest times that it produced its full effect, when the people was more a people than it is now. For, properly speaking, such an amphitheatre is constructed to give the people an imposing view of itself, — to cajole itself.

When any thing worth seeing occurs on the level ground, and any one runs to the spot, the hindermost try by every means to raise themselves above the foremost: they get upon benches, roll casks, bring up vehicles, lay planks in every direction, occupy the neighboring heights, and a crater is formed in no time.

If the spectacle occur frequently on the same spot, light scaffoldings are built for those who are able to pay, and the rest of the multitude must get on as it can. Here the problem of the architect is to satisfy this general want. By means of his art he prepares such a crater, making it as simple as possible, that the people itself may constitute the decoration. When the populace saw itself so assembled, it must have been astonished at the sight; for whereas it was only accustomed to see itself running about in confusion, or to find itself crowded together without particular rule or order, so must this many-headed, many-minded, wandering animal now see itself combined into a noble body, made into a definite unity, bound and secured into a mass, and animated as one form by one mind. The simplicity of the oval is most pleasingly obvious to every eye, and every head serves as a measure to show the vastness of the whole. Now we see it empty, we have no standard, and do not know whether it is large or small.

The Veronese deserve commendation for the high preservation in which this edifice is kept. It is built of a reddish

marble, which has been affected by the atmosphere; and hence the steps, which have been eaten, are continually restored, and look almost all new. An inscription makes mention of one Hieronymus Maurigenus, and of the incredible industry which he has expended on this monument. Of the outer wall only a piece remains, and I doubt whether it was ever quite finished. The lower arches, which adjoin the large square called "Il Bra," are let out to workmen; and the re-animation of these arcades produces a cheerful appearance.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

The most beautiful gate, which, however, always remains closed, is called "Porta stupa," or "del Pallio." As a gate, and considering the great distance from which it is first seen, it is not well conceived; and it is not till we come near it, that we recognize the beauty of the structure.

All sorts of reasons are given to account for its being closed. I have, however, a conjecture of my own. It was manifestly the intention of the artist to cause a new *Corso* to be laid out from this gate; for the situation, or the present street, is completely wrong. On the left side there is nothing but barracks; and the line at right angles from the middle of the gate leads to a convent of nuns, which must certainly have come down. This was presently perceived; and, besides, the rich and higher classes might not have liked to settle in the remote quarter. The artist, perhaps, died; and therefore the door was closed, and so an end was put to the affair.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

The portico of the theatre, consisting of six large Ionic columns, looks handsome enough. So much the more puny is the appearance of the Marchese di Maffei's bust, which as large as life, and in a great wig, stands over the door, and in front of a painted niche which is supported by two Corinthian columns. The position is honorable; but, to be in some degree proportionate to the magnitude and solidity of the columns, the bust should have been colossal. But now, placed as it is on a corbel, it has a mean appearance, and is by no means in harmony with the whole.

The gallery which encloses the fore-court is also small, and the channelled Doric dwarfs have a mean appearance by the side of the smooth Ionic giants. But we pardon this

discrepancy on account of the fine institution which has been founded among the columns. Here is kept a number of antiquities, which have mostly been dug up in and about Verona. Something, they say, has even been found in the Amphitheatre. There are Etruscan, Greek, and Roman specimens, down to the latest times, and some even of more modern date. The bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls, and provided with the numbers which Maffei gave them when he described them in his work, "Verona Illustrata." There are altars, fragments of columns, and other relics of the sort; an admirable tripod of white marble, upon which there are genii occupied with the attributes of the gods. Raphael has imitated and improved this kind of thing in the scrolls of the Farnesina.

The wind which blows from the graves of the ancients comes fragrantly over hills of roses. The tombs give touching evidences of a genuine feeling, and always bring life back to us. Here is a man by the side of his wife, who peeps out of a niche, as if it were a window. Here are father and mother, with their son between them, eying each other as naturally as possible. Here a couple are grasping each other's hands. Here a father, resting on his couch, seems to be amused by his family. The immediate proximity of these stones was to me highly touching. They belong to a later school of art, but are simple, natural, and generally pleasing. Here a man in armor is on his knees, in expectation of a joyful resurrection. With more or less of talent, the artist has produced the mere simple presence of the persons, and has thus given a permanent continuation to their existence. They do not fold their hands, they do not look towards heaven; but they are here below just what they were and just what they are. They stand together, take interest in each other, love one another; and this is charmingly expressed on the stone, though with a certain want of technical skill. A marble pillar very richly adorned gave me more new ideas.

Laudable as this institution is, we can plainly perceive that the noble spirit of preservation, by which it was founded, is no longer continued. The valuable tripod will soon be ruined, placed as it is in the open air, and exposed to the weather towards the west. This treasure might easily be preserved in a wooden case.

The Palace of the Proveditore, which is begun, might have afforded a fine specimen of architecture, if it had been

finished. Generally speaking, the *nobili* build a great deal; but, unfortunately, every one builds on the site of his former residence, and often, therefore, in narrow lanes. Thus, for instance, a magnificent façade to a seminary is now building in an ally of the remotest suburb.

While, with a guide whom I had accidentally picked up, I passed before the great solemn gate of a singular building, he asked me good humoredly whether I should not like to step into the court for a while. It was the Palace of Justice; and the court, on account of the height of the building, looked only like an enormous wall. Here, he told me, all the criminals and suspicious persons are confined. I looked around, and saw that round all the stories there were open passages, fitted with iron balustrades, which passed by numerous doors. The prisoner, as he stepped out of his dungeon to be led to trial, stood in the open air, and was exposed to the gaze of all passers; and, because there were several trial-rooms, the chains were rattling, now over this, now over that passage, in every story. It was a hateful sight, and I do not deny that the good humor with which I had despatched my "Birds" might here have come into a strait.

I walked at sunset upon the margin of the crater-like Amphitheatre, and enjoyed the most splendid prospect over the town and the surrounding country. I was quite alone, and multitudes of people were passing below me on the hard stones of the Bra. Men of all ranks, and women of the middle ranks, were walking. The latter, in their black outer garments, look, in this bird's-eye view, like so many mummies.

The *Zendale* and the *Veste*, which serve this class in the place of an entire wardrobe, is a costume completely fitted for a people that does not care much for cleanliness, and yet always likes to appear in public, — sometimes at church, sometimes on the promenade. The *Veste* is a gown of black taffeta, which is thrown over other gowns. If the lady has a clean white one beneath, she contrives to lift up the black one on one side. This is fastened on so as to cut the waist, and to cover the lappets of a corset, which may be of any color. The *Zendale* is a large hood with long ears. The hood itself is kept high above the head by a wire frame, while the ears are fastened round the body like a scarf, so that the ends fall down behind.

VERONA, Sept. 16.

When I again left the Arena to-day, I came to a modern public spectacle, about a thousand paces from the spot. Four noble Veronese were playing ball against four people of Vicenza. This pastime is carried on among the Veronese themselves all the year round, about two hours before night. On this occasion there was a far larger concourse of people than usual, on account of the foreign adversaries. The spectators seem to have amounted to four or five thousand. I did not see women of any rank.

When, a little while ago, I spoke of the necessities of the multitude in such a case, I described the natural accidental amphitheatre as arising just in the manner in which I saw the people raised one over another on this occasion. Even at a distance, I could hear the lively clapping of hands which accompanied every important stroke. The game is played as follows: two boards, slightly inclined, are placed at a convenient distance from each other. He who strikes off the ball stands at the higher end: his right hand is armed with a broad wooden ring, set with spikes. While another of his party throws the ball to him, he runs down to meet it, and thus increases the force of the blow with which he strikes it. The adversaries try to beat it back; and thus it goes backward and forward, till at last it remains on the ground. The most beautiful attitudes, worthy of being imitated in marble, are thus produced. As there are none but well-grown, active young people, in a short, close white dress, the parties are only distinguished by a yellow mark. Particularly beautiful is the attitude into which the man on the eminence falls, when he runs down the inclined plane, and raises his arm to strike the ball: it approaches that of the Borghesian gladiator.

It seemed strange to me that they carry on this exercise by an old lime-wall, without the slightest convenience for spectators. Why is it not done in the Amphitheatre, where there would be such ample room?

VERONA, Sept. 17.

What I have seen of pictures I will but briefly touch upon, and add some remarks. I do not make this extraordinary tour for the sake of deceiving myself, but to become acquainted with myself by means of these objects. I therefore honestly confess, that of the painter's art, of his manipulation, I understand but little. My attention and observation

can only be directed to the practical part, to the subject, and the general treatment of it.

St. Georgio is a gallery of good pictures, — all altar-pieces, and all remarkable, if not of equal value. But what subjects were the hapless artists obliged to paint! And for whom? Perhaps a shower of manna thirty feet long and twenty feet high, with the miracle of the loaves as a companion. What could be made of these subjects? Hungry men falling on little grains, and a countless multitude of others, to whom bread is handed. The artists have racked their invention in order to get something striking out of such wretched subjects. And yet, stimulated by the urgency of the case, genius has produced some beautiful things. An artist who had to paint St. Ursula with the eleven thousand virgins has got over the difficulty cleverly enough. The saint stands in the foreground, as if she had conquered the country. She is very noble, like an Amazonian virgin, and without any enticing charms: on the other hand, her troop is shown descending from the ships, and moving in procession at a diminishing distance. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, in the dome, has become much blackened; and it is a thought worthy of praise, that, at the moment of her apotheosis, she looks, not towards heaven, but towards her friends below.

In the Gherardini Gallery I found some very fine things by Orbitto, and for the first time became acquainted with this meritorious artist. At a distance we only hear of the first artists, and then we are often contented with names only; but when we draw nearer to this starry sky, and the luminaries of the second and third magnitude also begin to twinkle, each one coming forward, and occupying his proper place in the whole constellation, then the world becomes wide, and art becomes rich. I must here commend the conception of one of the pictures. Samson has gone to sleep in the lap of Delilah, and she has softly stretched her hand over him to reach a pair of scissors, which lies near the lamp on the table. The execution is admirable. In the Canopa Palace I observed a Danäe.

The Bevilagua Palace contains the most valuable things. A picture by Tintoretto, which is called a "Paradise," but which, in fact, represents the coronation of the Virgin Mary as queen of heaven, in the presence of all the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, angels, etc., affords an opportunity for displaying all the riches of the most felicitous genius. To admire and enjoy all that care of manipulation, that spirit

and variety of expression, it is necessary to possess the picture, and to have it before one all one's life. The painter's work is carried on *ad infinitum*. Even the farthest angels' heads, which are vanishing in the halo, preserve something of character. The largest figures may be about a foot high; Mary, and the Christ who is crowning her, about four inches. Eve is, however, the finest woman in the picture, — a little voluptuous, as from time immemorial.

A couple of portraits by Paul Veronese have only increased my veneration for that artist. The collection of antiquities is very fine. There is a son of Niobe extended in death, which is highly valuable; and the busts, including an Augustus with the civic crown, a Caligula, and others, are mostly of great interest, notwithstanding the restoration of the noses.

It is in my nature to admire, willingly and joyfully, all that is great and beautiful; and the cultivation of this talent day after day, hour after hour, by the inspection of such beautiful objects, produces the happiest feelings.

In a land where we enjoy the days, but take especial delight in the evenings, the time of nightfall is highly important: for now work ceases; those who have gone out walking turn back; the father wishes to have his daughter home again; the day has an end. What the day is, we Cimmerians hardly know. In our eternal mist and fog, it is the same thing to us whether it be day or night; for how much time can we really pass and enjoy in the open air? Now, when night sets in, the day, which consisted of a morning and an evening, is decidedly past; four and twenty hours are gone; the bells ring, the rosary is taken in hand, and the maid, entering the chamber with the lighted lamp, says, "*Felicissima notte.*" This epoch varies with every season; and a man who lives here in actual life cannot go wrong, because all the enjoyments of his existence are regulated, not by the nominal hour, but by the time of day. If the people were forced to use a German clock, they would be perplexed, for their own is intimately connected with their nature. About an hour and a half, or an hour, before nightfall, the nobility begin to ride out. They proceed to the Piazza della Bra, along the long, broad street, to the Porta Nuova, out at the gate, and along the city, and, when night sets in, they all return home. Sometimes they go to the churches to say their Ave Maria della sera; sometimes they keep on the Bra, where the cavaliers step up to the coaches, and converse for a while with the ladies. The foot-passengers remain till a late hour of night;

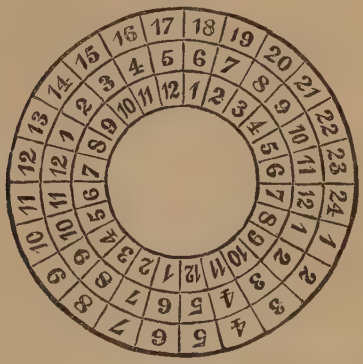
but I have never stopped till the last. To-day just enough rain had fallen to lay the dust, and the spectacle was most cheerful and animated.

That I may accommodate myself the better to the custom of the country, I have devised a plan for mastering more easily the Italian method of reckoning the hours. The accompanying diagram may give an idea of it. The inner circle denotes our four and twenty hours, from midnight to midnight, divided into twice twelve, as we reckon and as our clocks indicate. The middle circle shows how the clocks strike at the present season; namely, as much as twelve twice in the twenty-four hours, but in such a way that it strikes one when it strikes eight with us, and so on till the number twelve is complete. At eight o'clock in the morning, according to our clock, it again strikes one, and so on. Finally, the outer circle shows how the four and twenty hours are reckoned in actual life. For example, I hear seven o'clock striking in the night, and know that midnight is at five o'clock: I therefore deduct the latter number from the former, and thus have two hours after midnight. If I hear seven o'clock strike in the daytime, and know that noon is at five, I proceed in the same way, and thus have two in the afternoon. But, if I wish to express the hour according to the fashion of this country, I must know that noon is seventeen o'clock: I add the two, and get nineteen o'clock. When this method is heard and thought of for the first time, it seems extremely confused, and difficult to manage; but we soon grow accustomed to it, and find the occupation amusing. The people themselves take delight in this perpetual calculation, just as children are pleased with easily surmounted difficulties. Indeed, they always have their fingers in the air, make any calculation in their heads, and like to occupy themselves with figures. Besides, to the inhabitant of the country, the matter is so much the easier, as he really does not trouble himself about noon and midnight, and does not, like the foreign resident, compare two clocks with each other. They only count from the evening the hours as they strike, and in the daytime they add the number to the varying number of noon, with which they are acquainted. The rest is explained by the remarks appended to the diagram: —

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF GERMAN AND ITALIAN TIME,

WITH THE HOURS OF THE ITALIAN SUN-DIAL FOR THE LATTER HALF OF SEPTEMBER.

MID-DAY.



MIDNIGHT.

THE NIGHT LENGTHENS HALF AN HOUR EVERY FORTNIGHT.				THE DAY LENGTHENS HALF AN HOUR EVERY FORTNIGHT.			
Month.	Day.	Time of night as shown by German clocks.	Midnight consequently falls about	Month.	Day.	Time of night as shown by German clocks.	Midnight consequently falls about
August	1	8½	3½	February	1	5½	6½
"	15	8	4	"	15	6	6
September	1	7½	4½	March	1	6½	5½
"	15	7	5	"	15	7	5
October	1	6½	5½	April	1	7½	4½
"	15	6	6	"	15	8	4
November	1	5½	6½	May	1	8½	3
"	15	5	7	"	15	9	3

From this date the time remains constant, and it is:—			From this date the time remains constant, and it is:—		
	Night.	Midnight.		Night.	Midnight.
December January	5	7	June July	9	3

VERONA, Sept. 17.

The people here jostle one another actively enough. The narrow streets, where shops and workmen's stalls are thickly crowded together, have a particularly cheerful look. There is no such thing as a door in front of the shop or workroom: the whole breadth of the house is open, and one may see all that passes in the interior. Halfway out into the path the tailors are sewing, and the cobblers are pulling and rapping: indeed, the work-stalls make a part of the street. In the evening, when the lights are burning, the appearance is most lively.

The squares are very full on market-days. There are fruit and vegetables without number, and garlic and onions to the heart's desire. Then, again, throughout the day there is a ceaseless screaming, bantering, singing, squalling, huzzaing, and laughing. The mildness of the air and the cheapness of the food make subsistence easy. Every thing possible is done in the open air.

At night, singing and all sorts of noises begin. The ballad of "Marlbrook" is heard in every street; then comes a dulcimer, then a violin. They try to imitate all the birds with a pipe. The strangest sounds are heard on every side. A mild climate can give this exquisite enjoyment of mere existence, even to poverty; and the very shadow of the people seems venerable.

The want of cleanliness and convenience which so much strikes us in the houses, arises from the following cause: the inhabitants are always out of doors, and in their light-heartedness think of nothing. With the people all goes right. Even the middle-class man just lives on from day to day; while the rich and genteel shut themselves up in their dwellings, which are not so habitable as in the north. Society is found in the open streets. Fore-courts and colonnades are all soiled with filth, for things are done in the most *natural* manner. The people always feel their way before them. The rich man may be rich, and build his palaces, and the *nobile* may rule; but, if he makes a colonnade or a fore-court, the people will make use of it for their own occasions, and have no more urgent wish than to get rid as soon as possible of that which they have taken as often as possible. If a person cannot bear this, he must not play the great gentleman; that is to say, he must act as if a part of his dwelling belonged to the public. He may shut his door, and all will be right. But in open buildings the people

are not to be debarred of their privileges; and this, throughout Italy, is a nuisance to the foreigner.

To-day I remarked in several streets of the town the customs and manners of the middle classes especially, who appear very numerous and busy. They swing their arms as they walk. Persons of a high rank, who on certain occasions wear a sword, swing only one arm, being accustomed to hold the left arm still.

Although the people are careless enough with respect to their own wants and occupations, they have a keen eye for every thing foreign. Thus in the very first days I observed that every one took notice of my boots: because here they are too expensive an article of dress to wear, even in winter. Now that I wear shoes and stockings, nobody looks at me. Particularly I noticed this morning, when all were running about with flowers, vegetables, garlic, and other market-stuff, that a twig of cypress which I carried in my hand did not escape their attention. Some green cones hung upon it, and I held in the same hand some blooming caper-twigs. Everybody, large and small, watched me closely, and seemed to entertain some whimsical thought.

I brought these twigs from the Giusti Garden, which is finely situated, and in which there are monstrous cypresses, all pointed up like spikes into the air. The taxus, which in northern gardening we find cut to a sharp point, is probably an imitation of this splendid natural product. A tree the branches of which, the oldest as well as the youngest, are striving to reach heaven; a tree which will last its three hundred years, — is well worthy of veneration. Judging from the time when this garden was laid out, these trees have already attained that advanced age.

VICENZA, Sept. 19.

The way from Verona hither is very pleasant. We go north-eastward along the mountains, always keeping to the left the foremost mountains, which consist of sand, lime, clay, and marl: the hills which they form are dotted with villages, castles, and houses. To the right extends the broad plain along which the road goes. The straight broad path, which is in good preservation, goes through a fertile field. We look into deep avenues of trees, up which the vines are trained to a considerable height, and then drop down, like pendent branches. Here we can get an admirable idea of festoons. The grapes are ripe, and are heavy on the

tendrils, which hang down long and trembling. The road is filled with people of every class and occupation; and I was particularly pleased by some carts with low, solid wheels, which, with teams of fine oxen, carry the large vats in which the grapes from the vineyards are put and pressed. The drivers rode in them when they were empty, and the whole was like a triumphal procession of Bacchanals. Between the ranks of vines the ground is used for all sorts of grain, especially Indian corn and millet (*Sörgel*).

As one goes toward Vicenza, the hills again rise from north to south, and enclose the plain. They are, it is said, volcanic. Vicenza lies at their foot, or, if you will, in a bosom which they form.

VICENZA, Sept. 19.

Though I have been here only a few hours, I have already run through the town, and seen the Olympian Theatre and the buildings of Palladio. A very pretty little book is published here, for the convenience of foreigners, with copper-plates and some letter-press, that shows knowledge of art. When once one stands in the presence of these works, one immediately perceives their great value; for they are calculated to fill the eye with their actual greatness and massiveness, and to satisfy the mind by the beautiful harmony of their dimensions, not only in abstract sketches, but with all the prominences and distances of perspective. Therefore I say of Palladio, he was a man really and intrinsically great, whose greatness was outwardly manifested. The chief difficulty with which this man, like all modern architects, had to struggle, was the suitable application of the orders of columns to buildings for domestic or public use; for there is always a contradiction in the combination of columns and walls. But with what success he has worked them up together! What an imposing effect the aspect of his edifices has! at the sight of them one almost forgets that he is attempting to reconcile us to a violation of the rules of his art. There is, indeed, something divine about his designs, which may be exactly compared to the creations of the great poet, who out of truth and falsehood elaborates something between both, and charms us with its borrowed existence.

The Olympic Theatre is a theatre of the ancients, which is realized on a small scale, and is indescribably beautiful. However, compared with our theatres, it reminds me of a genteel, rich, well-bred child, contrasted with a shrewd man of the

world, who, though he is neither so rich, nor so genteel and well-bred, knows better how to employ his resources.

If we contemplate on the spot the noble buildings which Palladio has erected, and see how they are disfigured by the mean, filthy necessities of the people, how the plans of most of them exceeded the means of those who undertook them, and how little these precious monuments of one lofty mind are adapted to all else around, the thought occurs, that it is just the same with every thing else; for we receive but little thanks from men, when we would elevate their inner aspirations, give them a great idea of themselves, and make them feel the grandeur of a really noble existence. But when one cajoles them, tells them tales, and, helping them on from day to day, makes them worse, then one is just the man they like; and hence it is that modern times take delight in so many absurdities. I do not say this to lower my friends: I only say that they are so, and that people must not be astonished to find every thing just as it is.

How the Basilica of Palladio looks by the side of an old castellated kind of a building, dotted all over with windows of different sizes (whose removal, tower and all, the artist evidently contemplated), it is impossible to describe: and besides, I must now, by a strange effort, compress my own feelings; for I, too, alas! find here side by side both what I seek and what I flee from.

SEPT. 20.

Yesterday we had the opera, which lasted till midnight; and I was glad to get some rest. The "Three Sultanesses" and the "Rape of the Seraglio" have afforded several tatters, out of which the piece has been patched up, with very little skill. The music is agreeable to the ear, but is probably by an amateur; for not a single thought struck me as being new. The *ballets*, on the other hand, were charming. The principal pair of dancers executed an *Allemande* to perfection.

The theatre is new, pleasant, beautiful, modestly magnificent, uniform throughout, just as it ought to be in a provincial town. Every box has hangings of the same color; and the one belonging to the *Capitan Grande* is only distinguished from the rest by the fact that the hangings are somewhat longer.

The *prima donna*, who is a great favorite of the whole people, is tremendously applauded on her entrance; and the

"gods" are quite obstreperous with their delight when she does any thing remarkably well, which very often happens. Her manners are natural: she has a pretty figure, a fine voice, a pleasing countenance, and, above all, a really modest demeanor, while there might be more grace in the arms. However, I am not what I was. I feel that I am spoiled — I am spoiled for a "god."

SEPT. 21.

To-day I visited Dr. Tura. Five years ago he passionately devoted himself to the study of plants, formed an *herbarium* of the Italian flora, and laid out a botanical garden, under the superintendence of the former bishop. However, all that has come to an end. Medical practice drove away natural history; the *herbarium* is eaten by worms; the bishop is dead; and the botanic garden is again *rationally* planted with cabbages and garlic.

Dr. Tura is a very refined and good man. He told me his history with frankness, purity of mind, and modesty, and altogether spoke in a very definite and affable manner. At the same time he did not like to open his cabinets, which, perhaps, were in no very presentable condition. Our conversation soon came to a stand-still.

SEPT. 21. Evening.

I called upon the old architect Scamozzi, who has published an edition of "Palladio's Buildings," and is a diligent artist, passionately devoted to his art. He gave me some directions, being delighted with my sympathy. Among Palladio's buildings, there is one for which I always had an especial predilection, and which is said to have been his own residence. When it is seen close, there is far more in it than appears in a picture. I should have liked to draw it, and to illuminate it with colors, to show the material and the age. It must not, however, be imagined that the architect has built himself a palace. The house is the most modest in the world, with only two windows, separated from each other by a broad space which would admit a third. If it were imitated in a picture which should exhibit the neighboring houses at the same time, the spectator would be pleased to observe how it has been let in between them. Canaletto was the man who should have painted it.

SEPT. 22.

To-day I visited the splendid building which stands on a pleasant elevation about half a league from the town, and is called the "Rotonda." It is a quadrangular building, enclosing a circular hall, lighted from the top. On all the four sides you ascend a broad flight of steps, and always come to a vestibule, which is formed of six Corinthian columns. Probably the luxury of architecture was never carried to so high a point. The space occupied by the steps and vestibules is much larger than that occupied by the house itself, for every one of the sides is as grand and pleasing as the front of a temple. With respect to the inside, it may be called habitable, but not comfortable. The hall is of the finest proportions, and so are the chambers; but they would hardly suffice for the actual wants of any genteel family in a summer residence. On the other hand, it presents a most beautiful appearance as it is viewed on every side throughout the district. The variety which is produced by the principal mass, as, together with the projecting columns, it is gradually brought before the eyes of the spectator who walks round it, is very great; and the purpose of the owner, who wished to leave a large trust-estate and at the same time a visible monument of his wealth, is completely obtained. And, while the building appears in all its magnificence when viewed from any spot in the district, it also forms the point of view for a most agreeable prospect. You may see the Bachiglione flowing along, and taking vessels down from Verona to the Brenta, while you overlook the extensive possessions which the Marquis Capra wished to preserve undivided in his family. The inscriptions on the four gable-ends, which together constitute one whole, are worthy to be noted down: —

Marcus Capra Gabrielis filius
Qui ædes has
Arctissimo primogenituræ gradui subjecit
Una cum omnibus
Censibus agris vallibus et collibus
Citra viam magnam
Memoriæ perpetuæ mandans hæc
Dum sustinet ac abstinet.

The conclusion, in particular, is strange enough. A man who has at command so much wealth and such a capacious will still feels that he must *bear* and *forbear*. This can be learned at a less expense.

SEPT. 22.

This evening I was at a meeting held by the academy of the "Olympians." It is mere play-work, but good in its way, and seems to keep up a little spice and life among the people. There is the great hall by Palladio's Theatre, handsomely lighted up. The *Capitan* and a portion of the nobility are present, besides a public composed of educated persons, and several of the clergy; the whole assembly amounting to about five hundred.

The question proposed by the president for to-day's sitting was this, "Which has been most serviceable to the fine arts, — invention, or imitation?" This was a happy notion; for, if the alternatives which are involved in the question are kept duly apart, one may go on debating for centuries. The academicians have gallantly availed themselves of the occasion, and have produced all sorts of things in prose and verse, some very good.

Then there is the liveliest public. The audience cry *Bravo*, and clap their hands, and laugh. What a thing it is to stand thus before one's nation, and amuse them in person! We must set down our best productions in black and white. Every one squats down with them in a corner, and scribbles at them as he can.

It may be imagined, that, even on this occasion, Palladio would be continually appealed to, whether the discourse was in favor of invention or imitation. At the end, which is always the right place for a joke, one of the speakers hit on a happy thought, and said that the others had already taken Palladio away from him; so that he, for his part, would praise Franceschini, the great silk-manufacturer. He then began to show the advantages which this enterprising man, and, through him, the city of Vicenza, had derived from imitating the Lyonnese and Florentine stuffs, and thence came to the conclusion that imitation stands far above invention. This was done with so much humor, that uninterrupted laughter was excited. Generally those who spoke in favor of imitation obtained the most applause; for they said nothing but what was adapted to the thoughts and capacities of the multitude. Once the public, by a violent clapping of hands, gave its hearty approval to a most clumsy sophism, when it had not felt many good, nay, excellent things that had been said in honor of invention. I am very glad I have witnessed this scene; for it is highly gratifying to see Palladio, after the lapse of so long a time, still honored by his fellow-citizens as their polar star and model.

SEPT. 22.

This morning I was at Tiene, which lies north, towards the mountains, where a new building has been erected after an old plan, of which there may be a little to say. Thus do they here honor every thing that belongs to the good period, and have sense enough to raise a new building on a plan which they have inherited. The *château* is excellently situated in a large plain, having behind it the calcareous Alps, without any mountains intervening. A stream of living water flows along the level causeway from each side of the building, towards those who approach it, and waters the broad fields of rice through which one passes.

I have now seen but two Italian cities, and for the first time, and have spoken with but few persons; and yet I know my Italians pretty well. They are like courtiers, who consider themselves the first people in the world, and who, on the strength of certain advantages, which cannot be denied them, can indulge with impunity in so comfortable a thought. The Italians appear to me a right good people. Only one must see the children and the common people as I see them now, and can see them, while I am always open to them, nay, always lay myself open to them. What figures and faces there are!

It is especially to be commended in the Vicentians, that with them one enjoys the privileges of a large city. Whatever a person does, they do not stare at him; but, if he addresses them, they are conversable and pleasant, especially the women, who please me much. I do not mean to find fault with the Veronese women: they are well made, and have decided profiles; but they are, for the most part, pale, and the *Zendal* is to their disadvantage, because one looks for something charming under the beautiful costume. I have found here some very pretty creatures, especially some with black locks, who inspire me with peculiar interest. There are also fairer beauties, who, however, do not please me so well.

PADUA, Sept. 26.
Evening.

In four hours I have this day come here from Vicenza, crammed, luggage and all, into a little one-seated chaise called a *Sediola*. Generally the journey is performed with ease in three hours and a half; but, as I wished to pass the delightful daytime in the open air, I was glad that the *Vetturino* fell short of his duty. The route goes constantly

southwards, over the most fertile plains, and between hedges and trees, without further prospect, until at last the beautiful mountains, extending from the east towards the south, are seen on the right hand. The abundance of the festoons of plants and fruit, which hang over walls and hedges, and down the trees, is indescribable. The roofs are loaded with gourds, and the strangest sort of cucumbers are hanging from poles and trellises.

From the observatory I could take the clearest survey possible of the fine situation of the town. Towards the north are the Tyrolese mountains, covered with snow, and half hidden by clouds, and joined by the Vicentian mountains on the north-west. Then towards the west are the nearer mountains of Este, the shapes and recesses of which are plainly to be seen. Towards the south-east is a verdant sea of plants, without a trace of elevation, tree after tree, bush after bush, plantation after plantation, while houses, villas, and churches, dazzling with whiteness, peer out from among the green. Against the horizon I plainly saw the tower of St. Mark's at Venice, with other smaller towers.

PADUA, Sept. 17.

I have at last obtained the works of Palladio, not indeed the original edition, which I saw at Vicenza, where the cuts are in wood, but a facsimile in copper, published at the expense of an excellent man, named Smith, who was formerly the English consul at Venice. We must give the English this credit, that they have long known how to prize what is good, and have a magnificent way of diffusing it.

On the occasion of this purchase I entered a book-shop, which in Italy presents quite a peculiar appearance. Around it are arranged the books, all stitched; and during the whole day good society may be found in the shop, which is a lounge for all the secular clergy, nobility, and artists who are in any way connected with literature. One asks for a book, opens it, and amuses himself as one can. Thus I found a knot of half a dozen, all of whom became attentive to me when I asked for the works of Palladio. While the master of the shop looked for the book, they commended it, and gave me information respecting the original and the copy: they were well acquainted with the work itself and with the merits of the author. Taking me for an architect, they praised me for having recourse to this master in preference to all the rest; saying that he was of more practical utility than Vitruvius

himself, since he had thoroughly studied the ancients and antiquity, and had sought to adapt the latter to the wants of our own times. I conversed for a long time with these friendly men, learned something about the remarkable objects in the city, and took my leave.

Where men have built churches to saints, a place may sometimes be found in them where monuments to intellectual men may be set up. The bust of Cardinal Bembo stands between Ionic columns. It is a handsome face, strongly drawn in, if I may use the expression, and with a copious beard. The inscription runs thus: "Petri Bembi Card. imaginem Hier. Guerinus Ismeni f. in publico ponendam curavit ut cujus ingenii monumenta æterna sint, ejus corporis quoque memoria ne a posteritate desideretur."

With all its dignity, the University gave me the horrors as a building. I am glad that I had nothing to learn in it. One cannot imagine such a narrow compass for a school, even though, as the student of a German university, one may have suffered a great deal on the benches of the auditorium. The anatomical theatre is a perfect model of the art of pressing students together. The audience are piled one above another in a tall, pointed funnel. They look down upon the narrow space where the table stands; and, as no daylight falls upon it, the professor must demonstrate by lamplight. The botanic garden is much more pretty and cheerful. Several plants can remain in the ground during the winter, if they are set near the walls, or at no great distance from them. At the end of October the whole is built over, and the process of heating is carried on for the few remaining months. It is pleasant and instructive to walk through a vegetation that is strange to us. With ordinary plants, as well as with other objects that have been long familiar to us, we at last do not think at all; and what is looking without thinking? Amidst this variety which comes upon me quite new, the idea that all forms of plants may, perhaps, be developed from a single form, becomes more lively than ever. On this principle alone it would be possible to define orders and classes, which, it seems to me, has hitherto been done in a very arbitrary manner. At this point I stand fast in my botanical philosophy, and I do not see how I am to extricate myself. The depth and breadth of this business seem to me quite equal.

The great square, called *Prato della Valle*, is a very wide space, where the chief fair is held in June. The wooden

booths in the middle of it do not produce the most favorable appearance; but the inhabitants assure me that there will soon be a *fiera* of stone here, like that at Verona. One has hopes of this already, from the manner in which the *Prato* is surrounded, and which affords a very beautiful and imposing view.

A huge oval is surrounded with statues, all representing celebrated men who have taught or studied at the University. Any native or foreigner is allowed to erect a statue of a certain size to any countryman or kinsman, as soon as the merit of the person and his academical residence at Padua are proved.

A moat filled with water goes round the oval. On the four bridges which lead up to it stand colossal figures of popes and doges. The other statues, which are smaller, have been set up by corporations, private individuals, or foreigners. The king of Sweden caused a figure of Gustavus Adolphus to be erected, because, it is said, he once heard a lecture in Padua. The Archduke Leopold revived the memory of Petrarch and Galileo. The statues are in a good, modern style, a few of them rather affected, some very natural, and all in the costume of their rank and dignity. The inscriptions deserve commendation. There is nothing in them absurd or paltry.

At any university this would have been a happy thought; and here it is particularly so, because it is very delightful to see a whole line of departed worthies thus called back again. It will, perhaps, form a very beautiful *Prato*, when the wooden *Fiera* will have been removed, and one built of stone, according to the plan they are said to have made.

In the consistory of a fraternity dedicated to St. Anthony, there are some pictures of an early date, which remind one of the old German paintings, and also some by Titian, in which may be remarked the great progress which no one has made on the other side of the Alps. Immediately afterwards I saw works by some of the most modern painters. These artists, as they could not hope to succeed in the lofty and the serious, have been very happy in hitting the humorous. The decollation of John by Piazetta is, in this sense, a capital picture, if one can once allow the master's manner. John is kneeling, with his hands before him, and his right knee on a stone, looking towards heaven. One of the soldiers who is binding him is bending round on one side, and looking into his face, as if he were wondering at his patient resigna-

tion. Higher up stands another, who is to deal the fatal blow. He does not, however, hold the sword, but makes a motion with his hands, like one who is practising the stroke beforehand. A third is drawing the sword out of the scabbard. The thought is happy, if not grand; and the composition is striking, and produces the best effect.

In the Church of the Eremitani I have seen pictures by Mantegna, one of the older painters, at which I am astonished. What a sharp, strict actuality is exhibited in these pictures! It is from this actuality, thoroughly true, — not apparent merely, and falsely effective, and appealing solely to the imagination, — but solid, pure, bright, elaborated, conscientious, delicate, and circumscribed; an actuality which had about it something severe, credulous, and laborious, — it is from this, I say, that the later painters proceeded (as I remarked in the pictures by Titian), in order that by the liveliness of their own genius, the energy of their nature, illumined at the same time by the mind of the predecessors, and exalted by their force, they might rise higher and higher, and, elevated above the earth, produce forms that were heavenly indeed, but still true. Thus was art developed after the barbarous period.

The hall of audience in the town-house, properly designated by the augmentative *Salone* is such a huge enclosure, that one cannot conceive it, much less recall it to one's immediate memory. It is three hundred feet long, one hundred feet broad, and one hundred feet high, measured up to the roof, which covers it quite in. So accustomed are these people to live in the open air, that the architects look out for a market-place to overarch. And there is no question that this huge vaulted space produces quite a peculiar effect. It is an enclosed infinity, which has more analogy to man's habits and feelings than the starry heavens. The latter takes us out of ourselves; the former insensibly brings us back to ourselves.

For the same reason, I also like to stay in the Church of St. Justina. This church, which is eighty-five feet long, and high and broad in proportion, is built in a grand and simple style. This evening I seated myself in a corner, and indulged in quiet contemplation. Then I felt truly alone; for no one in the world, even if he had thought of me for the moment, would have looked for me here.

Now every thing ought to be packed up again; for to-morrow morning I set off by water, upon the Brenta. It rained

to-day; but now it has cleared, and I hope I shall be able to see the lagunes and the Bride of the Sea by beautiful daylight, and to greet my friends from her bosom.

VENICE.

On my page in the Book of Fate, there was written that on the evening of the 28th of September, by five o'clock, German time, I should see Venice for the first time, as I passed from the Brenta into the lagunes, and that soon afterwards, I should actually enter and visit this strange island-city, this heaven-like republic. So now, Heaven be praised! Venice is no longer to me a bare and a hollow name, which has so long tormented me, —*me*, the mental enemy of mere verbal sounds.

As the first of the gondoliers came up to the ship (they come in order to convey more quickly to Venice those passengers who are in a hurry), I recollected an old plaything, of which, perhaps, I had not thought for twenty years. My father had a beautiful model of a gondola, which he had brought with him [*from Italy*]. He set a great value upon it, and it was considered a great treat when I was allowed to play with it. The first beaks of tinned iron-plate, the black gondola-gratings, all greeted me like old acquaintances; and I experienced again dear emotions of my childhood which had been long unknown.

I am well lodged at the sign of the *Queen of England*, not far from the Square of St. Mark, which is, indeed, the chief advantage of the spot. My windows look upon a narrow canal between lofty houses: a bridge of one arch is immediately below me, and directly opposite is a narrow, bustling alley. Thus am I lodged; and here I shall remain until I have made up my packet for Germany, and until I am satiated with the sight of the city. I can now really enjoy the solitude for which I have longed so ardently; for nowhere does a man feel more solitary than in a crowd, where, unknown to every one, he must push his way. Perhaps in Venice there is only one person who knows me, and he will not come in contact with me all at once.

VENICE, Sept. 28, 1786.

A few words on my journey hither from Padua. The passage on the Brenta, in the public vessel, and in good company, is highly agreeable. The banks are ornamented with gardens and villas; little hamlets come down to the water's edge; and the animated high road may be seen here and

there. As the descent of the river is by means of locks, there is often a little pause, which may be employed in looking about the country, and in tasting the fruits, which are offered in great abundance. You then enter your vessel again, and move on through a world which is itself in motion, and full of life and fertility.

To so many changing forms and images a phenomenon was added, which, although derived from Germany, was quite in its place here, — I mean two pilgrims, the first whom I have seen closely. They have a right to travel *gratis* in this public conveyance; but, because the rest of the passengers dislike coming in contact with them, they do not sit in the covered part, but in the after-part, beside the steersman. They were stared at as a phenomenon, even at the present day; and as, in former times, many vagabonds had made use of this cloak, they were but lightly esteemed. When I learned that they were Germans, and could speak no language but their own, I joined them, and found that they came from the Paderborn territory. Both of them were men of more than fifty years of age, and of a dark but good-humored physiognomy. They had first visited the sepulchre of the Three Kings at Cologne, had then travelled through Germany, and were now together on their way back to Rome and Upper Italy, whence one intended to set out for Westphalia, and the other to pay a visit of adoration to St. James of Compostella.

Their dress was the well-known costume of pilgrims; but they looked much better with this tucked-up robe than the pilgrims in long taffeta garments whom we are accustomed to exhibit at our masquerades. The long cape, the round hat, the staff and shell (the latter used as the most innocent drinking-vessel) — all had its signification, and its immediate use; while a tin case held their passports. Most remarkable of all were their small red morocco pocket-books, in which they kept all the little implements that might be wanted for any simple necessity. They had taken them out on finding that something in their garments wanted mending.

The steersman, highly pleased to find an interpreter, made me ask them several questions; and thus I learned a great deal about their views, and especially about their expedition. They made bitter complaints against their brethren in the faith, and even against the clergy, both secular and monastic. Piety, they said, must be a very scarce commodity, since no one would believe in theirs; but they were treated as vagrants

in almost every Catholic country, although they produced the route, which had been clerically prescribed, and the passports given by the bishop. On the other hand, they described, with a great deal of emotion, how well they had been received by Protestants, and made special mention of a country clergyman in Swabia, and still more of his wife, who had prevailed on her somewhat unwilling husband to give them an abundant repast, of which they stood in great need. On taking leave, the good couple had given them a "convention's dollar," [1] which they found very serviceable as soon as they entered the Catholic territory. Upon this, one of them said, with all the elevation of which he was capable, "We include this lady every day in our prayers, and implore God that he will open her eyes, as he has opened her heart towards us, and take her, although late, into the bosom of the Catholic Church. And thus we hope that we shall meet her in paradise hereafter."

As I sat upon the little gangway which led to the desk, I explained as much as was necessary and useful to the steersman, and to some other persons who had crowded from the cabin into this narrow space. The pilgrims received some paltry donations, for the Italians are not fond of giving. Upon this they drew out some little consecrated tickets, on which might be seen the representation of the three sainted kings, with some prayers addressed to them. The worthy men entreated me to distribute these tickets among the little party, and explain how invaluable they were. In this I succeeded perfectly; for, when the two men appeared to be greatly embarrassed as to how they should find the convent devoted to pilgrims in so large a place as Venice, the steersman was touched, and promised, that, when they landed, he would give a boy a trifle to lead them to that distant spot. He added, in confidence, that they would not be very heartily welcomed. "The institution," he said, "was founded to admit I don't know how many pilgrims; but now it has become greatly contracted, and the revenues are otherwise employed."

During this conversation we had gone down the beautiful Brenta, leaving behind us many a noble garden and many a noble palace, and casting a rapid glance at the populous and thriving hamlets which lay along the banks. Several gon-

[1] A "convention's dollar" is a dollar coined in consequence of an agreement made between several of the German states in the year 1750, when the Viennese standard was adopted. — TRANS.

dolas wound about the ship as soon as we had entered the lagunes. A Lombard, well acquainted with Venice, asked me to accompany him, that we might enter all the quicker, and escape the nuisance of the custom-house. Those who endeavored to hold us back, he contrived to put off with a little drink-money, and so, in a cheerful sunset, we floated to the place of our destination.

SEPT. 29 (Michaelmas Day). Evening.

So much has already been told and printed about Venice, that I shall not be circumstantial in my description, but shall only say how it struck *me*. Now, in this instance again, that which makes the chief impression upon me is the people, — a great mass, who live an involuntary existence determined by the changing circumstances of the moment.

It was for no idle fancy that this race fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation that afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent when the whole northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were a necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings; rocks took the place of sand and marsh; houses sought the sky, being forced, like trees enclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what they were denied in breadth. Being niggards of every inch of ground, as having been from the very first compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was just necessary to separate a row of houses from the one opposite, and to afford the citizens a narrow passage. Moreover, water supplied the place of street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and thus Venice can only be compared with itself. The large canal, winding like a serpent, yields to no street in the world; and nothing can be put by the side of the space in front of St. Mark's Square — I mean that great mirror of water, which is encompassed by Venice proper, in the form of a crescent. Across the watery surface you see to the left the island of St. Georgio Maggiore; to the right, a little farther off, the Guidecca and its canal, and, still more distant, the *Dogana* (custom-house) and the entrance into the *Canal Grande*, where right before us two

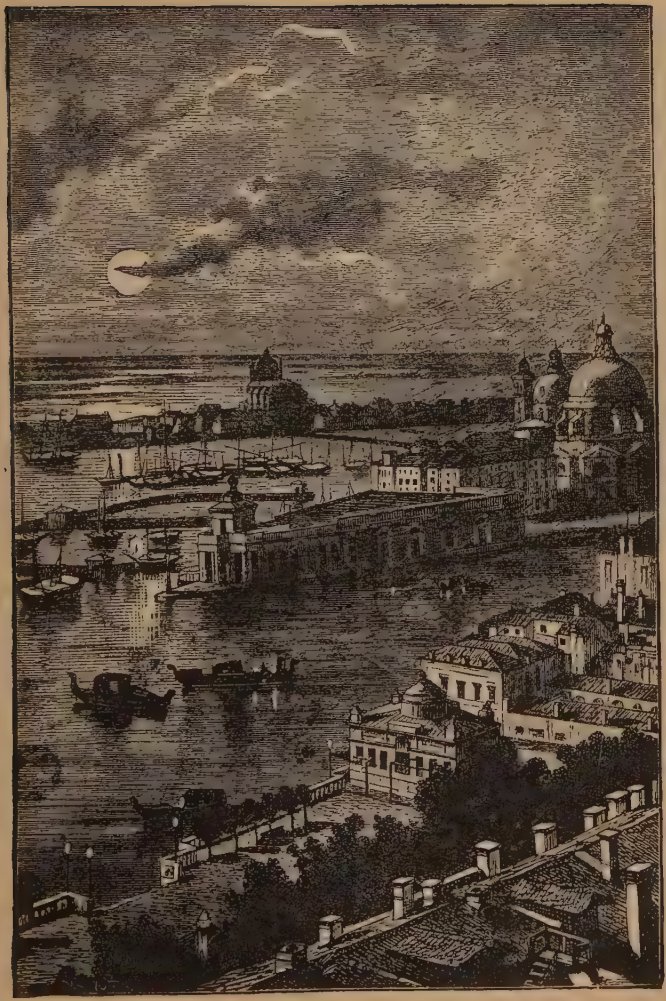
immense marble temples are glittering in the sunshine. All the views and prospects have been so often engraved, that my friends will have no difficulty in forming a clear idea of them.

After dinner I hastened to fix my first impression of the whole, and without a guide, and merely observing the cardinal points, threw myself into the labyrinth of the city, which, though everywhere intersected by larger or smaller canals, is again connected by bridges. The narrow and crowded appearance of the whole cannot be conceived by one who has not seen it. In most cases one can quite or nearly measure the breadth of the street by stretching out one's arms; and, in the narrowest, a person would scrape his elbows if he walked with his arms akimbo. Some streets, indeed, are wider, and here and there is a little square; but comparatively all may be called narrow.

I easily found the Grand Canal and the principal bridge, the Rialto, which consists of a single arch of white marble. Looking down from this, one has a fine prospect, — the canal full of ships, which bring every necessary from the Continent, and put in chiefly at this place to unload; while between them is a swarm of gondolas. To-day especially, being Michaelmas, the view was wonderfully animated. But, to give some notion of it, I must go back a little.

The two principal parts of Venice, which are divided by the Grand Canal, are connected by no other bridge than the Rialto; but several means of communication are provided, and the river is crossed in open boats at certain fixed points. To-day a very pretty effect was produced by the number of well-dressed ladies, who, their features concealed beneath large black veils, were being ferried over in large parties at a time, in order to go to the Church of the Archangel, whose festival was being solemnized. I left the bridge, and went to one of the points of landing, to see the parties as they left the boats. I discovered some very fine forms and faces among them.

After I had become tired of this amusement, I seated myself in a gondola, and quitting the narrow streets, with the intention of witnessing a spectacle of an opposite description, went along the northern part of the Grand Canal, into the lagunes, and then entered the Canal della Guidecca, going as far as the Square of St. Mark. Now was I also one of the birds of the Adriatic Sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be whilst reclining in his gondola. I then thought with due



honor of my good father, who knew of nothing better than to talk about the things I now witnessed. And will it not be so with me likewise? All that surrounds me is dignified, — a grand, venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapors are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining, and their power has sunk, still the great place and the essential character will not, for a moment, be less venerable to the observer. Venice succumbs to time, like every thing that has a phenomenal existence.

SEPT. 30.

Towards evening I again rambled, without a guide, into the remotest quarters of the city. The bridges here are all provided with stairs, that gondolas, and even larger vessels, may pass conveniently under the arches. I sought to find my way in and out of this labyrinth, without asking anybody, and, on this occasion also, only guiding myself by the points of the compass. One disentangles one's self at last; but it is a wonderful complication, and my manner of obtaining a sensible impression of it is the best. I have now been to the remotest points of the city, and observed the conduct, mode of life, manners, and character of the inhabitants; and in every quarter they are different. Gracious Heaven! what a poor, good sort of animal man is, after all!

Most of the smaller houses stand immediately on the canals; but there are here and there quays of stone, beautifully paved, along which one may take a pleasant walk between the water, and the churches and palaces. Particularly cheerful and agreeable is the long stone quay on the northern side, from which the islands are visible, especially Murano, which is a Venice on a small scale. The intervening lagunes are all alive with little gondolas.

SEPT. 30. Evening.

To-day I have enlarged my notions of Venice by procuring a plan of it. When I had studied it for some time, I ascended the Tower of St. Mark, where a unique spectacle is presented to the eye. It was noon; and the sun was so bright, that I could see places near and distant without a glass. The tide covered the lagunes; and, when I turned my eyes towards what is called the "Lido" (this is a narrow strip of earth which bounds the lagunes), I saw the sea for the first time

with some sails upon it. In the lagunes themselves some galleys and frigates are lying, destined to join the Chevalier Emo, who is making war on the Algerines, but detained by unfavorable winds. The mountains of Padua and Vicenza, and the mountain-chain of Tyrol, beautifully bound the picture between the north and west.

Oct. 1.

I went out and surveyed the city from many points of view; and, as it was Sunday, I was struck by the great want of cleanliness in the streets, which forced me to make some reflections. There seems to be a sort of policy in this matter; for the people scrape the sweepings into the corners, and I see large ships going backward and forward, which, at several points, lie to, and take off the accumulation. They belong to the people of the surrounding islands, who are in want of manure. But there is neither consistency nor strictness in this method. And the want of cleanliness in the city is the more unpardonable, as in it as much provision has been made for cleaning it as in any Dutch town.

All the streets are paved, even those in the remotest quarters, with bricks at least, which are laid down lengthwise, with the edges slightly canted. The middle of the street, where necessary, is raised a little; while channels are formed on each side to receive the water, and convey it into covered drains. There are other architectural arrangements in the original well-considered plan, which prove the intention of the excellent architects to make Venice the most cleanly, as well as the most singular, of cities. As I walked along, I could not refrain from sketching a body of regulations, anticipating in thought some superintendent of police, who might be in earnest. Thus one always has an impulse and a desire to sweep his neighbor's door.

Oct. 2, 1786.

Before all things, I hastened to the Carità. I had found in Palladio's works that he had planned a monastic building here, in which he intended to represent a private residence of the rich and hospitable ancients. The plan, which was excellently drawn both as a whole and in detail, gave me infinite delight; and I hoped to find a marvel. Alas! scarcely a tenth part of the edifice is finished. However, even this part is worthy of that heavenly genius. There is a completeness in the plan, and an accuracy in the execu-

tion, which I had never before witnessed. One ought to pass whole years in the contemplation of such a work. It seems to me that I have seen nothing grander, nothing more perfect, and I fancy that I am not mistaken. Only imagine the admirable artist, born with an inner feeling for the grand and the pleasing, now, for the first time, forming himself by the ancients, with incredible labor, that he may be the means of reviving them. He finds an opportunity to carry out a favorite thought in building a convent, which is destined as a dwelling for so many monks, and a shelter for so many strangers, in the form of an antique private residence.

The church was already standing, and led to an atrium of Corinthian columns. Here one feels delighted, and forgets all priestcraft. At one end the sacristy, at another a chapter-room is found; while there is the finest winding staircase in the world, with a wide well, and the stone steps built into the wall, and so laid that one supports another. One is never tired of going up and down this staircase; and we may judge of its success from the fact that Palladio himself declares that he has succeeded. The fore-court leads to the large inner court. Unfortunately, nothing is finished of the building which was to surround this, except the left side. Here there are three rows of columns, one over the other. On the ground-floor are the halls; on the first story is an archway in front of the cells; and the upper story consists of a plain wall with windows. However, this description should be illustrated by a reference to the sketches. I will just add a word about the execution.

Only the capitals and bases of the columns, and the keystones of the arches, are of hewn stone: all the rest is — I will not say of brick, but — of burned clay. This description of tile I never saw before. The frieze and cornice are of the same material, as well as the parts of the arch. All is but half burnt; and lastly the building is put together with a very little lime. As it stands, it looks as if it had been produced at one cast. If the whole had been finished, and properly rubbed up and colored, it would have been a charming sight.

However, as so often happens with buildings of a modern time, the plan was too large. The artist had presupposed, not only that the existing convent would be pulled down, but also that the adjoining houses would be bought; and here money and inclination probably began to fail. Kind Destiny, thou who hast formed and perpetuated so much stupidity, why didst thou not allow this work to be completed!

Oct. 3.

The Church Il Redentore is a large and beautiful work by Palladio, with a façade even more worthy of praise than that of St. Giorgio. These works, which have often been engraved, must be placed before you to elucidate what is said. I will only add a few words.

Palladio was thoroughly imbued with the antique mode of existence, and felt the narrow, petty spirit of his own age, like a great man, who will not give way to it, but strives to mould, as far as possible, all that it leaves him, into accordance with his own noble ideas. From a slight perusal of his book I conclude that he was displeased with the continued practice of building Christian churches after the form of the ancient Basilica, and therefore tried to make his own sacred edifices approximate to the form of the antique temple. Hence arose certain discrepancies, which, as it seemed to me, are happily avoided in Il Redentore, but are rather obvious in the St. Giorgio. Volckmann says something about it, but does not hit the nail on the head.

The interior of Il Redentore is likewise admirable. Every thing, including even the designs of the altars, is by Palladio. Unfortunately, the niches, which should have been filled with statues, are glaring with wooden figures, flat, carved, and painted.

Oct. 3.

In honor of St. Francis, St. Peter's capuchins have splendidly adorned a side altar. There was nothing to be seen of stone but the Corinthian capitals: all the rest seemed to be covered with tasteful but splendid embroidery in the arabesque style; and the effect was as pretty as could be desired. I particularly admired the broad tendrils and foliage, embroidered in gold. Going nearer, I discovered an ingenious deception. All that I had taken for gold was, in fact, straw pressed flat, and glued upon paper, according to some beautiful outlines; while the ground was painted with lively colors. This is done with such variety and tact, that the design, which was probably worked in the convent itself with a material that was worth nothing, must have cost several thousand dollars, if the material had been genuine. It might, on occasion, be advantageously imitated.

On one of the quays, and in front of the water, I have often remarked a little fellow telling stories, in the Venetian dialect, to a greater or less concourse of auditors. Unfor-

tunately I cannot understand a word; but I observe that no one laughs, though the audience, who are composed of the lowest class, occasionally smile. There is nothing striking or ridiculous in the man's appearance, but, on the contrary, something very sedate, with such admirable variety and precision in his gestures, that they evince art and reflection.

Oct. 3.

With my plan in my hand, I endeavored to find my way through the strangest labyrinth to the Church of the Mendicanti. Here is the conservatorium, which stands in the highest repute at the present day. The ladies performed an oratorio behind the grating. The church was filled with hearers, the music was very beautiful, and the voices were magnificent. An alto sung the part of King Saul, the chief personage in the poem. Of such a voice I had no notion whatever. Some passages of the music were excessively beautiful; and the words, which were Latin, most laughably Italianized in some places, were perfectly adapted for singing. Music here has a wide field.

The performance would have been a source of great enjoyment, if the accursed *Maestro di Capella* had not beaten time, with a roll of music, against the grating, as conspicuously as if he had to do with schoolboys whom he was instructing. As the girls had repeated the piece often enough, his noise was quite unnecessary, and destroyed all impression, as much as he would, who, in order to make a beautiful statue intelligible to us, should stick scarlet patches on the joints. The foreign sound destroys all harmony. Now, this man is a musician, and yet he seems not to be sensible of this; or, more properly speaking, he chooses to let his presence be known by an impropriety, when it would have been much better to allow his value to be perceived by the perfection of the execution. I know that this is the fault of the French; but I did not give the Italians credit for it, and yet the public seems accustomed to it. This is not the first time that that which spoils enjoyment has been supposed to be indispensable to it.

Oct. 3.

Yesterday evening I went to the opera at the St. Moses (for the theatres take their name from the church to which they lie nearest). Nothing very delightful. In the plan, the music, and the singers, that energy was wanting which

alone can elevate opera to the highest point. One could not say of any part that it was bad; but the two female actresses alone took pains, not so much to act well, but to set themselves off, and to please. That is something, after all. These two actresses have beautiful figures and good voices, and are nice, lively, compact little bodies. Among the men, on the other hand, there is no trace of national power, or even of pleasure, in working on the imaginations of their audience. Neither is there among them any voice of decided brilliancy.

The ballet, which was wretchedly conceived, was condemned as a whole; but some excellent dancers and *danseuses*, the latter of whom considered it their duty to make the spectators acquainted with all their personal charms, were heartily applauded.

Oct. 5.

To-day, however, I saw another comedy, which gave me more pleasure. In the ducal palace I heard the public discussion of a law-case. It was important, and, happily for me, was brought forward in the holidays. One of the advocates had all the qualifications for an exaggerated *buffo*. His figure was short and fat, but supple: in profile his features were monstrously prominent. He had a stentorian voice, and a vehemence as if every thing that he said came in earnest from the very bottom of his heart. I call this a comedy; because, probably, every thing had been already prepared when the public exhibition took place. The judges knew what they had to say, and the parties what they had to expect. However, this plan pleases me infinitely more than our hobbling law-affairs. I will endeavor to give some notion of the particulars, and of the neat, natural, and unostentatious manner in which every thing takes place.

In a spacious hall of the palace, the judges were sitting on one side, in a half-circle. Opposite to them, in a tribune which could hold several persons, were the advocates for both parties; and upon a bench immediately in front of them, the plaintiff and defendant in person. The advocate for the plaintiff had descended from the tribune, since there was to be no controversy at this day's sitting. All the documents on both sides were to be read, although they were already printed.

A lean clerk, in a black scanty gown, and with a thick bundle in his hand, prepared to perform the office of a

woven with a story, removed from reality by the masks, and brought near to it by manners. In all this they take a childish delight, and again shout and clap, and make a noise. From day to night, nay, from midnight to midnight, it is always the same.

I have not often seen more natural acting than that of these masks. It is such acting as can only be sustained by a remarkably happy talent and long practice.

While I am writing this, they are making a tremendous noise on the canal under my window, though it is past midnight. Whether for good or for evil, they are always doing something.

Oct. 4.

I have now heard public orators; viz., three fellows in the square and on the stone bench (each telling tales after his fashion), two advocates, two preachers, and the actors, among whom I must especially commend the pantaloon. All these have something in common, both because they belong to one and the same nation, — which, as it always lives in public, always adopts an impassioned manner of speaking, — and because they imitate each other. There is, besides, a marked language of gesticulations, with which they accompany the expressions of their intentions, views, and feelings.

This day was the festival of St. Francis; and I was in his church, Alle Vigne. The loud voice of the capuchin was accompanied by the cries of the salesmen in front of the church, as by an antiphony. I stood at the church-door between the two, and the effect was singular enough.

Oct. 5.

This morning I was in the arsenal, which I found interesting enough, though I know nothing of maritime affairs; and visited the lower school there. It has an appearance like that of an old family, which still bustles about, although its best time of blossom and fruit has passed. By paying attention to the handicraftsmen, I have seen much that is remarkable, and have been on board an eighty-four-gun ship, the hull of which is just completed.

Six months ago, a thing of the sort was burned down to the water's edge, off the Riva dei Schiavoni. The powder-room was not very full; and, when it blew up, it did no great damage. The windows of the neighboring houses were destroyed.

I have seen worked the finest oak from Istria, and have made my observations in return upon this valuable tree. That knowledge of the natural things used by man as materials, and employed for his wants, which I have acquired with so much difficulty, has been incalculably serviceable in explaining to me the proceedings of artists and artisans. The knowledge of mountains, and of the stone taken out of them, has been to me a great advance in art.

Oct. 5.

To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word, I should say that it is a state-galley. The older one, of which we still have drawings, justified this appellation still more than the present one, which, by its splendor, makes us forget its original.

I am always returning to my old opinions. When a genuine subject is given to an artist, his productions will be something genuine also. Here the artist was commissioned to form a galley worthy to carry the heads of the republic on the highest festivals in honor of its ancient rule on the sea; and the problem has been admirably solved. The vessel is all ornament: we ought to say it is overladen with ornament. It is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for no other use but that of a pageant to exhibit to the people its leaders in right noble style. We know well enough that a people who likes to deck out its boats is no less pleased to see their rulers bravely adorned. This state-galley is a good index to show what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves.

Oct. 5. Night.

I have come home from a tragedy, and am still laughing; and I must at once make the jest secure upon paper. The piece was not bad. The author had brought together all the tragic *matadors*, and the actors played well. Most of the situations were well known, but some were new and highly felicitous. There are two fathers who hate each other; sons and daughters of these severed families, who respectively are passionately in love with each other; and one couple is even privately married. Wild and cruel work goes on; and at last nothing remains to render the young people happy, but to make the two fathers kill each other, upon which the curtain falls amid the liveliest applause. Now the applause becomes more vehement, now *fuora* was called out; and

reader. The hall was completely crammed with persons who came to see and to hear. The point of law itself, and the persons whom it concerned, must have appeared highly important to the Venetians.

Trust-estates are so decidedly secured in Venice, that a property once stamped with this character preserves it forever; though it may have been divested ages ago by appropriations or other circumstances, and though it may have passed through ever so many hands. When the matter comes into dispute, the descendants of the first family recover their right, and the property must be delivered up.

On this occasion the discussion was highly important; for the action was brought against the doge himself, or rather against his wife, who, veiled by her *zendal*, or little hood, sat only at a little distance from the plaintiff. She was a lady of a certain age, of noble stature, and with well-formed features, in which there was something of an earnest, not to say fretful, character. The Venetians make it a great boast that the princess in her own palace is obliged to appear before them and the tribunal.

When the clerk began to read, I for the first time clearly discerned the business of a little man who sat on a low stool behind a small table opposite the judges, and near the advocates. More especially I learned the use of an hour-glass, which was placed before him. As long as the clerk reads, time is not heeded; but the advocate is only allowed a certain time, if he speaks in the course of the reading. The clerk reads, and the hour-glass lies in a horizontal position, with the little man's hand upon it. As soon as the advocate opens his mouth, the glass is raised, and sinks again as soon as he is silent. It is the great duty of the advocate to make remarks on what is read, to introduce cursory observations, in order to excite and challenge attention. This puts the little Saturn in a state of the greatest perplexity. He is obliged every moment to change the horizontal and vertical position of the glass, and finds himself in the situation of the evil spirits in the puppet-show, who, by the quickly varying "*Berliche, Berloche*" of the mischievous *Hanswurst*,[1] are puzzled whether they are to come or to go.

[1] An allusion to the comic scene in the puppet-play of Faust, from which Göethe took the subject of his poem. One of the two magic words (*Berliche*, *Berloche*) summons the devils, the other drives them away; and the *Hanswurst* (or "buffoon"), in a mock-incantation scene, perplexes the fiends by uttering one word after the other as rapidly as possible. — TRANS.

Whoever has heard documents read over in a law-court can imagine the reading on this occasion, — quick and monotonous, but plain and articulate enough. The ingenious advocate contrives to interrupt the tedium by jests; and the public shows its delight in his jokes by immoderate laughter. I must mention one, the most striking of those I could understand. The reader was just reciting the document by which one who was considered to have been illegally possessed of it had disposed of the property in question. The advocate bade him read more slowly; and when he plainly uttered the words, "I give and bequeath," the orator flew violently at the clerk, and cried, "What will you give, what will you bequeath, you poor starved-out devil? Nothing in the world belongs to you. However," he continued, as he seemed to collect himself, "the illustrious owner was in the same predicament. He wished to give, he wished to bequeath, that which belonged to him no more than to you." A burst of inextinguishable laughter followed this sally, but the hour-glass at once resumed its horizontal position. The reader went mumbling on, and made a saucy face at the advocate. But all these jokes are prepared beforehand.

Oct. 4.

I was yesterday at the play in the theatre of St. Luke, and was highly pleased. I saw a piece acted *extempore* in masks, with a great deal of nature, energy, and vigor. The actors are not, indeed, all equal. The pantaloon is excellent; and one of the actresses, who is stout and well-built, speaks admirably, and deports herself cleverly, though she is no extraordinary actress. The subject of the piece is extravagant, and resembled that which is treated by us under the name of *Der Verschlag* ("the partition"). With inexhaustivariety, it amused us for more than three hours. But even here the people is the base upon which every thing rests. The spectators are themselves actors, and the multitude is melted into one whole with the stage. All day long the buyer and the seller, the beggar, the sailor, the female gossip, the advocate and his opponent, are living and acting in the square and on the bench, in the gondolas and in the palaces, and make it their business to talk and to asseverate, to cry and to offer for sale, to sing and to play, to curse and to brawl. In the evening they go into the theatre, and see and hear the life of the day artificially put together, prettily set off, inter-

Oct. 7.

Yesterday evening I saw the Electra of Crébillon, that is to say a translation, at the theatre St. Crisostomo. I cannot say how absurd the piece appeared to me, and how terribly it tired me out.

The actors are generally good, and know how to put off the public with single passages.

Orestes alone has three narratives poetically set off in one scene. Electra, a pretty little woman, of the middle size and stature, with almost French vivacity, and with a good deportment, delivered the verses beautifully, only she acted the part madly from beginning to end, which, alas! it requires. However, I have again learned something. The Italian iambic, which is invariably of eleven syllables, is very inconvenient for declamation, because the last syllable is always short, and causes an involuntary elevation of the declaimer's voice.

This morning I was present at high mass, which annually, on this day, the doge must attend, in the Church of St. Justina, to commemorate an old victory over the Turks. When the gilded barks which carry the princes and a portion of the nobility approach the little square; when the boatmen, in their rare liveries, are plying their red-painted oars; when, on the shore, the clergy and the religious fraternities are standing, pushing, moving about, and waiting with their lighted torches, fixed upon poles and portable silver chandeliers; then, when the gangways covered with carpet are placed from the vessels to the shore, and first the full violet dresses of the Savii, next the ample red robes of the senators, are unfolded upon the pavement, and, lastly, when the old doge, adorned with his golden Phrygian cap, in his long golden *talar* and his ermine cloak, steps out of the vessel, — when all this, I say, takes place in a little square before the portal of a church, one feels as if he were looking at an old worked tapestry, exceedingly well designed and colored. To me, northern fugitive as I am, this ceremony gave a great deal of pleasure. With us, who parade nothing but short coats in our processions of pomp, and who conceive nothing greater than one performed with shouldered arms, such an affair might be out of place. But these trains, these peaceful celebrations, are all in keeping here.

The doge is a well-grown and well-shaped man, who, perhaps, suffers from ill health, but nevertheless, for dignity's sake, bears himself upright under his heavy robe. In other

respects he looks like the grandpapa of the whole race, and is kind and affable. His dress is very becoming. The little cap which he wears under the large one does not offend the eye, resting as it does upon the whitest and finest hair in the world.

About fifty *nobili*, with long dark-red trains, were with him. For the most part, they were handsome men; and there was not a single uncouth figure among them. Several of them were tall, with large heads; so that the white curly wigs were very becoming to them. Their features are prominent. The flesh of their faces is soft and white, without looking flabby and disagreeable. On the contrary, there is an appearance of talent without exertion, repose, self-confidence, easiness of existence; and a certain joyousness pervades the whole.

When all had taken their places in the church, and mass began, the fraternities entered by the chief door, and went out at the side-door to the right, after they had received holy water in couples, and made their obeisance to the high altar, to the doge, and the nobility.

Night.

For this evening I had bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chant Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This must be actually ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing of course, but rather belongs to the half-forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moonlight, with one *singer* before, and the other behind me. They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately. The melody, which we know through Rousseau, is of a middle kind, between choral and recitative, maintaining throughout the same cadence, without any fixed time. The modulation is also uniform, only varying with a sort of declamation, both tone and measure, according to the subject of the verse. But the spirit, the life of it, is as follows: —

Without inquiring into the construction of the melody, suffice it to say, that it is admirably suited to that easy class of people, who, always humming something or other to themselves, adapt such tunes to any little poem they know by heart.

Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice, — the multitude admire force above every thing, — anxious only to be heard as far as possible.

this lasted until the two principal couples vouchsafed to crawl forward from behind the curtain, make their bow, and retire at the opposite side.

The public was not yet satisfied, but went on clapping, and crying, "*I morti!*" till the two dead men also came forward, and made their bow, when some voices cried, "*Bravi i morti!*" The applause detained them for a long time, till at last they were allowed to depart. The effect is infinitely more droll to the eye-and-ear witness, who, like me, has ringing in his ears the "*bravo! bravi!*" which the Italians have incessantly in their mouths, and then suddenly hears the dead also called forward with this word of honor.

We of the north can say "good-night" at any hour, when we take leave after dark; but the Italian says, "*Felicissima notte*" only once, and that is when the candles are brought into a room. Day and night are thus divided, and something quite different is meant. So impossible is it to translate the idioms of any language. From the highest to the lowest word, all has reference to the peculiarities of the natives, in character, opinions, or circumstances.

Oct. 6.

The tragedy yesterday taught me a great deal. In the first place, I have heard how the Italians treat and declaim their eleven-syllable iambics; and, in the next place, I have understood the tact of Gozzi in combining masks with his tragic personages. This is the proper sort of play for this people, which likes to be moved in a rough fashion. It has no tender, heartfelt sympathy for the unfortunate personage, but is only pleased when the hero speaks well. The Italians attach a great deal of importance to the speaking; and then they like to laugh, or to hear something silly.

Their interest in the drama is like that in the real event. When the tyrant gave his son a sword, and required him to kill his own wife, who was standing opposite, the people began loudly to express their disapprobation of this demand; and there was a great risk that the piece would have been interrupted. They insisted that the old man should take his sword back, in which case all the subsequent situations in the drama would have been completely spoiled. At last the distressed son plucked up courage, advanced to the proscenium, and humbly entreated that the audience would have patience for a moment, assuring them that all would turn out to their entire satisfaction. But, even judging from an artistical

point of view, this situation was, under the circumstances, silly and unnatural, and I commended the people for their feeling.

I can now better understand the long speeches and the frequent dissertations, *pro* and *con*, in the Greek tragedy. The Athenians liked still more to hear speaking, and were still better judges of it, than the Italians. They learned something from the courts of law, where they spent the whole day.

Oct. 6.

In those works of Palladio which are completed, I have found much to blame, together with much that is highly valuable. While I was reflecting how far I was right or wrong in setting my judgment in opposition to that of so extraordinary a man, I felt as if he stood by and said, "I did so and so against my will, but, nevertheless, I did it, because in this manner alone was it possible for me, under the given circumstances, to approximate to my highest idea."

The more I consider the matter, the more it seems to me that Palladio, while contemplating the height and width of an already existing church, or of an old house to which he was to attach façades, only considered, "How will you give the greatest form to these dimensions? Some part of the detail must, from the necessity of the case, be put out of its place, or spoiled, and something unseemly is sure to arise here and there. Be that as it may, the whole will have a grand style, and you will be pleased with your work."

And thus he carried out the great image which he had within his soul, just to the point where it was not quite suitable, and where he was obliged, in the detail, to mutilate or to overcrowd it.

On the other hand, the wing of the Carità cannot be too highly prized; for here the artist's hands were free, and he could follow the bent of his own mind without constraint. If the convent were finished, there would, perhaps, be no work of architecture more perfect throughout the present world.

How he thought and how he worked become more and more clear to me, the more I read his works, and reflect how he treated the ancients; for he says few words, but they are all important. The fourth book, which illustrates the antique temples, is a good introduction to a judicious examination of ancient remains.

reflection from the sea-green water. All was painted *chiaro nell chiaro;* so that foamy waves and lightning-flashes were necessary to give it the last finish (*um die Tüpfchen auf "i" zu setzen*).

Titian and Paul have this brilliancy in the highest degree; and, whenever we do not find it in any of their works, the piece is either damaged or has been touched up.

The cupola and vaulting of St. Mark's, with its side-walls, are covered with paintings, — a mass of richly colored figures on a golden ground, all in mosaic-work; some of them very good, others but poor, according to the masters who furnished the cartoons.

Circumstances here have strangely impressed on my mind how every thing depends on the first invention, and that this constitutes the right standard, the true genius; since with little square pieces of glass (and here not in the soberest manner) it is possible to imitate the good as well as the bad. The art which furnished to the ancients their pavements, and to the Christians the vaulted veilings of their churches, fritters itself away in our days on snuff-box lids and bracelet-clasps. The present times are worse even than one thinks.

VENICE, Oct. 8, 1786.

In the Farsetti Palace, there is a valuable collection of casts from the best antiques. I pass over all such as I had seen before at Mannheim or elsewhere, and mention only new acquaintances, — a Cleopatra in intense repose, with the asp coiled round her arm, and sinking into the sleep of death; a Niobe shrouding with her robe her youngest daughter from the arrows of Apollo; some gladiators; a winged genius resting in his flight; some philosophers, both in sitting and standing postures.

They are works from which, for thousands of years to come, the world may receive delight and instruction, without ever being able to equal with their thanks the merits of the artists.

Many speaking busts transported me to the old, glorious times. Only I felt, alas! how backward I am in these studies. However, I will go on with them: at least I know the way. Palladio has opened the road for me to this and every other art and life. That sounds, probably, somewhat strange, and yet not so paradoxical as when Jacob Böhme says, that, by seeing a pewter platter by a ray from Jupiter, he was

enlightened as to the whole universe. There is also in this collection a fragment of the entablature of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, in Rome.

The bold front of this noble piece of architecture reminded me of the capital of the Pantheon at Mannheim. It is, indeed, something very different from our queer saints, piled up one above the other on little consoles, after the Gothic style of decoration; something different from our tobacco-pipe-like shafts, our little steeple-crowned towers and foliated terminals. From all taste for these I am now, thank God, set free forever!

I will further mention a few works of statuary, which, as I passed along these last few days, I have observed with astonishment and instruction. Before the gate of the Arsenal two huge lions of white marble: the one is half recumbent, raising himself up on his fore-feet; the other is lying, — noble emblems of the variety of life. They are of such huge proportions, that all around appears little, and man himself would become as nought, did not sublime objects elevate him. They are of the best times of Greece, and were brought here from the Piræus, in the better days of the Republic.

From Athens, too, in all probability, came two bas-reliefs which have been introduced in the Church of St. Justina, the conqueress of the Turks. Unfortunately they are in some degree hidden by the church-seats. The sacristan called my attention to them, on account of the tradition that Titian modelled from them the beautiful angel in his picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter. The relievos represent genii, who are decking themselves out with the attributes of the gods, — so beautiful in truth as to transcend all idea or conception.

Next I contemplated with quite peculiar feelings the naked colossal statute of Marcus Agrippa, in the court of a palace: a dolphin, which is twisting itself by his side, points out the naval hero. How does such an heroic representation make the mere man equal to the gods!

I took a close view of the horses of St. Mark's. When one looks up at them from below, it is easy to see that they are spotted: in places they exhibit a beautiful yellow-metallic lustre, in others a coppery green has run over them. Viewing them more closely, one sees distinctly that once they were gilt all over; and long streaks are still to be seen over them, as the barbarians did not attempt to file off the gold, but tried to cut it off. That, too, is well: thus the shape at least has been preserved.

Over the silent mirror it travels far. Another in the distance, who is acquainted with the melody, and knows the words, takes it up, and answers with the next verse, and then the first replies; so that the one is, as it were, the echo of the other. The song continues through whole nights, and is kept up without fatigue. The farther the singers are from each other, the more touching sounds the strain. The best place for the listener is halfway between the two.

In order to let me hear it, they landed on the bank of the Guidecca, and took up different positions by the canal. I walked backward and forward between them, so as to leave the one whose turn it was to sing, and to join the one who had just left off. Then it was that the effect of the strain first opened upon me. As a voice from the distance, it sounds in the highest degree strange, — as a lament without sadness: it has an incredible effect, and is moving even to tears. I ascribed this to my own state of mind; but my old boatman said, "È singolare, como quel canto intenerirsce, e molto piu quando è piu ben cantato." He wished that I could hear the women of the Lido, especially those of Malamocco and Pelestrina. These also, he told me, chanted Tasso and Ariosto to the same or similar melodies. He went on, "In the evening, while their husbands are on the sea, fishing, they are accustomed to sit on the beach, and with shrill, penetrating voice to make these strains resound, until they catch from the distance the voices of their partners, and in this way they keep up a communication with them." Is not that beautiful? And yet it is very possible that one who heard them close by would take little pleasure in such tones, which have to vie with the waves of the sea. Human, however, and true, becomes the song in this way. Thus is life given to the melody on whose dead elements we should otherwise have been sadly puzzled. It is the song of one solitary, singing at a distance, in the hope that another of kindred feelings and sentiments may hear and answer.

VENICE, Oct. 8, 1786.

I paid a visit to the Palace Pisani Moretta, for the sake of a charming picture by Paul Veronese. The females of the family of Darius are represented kneeling before Alexander and Hephæstion: his mother, who is in the foreground, mistakes Hephæstion for the king; turning away from her, he points to Alexander. A strange story is told about this painting. The artist had been well received and for a long

time honorably entertained in the palace: in return, he secretly painted the picture, and left it behind him as a present, rolled up under his bed. Certainly it well deserves to have had a singular origin, for it gives an idea of all the peculiar merits of this master. The great art with which he manages, by a skilful distribution of light and shade, and by an equally clever contrast of the local colors, to produce a most delightful harmony, without throwing any sameness of tone over the whole picture, is here most strikingly visible. For the picture is in excellent preservation, and stands before us almost with the freshness of yesterday. Indeed, whenever a painting of this order has suffered from neglect, our enjoyment of it is marred on the spot, even before we are conscious what the cause may be.

Whoever feels disposed to quarrel with the artist on the score of costume has only to say he ought to have painted a scene of the sixteenth century; and the matter is at an end. The gradation in the expression, from the mother through the wife to the daughters, is in the highest degree true and happy. The youngest princess, who kneels behind all the rest, is a beautiful girl, and has a very pretty but somewhat independent and haughty countenance. Her position does not at all seem to please her.

My old gift of seeing the world with the eyes of that painter whose pictures have most recently made an impression on me, has occasioned me some peculiar reflections. It is evident that the eye forms itself by the objects which from youth up it is accustomed to look upon; and so the Venetian artist must see all things in a clearer and brighter light than other men. We, whose eye when out of doors falls on a dingy soil, which, when not muddy, is dusty, and which, always colorless, gives a sombre hue to the reflected rays, or at home spend our lives in close, narrow rooms, can never attain to such a cheerful view of nature.

As I floated down the lagunes in the full sunshine, and observed how the figures of the gondoliers in their motley costume, and as they rowed, lightly moving above the sides of the gondola, stood out from the bright green surface, and against the blue sky, I caught the best and freshest type possible of the Venetian school. The sunshine brought out the local colors with dazzling brilliancy; and the shades even were so luminous, that, comparatively, they in their turn might serve as lights. And the same may be said of the

be choked up, and, while the water involved all in ruin, the Lido would be changed into an island, and the islands which now lie behind it be converted into necks and tongues of land. To guard against this, it was necessary to protect the Lido as far as possible, lest the furious element should capriciously attack and overthrow what man had already taken possession of, and, with a certain end and purpose, given shape and use to.

In extraordinary cases, when the sea rises above measure, it is especially necessary to prevent it entering at more than two points. Accordingly, the rest of the sluice-gates being shut, it is, with all its violence, unable to enter, and in a few hours submits to the law of the ebb, and its fury lessens.

But Venice has nothing to fear: the extreme slowness with which the sea-line retires assures to her thousands of years yet; and, by prudently deepening the canals from time to time, they will easily maintain their possessions against the inroads of the water.

I only wish they were keeping their streets a little cleaner, — a duty which is as necessary as it is easy of performance, and which, in fact, becomes of great consequence in the course of centuries. Even now, in the principal thoroughfares, it is forbidden to throw any thing into the canals: the sweepings even of the streets may not be cast into them. No measures, however, are taken to prevent the rain, which here falls in sudden and violent torrents, from carrying off the dirt, which is collected in piles at the corner of every street, and washing it into the lagunes, nay, what is still worse, into the gutters for carrying off the water, which consequently are often so completely stopped up, that the principal squares are in danger of being under water. Even in the smaller piazza of St. Mark's I have seen the gullies, which are well laid down there, as well as in the greater square, choked up, and full of water.

When a rainy day comes, the filth is intolerable: every one is cursing and scolding. In ascending and descending the bridges, one soils one's mantle and great-coat (*Tabarro*), which is here worn all the year round; and, as one goes along in shoes and silk stockings, he gets splashed, and then scolds; for it is not common mud, but such as adheres and stains, that one is here splashed with. The weather soon becomes fine again, and then no one thinks of cleaning the streets. How true is the saying, the public is ever complaining that it is ill served, and never knows how to set about getting

better served. Here, if the sovereign people wished it, it might be done forthwith.

This evening I ascended the Tower of St. Mark's. As I had lately seen from its top the lagunes in their glory at flood-time, I wished also to see them at low water; for, in order to have a correct idea of the place, it is necessary to take in both views. It looks strange to see land all around where there had previously been a mirror of waters. The islands are no longer islands, merely higher and house-crowned spots in one large morass of a gray-greenish color, and intersected by beautiful canals. The marshy parts are overgrown with aquatic plants, — a circumstance which must tend, in time, to raise their level, although the ebb and flow are continually shaking and tossing them, and leave no rest to the vegetation.

I now return with my narrative once more to the sea. I there saw yesterday the haunts of the sea-snails, the limpets, and the crab, and was highly delighted with the sight. What a precious glorious object is a living thing! how wonderfully adapted to its state of existence, how true, how *real* (*seyend*)! What great advantages I now derive from my former studies of nature, and how delighted I am with the opportunity of continuing them! But, as this is a matter that admits of being communicated, I will not excite the sympathy of my friends by mere exclamations.

The stone-works which have been built against the inroads of the sea consist, first of all, of several steep steps; then comes a slightly inclined plane; then, again, they rise a step, which is once more succeeded by a gently ascending surface; and last of all comes a perpendicular wall with an overhanging coping over these steps: over these planes the raging sea rises, until, in extraordinary cases, it even dashes over the highest wall with its projecting head.

The sea is followed by its inhabitants, — little periwinkles good to eat, monovalve limpets, and whatever else has the power of motion, especially by the pungar-crabs. But scarcely have these little creatures taken possession of the smooth walls, when the sea retires again, swelling and cresting as it came. At first the crowd know not where they are, and keep hoping that the briny flood will soon return: but it still keeps away. The sun scorches, and quickly dries all up; and now begins the retreat. It is on these occasions that the pungars seek their prey. Nothing more wonderful

A glorious team of horses: I should like to hear the opinion of a good judge of horse-flesh. What seemed strange to me was, that, closely viewed, they appear heavy, while from the piazza below they look as light as deer.

Oct. 8, 1786

Yesterday I set out early, with my tutelary genius, for the Lido, — the tongue of land which shuts in the lagunes, and divides them from the sea. We landed, and walked straight across the isthmus. I heard a loud hollow murmur: it was the sea. I soon saw it: it crested high against the shore, as it retired. It was about noon, and time of ebb. I have then at last seen the sea with my own eyes, and followed it on its beautiful bed, just as it quitted it. I wished the children had been there to gather the shells: child-like, I myself picked up plenty of them. However, I attempted to make them useful: I tried to dry in them some of the fluid of the cuttle-fish, which here dart away from you in shoals.

On the Lido, not far from the sea, is the burial-place of Englishmen, and, a little farther on, of the Jews. Both alike are refused the privilege of resting in consecrated ground. I found here the tomb of Smith, the noble English consul, and of his first wife. It is to him that I owe my first copy of Palladio. I thanked him for it, here in his unconsecrated grave. And not only unconsecrated, but half buried, is the tomb. The Lido is at best but a sand-bank (*daune*). The sand is carried from it backward and forward by the wind, and, thrown up in heaps, is encroaching on every side. In a short time the monument, which is tolerably high, will no longer be visible.

But the *sea* — it is a grand *sight!* I will try and get a sail upon it some day in a fishing-boat. The gondolas never venture out so far.

Oct. 8, 1786.

On the seacoast I found, also, several plants, whose characters, similar to others I already knew, enabled me to recognize pretty well their properties. They are all alike, fat and strong, full of sap, and clammy; and it is evident that the old salt of the sandy soil, but still more the saline atmosphere, gives them these properties. Like aquatic plants, they abound in sap, and are fleshy and tough, like mountainous ones. Those whose leaves show a tendency to put forth prickles, after the manner of thistles, have them ex-

tremely sharp and strong. I found a bush with leaves of this kind. It looked very much like our harmless colt's-foot, only here it is armed with sharp weapons, — the leaves like leather, as also are the seed-vessels, and the stalk very thick and succulent. I bring with me seeds and specimens of the leaves (*Eryngium maritimum*).

The fish-market, with its numberless marine productions, afforded me much amusement. I often go there to contemplate the poor captive inhabitants of the sea.

VENICE, Oct. 9, 1786.

A delicious day, from morning to night. I have been towards Chiozza, as far as Pelestrina, where are the great structures called "Murazzi," which the republic has caused to be raised against the sea. They are of hewn stone, and properly are intended to protect from the fury of the wild element the tongue of land, called the "Lido," which separates the lagunes from the sea.

The lagunes are the work of old nature. First of all, the land and tide, the ebb and flow, working against one another, and then the gradual sinking of the primal waters, were, together, the causes why, at the upper end of the Adriatic, we find a pretty extensive range of marshes, which, covered by the flood-tide, are partly left bare by the ebb. Art took possession of the highest spots; and thus arose Venice, formed out of a group of a hundred isles, and surrounded by hundreds more. Moreover, at an incredible expense of money and labor, deep canals have been dug through the marshes, in order, that, at the time of high water, ships-of-war might pass to the chief points. What human industry and wit contrived and executed of old, skill and industry must now keep up. The Lido, a long narrow strip of land, separates the lagunes from the sea, which can enter at only two points, — at the castle and at the opposite end, near Chiozza. The tide flows in usually twice a day, and with the ebb carries out the waters twice, and always by the same channel and in the same direction. The flood covers the lower parts of the morass, but leaves the higher, if not dry, yet visible.

The case would be quite altered, were the sea to make new ways for itself to attack the tongue of land, and flow in and out wherever it chose. Not to mention that the little villages on the Lido — viz., Pelestrina, St. Peter's, and others — would be overwhelmed, the canals of communication would

the cast of their several parts, they had adopted among them the different tones of voice which usually prevail among the inhabitants of the place. The first actress was the universal favorite, more so even than she had recently been in an heroic dress and a scene of passion. The female players generally, but especially this one, imitated in the most pleasing manner possible the twang, the manners, and other peculiarities, of the people they represented. Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement*. However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and light-hearted countrymen. The farce is written throughout with a practised hand.

Of Sacchi's company, for which Gozzi wrote (but which by the by is now broken up), I saw Smeraldina, a short, plump figure, full of life, tact, and good humor. With her I saw Brighella, a slight well-made man and an excellent actor, especially in pantomime. These masks, which we scarcely know, except in the form of mummings, and which to our minds possess neither life nor meaning, succeed here only too well as the creation of the national taste. Here the most distinguished characters, persons of every age and condition, think nothing of dressing themselves out in the strangest costumes; and as, for the greater part of the year, they are accustomed to wander about in masks, they feel no surprise at seeing the black visors on the stage also.

VENICE, Oct. 11, 1786.

Since solitude in the midst of a great crowd of human beings is, after all, not possible, I have taken up with an old Frenchman, who knows nothing of Italian, and suspects that he is cheated on all hands, and taken advantage of, and who, notwithstanding plenty of letters of recommendation, does not make his way with the good people here. A man of rank, who is well bred, but whose mind cannot go beyond himself and his own immediate circle. He is perhaps full fifty, and has at home a boy seven years old, of whom he is always anxious to get news. He is travelling through Italy for pleasure, but rapidly, in order to be able to say that he has seen it, but is willing to learn whatever is possible as he hurries along. I have shown him some civilities, and given him information about many matters. While I was speaking to him about Venice, he asked me how long I had been here, and when he heard that this was my first visit, and that I

had only been here fourteen days, he replied, "*Il paraît que vous n'avez pas perdu votre temps.*" This is the first testimonium of my good behavior that I can furnish you. He has been here a week, and leaves to-morrow. It was highly delicious to me to meet in a strange land with such a regular Versailles man. He is now about to quit me. It caused me some surprise to think that any one could ever travel in this temper, without a thought for any thing beyond himself; and yet he is, in his way, a polished, sensible, and well-conducted person.

VENICE, Oct. 12, 1786.

Yesterday, at St. Luke's, a new piece was acted, "*L'Inglismo in Italia*" ("The English in Italy"). As there are many Englishmen living in Italy, it is not unnatural that their ways and habits should excite notice; and I expected to learn from this piece what the Italians thought of their rich and welcome visitors. But it was a total failure. There were, of course (as is always the case here), some clever scenes between buffoons; but the rest was cast altogether in too grave and heavy a mould, and yet not a trace of the English good sense; plenty of the ordinary Italian commonplaces of morality, and those, too, upon the most common topics.

And it did not take: indeed, it was on the very point of being hissed off the stage. The actors felt themselves out of their element, not on the strand of Chiozza. As this was the last piece that I saw here, my enthusiasm for these national representations did not seem likely to be increased by this piece of folly.

As I have at last gone through my journal, and entered some occasional remarks from my tablets, my proceedings are now enrolled, and left to the sentence of my friends. There is, I am conscious, very much in these leaves which I might qualify, enlarge upon, and improve. Let, however, what is written stand as the memorial of first impressions, which, if not always correct, will nevertheless be ever dear and precious to me. Oh that I could but transmit to my friends a breath merely of this light existence! Verily, to the Italian, "ultramontane" is a very vague idea; and, before my mind even, "beyond the Alps" rises very obscurely, although from out of their mists friendly forms are beckoning to me. It is the climate only that seduces me to prefer a while these lands to those; for birth and habit forge strong fetters. Here, however, I could not live, nor, indeed, in any

or comical can be seen than the manœuvres of these little creatures, with their round bodies and two long claws (for the other spider-feet are scarcely worth noticing). On these stilted fore-legs, as it were, they stride along, watching the limpets; and, as soon as one moves under its shell on the rock, a pungar comes up, and, inserting the point of his claw in the tiny interstice between the shell and the rock, turns it over, and so manages to swallow the oyster. The limpets, on the other hand, proceed cautiously on their way, and by suction fasten themselves firmly to the rocky surface as soon as they are aware of the proximity of their foe. In such cases the pungar deports himself amusingly enough: round and round the pulpy animal, who keeps himself safe beneath his roof, will he go with singular politeness; but not succeeding with all his coaxing, and being unable to overcome its powerful muscle, he leaves in despair this intended victim, and hastens after another, who may be wandering less cautiously on his way.

I never saw a crab succeed in his designs, although I have watched for hours the retreat of the little troop as they crawled down the two planes and the intermediate steps.

VENICE, Oct. 10, 1786.

At last I am able to say that I have seen a comedy. Yesterday, at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed "*Le Baruffe-Chiozotte,*" which I should interpret the "Frays and Feuds of Chiozza." The *dramatis personæ* are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck, their dealings one with another, their vehemence, but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks and unaffected manners, their *naïve* wit and humor, — all this was excellently imitated. The play, moreover, is Goldoni's; and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the seaport still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much; and, although I did not understand a single allusion, I was, on the whole, able to follow the plot pretty well. I will now give you the plan of the piece. It opens with the females of Chiozza sitting, as usual, on the strand before their cabins, spinning, mending nets, sewing, or making lace. A youth passes by, and notices one of them with a more friendly greeting than he does the rest. Immediately the joking begins,

and observes no bounds. Becoming tarter and tarter, and growing ill-tempered, it soon bursts out into reproaches: abuse vies with abuse. In the midst of all, one dame, more vehement than the rest, bounces out with the truth; and now an endless din of scolding, railing, and screaming. There is no lack of more decided outrage, and at last the peace-officers are compelled to interfere.

The second act opens with the court of justice. In the absence of the *podestà* (who, being a noble, could not lawfully be brought upon the stage), the *actuarius* presides. He orders the women to be brought before him one by one. This gives rise to an interesting scene. It happens that this official personage is himself enamoured of the first of the combatants who is brought before him. Only too happy to have an opportunity of speaking with her alone, instead of hearing what she has to say on the matter in question, he makes her a declaration of love. In the midst of it a second woman, who is herself in love with the actuary, in a fit of jealousy rushes in, and with her the suspicious lover of the first damsel, who is followed by all the rest; and now the same demon of confusion riots in the court, as, a little before, had set at loggerheads the people of the harbor. In the third act the fun gets more and more boisterous, and the whole ends with a hasty and poor *dénoûment*. The happiest thought, however, of the whole piece, is a character who is thus drawn: an old sailor, who, owing to the hardships to which he had been exposed from his childhood, trembles and falters in all his limbs, and especially in his organs of speech, is brought on the scene to serve as a foil to this restless, screaming, and jabbering crew. Before he can utter a word, he has to make a long preparation by a slow twitching of his lips and an assistant motion of his hands and arms: at last he blurts out what his thoughts are on the matter in dispute. But, as he can only manage to do this in very short sentences, he acquires thereby a sort of laconic gravity, so that all he utters sounds like an adage or maxim; and in this way a happy contrast is afforded to the wild and passionate exclamations of the other personages.

But, even as it was, I never witnessed any thing like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh, and tumultuous shout of exultation, from beginning to end. I must, however, confess that the piece was extremely well acted by the players. According to

FERRARA, Oct. 16, 1786.
At night.

Although I only arrived here early this morning (by seven o'clock, German time), I am thinking of setting off again to-morrow morning. For the first time since I left home, a feeling of dissatisfaction has fallen upon me in this great and beautiful, but flat and depopulated city. These streets, now so desolate, were, however, once kept in animation by a brilliant court. Here dwelt Ariosto discontented, and Tasso unhappy; and so we fancy we gain edification by visiting such scenes. Ariosto's monument contains much marble, ill arranged: for Tasso's prison they show a wood-house or coal-house, where, most assuredly, he never was kept. Moreover, the people pretend to know scarcely any thing you may ask about. But at last, for "something to drink" they manage to remember. All this brings to my mind Luther's ink-spots, which the housekeeper freshens up from time to time. Most travellers, however, are little better than our *Handwerksburschen*, or strolling journeymen, and content themselves with such palpable signs. For my part, I grew quite sulky, and took little interest, even in a beautiful institute and academy which a cardinal, a native of Ferrara, founded and endowed. However, some ancient monuments in the Ducal Palace served to revive me a little; and I was put in perfect good humor by a beautiful conception of a painter, — John the Baptist before Herod and Herodias. The prophet, in his well-known dress of the wilderness, is pointing indignantly at Herodias. Quite unmoved, she looks at the prince, who is sitting by her side, while the latter regards the prophet with a calm but cunning look. A white, middle-sized greyhound stands before the king, while from beneath the robe of Herodias a small Italian one is peeping, both barking at the prophet. To my mind, this is a most happy thought.

CENTO, Oct. 17, 1786.

In a better temper than yesterday I write you to-day from Guercino's native city. It is, however, quite a different place, — a hospitable, well-built little town of nearly five thousand inhabitants, flourishing, full of life, cleanly, and situated in a well-cultivated plain, which stretches farther than the eye can reach. According to my usual custom, I ascended the tower. A sea of poplars, between which, and near at hand, one catches glimpses of little country-houses, each surrounded by its fields. A rich soil and a

beautiful climate. It was an autumn evening, such as we seldom have to thank even summer for. The sky, which has been veiled all day, has cleared up, the clouds rolling off north and south towards the mountains, and I hope to-morrow will be a bright day.

Here I first saw the Apennines, which I am approaching. The winter in this region lasts only through December and January. April is rainy. The rest of the year the weather is beautiful, according to the nature of the season. Incessant rain is unknown. September here, to tell you the truth, was finer and warmer than August with you. The Apennines in the south have received a warm greeting from me, for I have now had enough of the plain. To-morrow I shall be writing at the foot of them.

Guercino loved his native town: indeed, the Italians almost universally cherish and maintain this sort of local patriotism; and it is to this beautiful feeling that Italy owes so many of its valuable institutions and its multitude of local sanctuaries. Under the management of this master, an academy of painting was formed here. He left behind him many paintings, of which his townsmen are still very proud, and which, indeed, fully justify their pride.

Guercino is here a sacred name, and that, too, in the mouths of children as well as of the old.

Most charmed was I with his picture representing the risen Lord appearing to his mother. Kneeling before him, she looks upon him with indescribable affection. Her left hand is touching his body just under the confounded wound, which mars the whole picture. His hand lies upon her neck; and, in order the better to gaze upon her, his body is slightly bent back. This gives to his figure a somewhat strange, not to say forced, appearance. And yet, for all that, it is infinitely beautiful. The calm and sad look with which he contemplates her is unique, and seems to convey the impression that before his noble soul there still floats a remembrance of his own sufferings and of hers, which the resurrection had not at once dispelled.

Strange has engraved the picture. I wish that my friends could see even his copy of it.

After it a Madonna won my admiration. The child wants the breast: she modestly shrinks from exposing her bosom. Natural, noble, exquisite, and beautiful.

Further, a Mary, who is guiding the arm of the infant Christ, standing before her with his face towards the people,

place where I had nothing to occupy my mind; but at present novelty furnishes me here with endless occupation. Architecture rises, like an ancient spirit from the tombs, and bids me study its laws, just as people study the rules of a dead language, not in order to practise or to take a living joy in them, but only in order to enable myself, in the quiet depths of my own mind, to do honor to her existence in bygone ages, and her forever departed glory. As Palladio everywhere refers one to Vitruvius, I have bought Galiani's edition; but this folio suffers in my portmanteau as much as my brain does in the study of it. Palladio, by his words and works, by his method and way, both of thinking and of executing, has brought Vitruvius home to me, and interpreted him far better than the Italian translator ever can. Vitruvius himself is no easy reading: his book is obscurely written, and requires a critical study. Notwithstanding, I have read it through cursorily, and it has left on my mind many a glorious impression. To express my meaning better, I read it like a breviary, more out of devotion than for instruction. Already the days begin to draw in, and allow more time for reading and writing.

God be praised! Whatever from my youth up appeared to me of worth is beginning once more to be dear to me. How happy do I feel that I can again venture to approach the ancient authors! For now I may tell it, and confess at once my disease and my folly. For many a long year I could not bear to look at a Latin author, or to cast my eye upon any thing that might serve to awaken in my mind the thoughts of Italy. If by accident I did so, I suffered the most horrible tortures of mind. It was a frequent joke of Herder's, at my expense, that I had learned all my Latin from Spinoza; for he had noticed that this was the only Latin work I ever read. But he was not aware how carefully I was obliged to keep myself from the ancients; how even these abstruse generalities were but cursorily read by me, and even then not without pain. At last matters came to that pitch that even the perusal of Wieland's translation of the "Satires" made me utterly wretched. I had barely read two when I was already beside myself.

Had I not made the resolve which I am now carrying into effect, I should have been altogether lost, to such a degree of intensity had the desire grown to see these objects with my own eyes. Historical acquaintance with them did me no good. The things stood only a hand's-breadth away from

me; but still they were separated from me by an impenetrable wall. And in fact, at the present moment I somehow feel as if this were not the first time that I had seen these things, but as if I were paying a second visit to them. Although I have been but a short time in Venice, I have adapted myself pretty well to the ways of the place, and feel confident that I shall carry away with me a clear and true, though incomplete, idea of it.

VENICE, Oct. 14, 1786.
Two o'clock, morning.

In the last moments of my stay here; for I am to start almost immediately, with the packet-boat, for Ferrara. I quit Venice without reluctance; for, to stay here longer with any satisfaction and profit to myself, I must take other steps, which would carry me beyond my present plan. Besides, everybody is now leaving this city, and making for the beautiful gardens and seats on the Terra Firma. I, however, go away well loaded, and shall carry along with me its rich, rare, and unique image.

FROM FERRARA TO ROME.

OCT. 16, 1786, early in the morning.
And on board the packet.

My travelling companions, male and female alike, are all still fast asleep in their berths. For my part, I have passed the two nights on deck, wrapped up in my cloak. It was only towards morning that I felt it getting cold. I am now actually in latitude forty-five, and yet go on repeating my old song, — I would gladly leave all to the inhabitants of the land, if only, after the fashion of Dido, I could enclose enough of the heavens to surround our dwellings with. It would then be quite another state of existence. The voyage in this glorious weather has been most delightful, the views and prospects simple, but agreeable. The Po, with its fertilizing stream, flows here through wide plains. Nothing, however, is to be seen but its banks covered with trees or bushes: you catch no distant view. On this river, as on the Adige, are silly water-works, which are as rude and ill-constructed as those on the Saal.

cern the hills of Vicenza, with their houses and chapels, but now very rarely, even on the brightest days. And this mist lay chiefly on the northern chain, and makes our beloved fatherland a regular Cimmeria. In proof of the salubrity of the situation, and pure atmosphere of the city, he called my notice to the fact that the roofs of the houses looked quite fresh, and that not a single tile was attacked by damp or moss. It must be confessed that the tiles look quite clean, and beautiful enough: but the good quality of the brick-earth may have something to do with this; at least we know, that, in ancient times, excellent tiles were made in these parts.

The Leaning Tower has a frightful look, and yet it is most probable that it was built so by design. The following seems to me the explanation of this absurdity. In the disturbed times of the city, every large edifice was a fortress, and every powerful family had its tower. By and by the possession of such a building became a mark of splendor and distinction; and as, at last, a perpendicular tower was a common and every-day thing, an oblique one was built. Both architect and owner have obtained their object: the multitude of slender, upright towers are just looked at, and all hurry to see the leaning one. Afterwards I ascended it. The bricks are all arranged horizontally. With clamps and good cement one may build any mad whim.

Bologna, Oct. 19, 1786.
Evening.

I have spent this day to the best advantage I could in visiting and revisiting. But it is with art as with the world: the more we study it, the larger we find it. In this heaven, new stars are constantly appearing which I cannot count, and which sadly puzzle me, — the Carracci, a Guido, a Dominichino, who shone forth in a later and happier period of art, but whom truly to enjoy requires both knowledge and judgment which I do not possess, and which cannot be acquired in a hurry. A great obstacle to our taking a pure delight in their pictures, and to an immediate understanding of their merits, are the absurd subjects of most of them. To admire or to be charmed with them one must be a madman.

It is as though the sons of God had wedded with the daughters of men, and out of such a union many a monster had sprung into existence. No sooner are you attracted by the *gusto* of a Guido and his pencil, by which nothing but the

most excellent objects the eye sees are worthy to be painted, but you at once withdraw your eyes from a subject so abominably stupid that the world has no term of contempt sufficient to express its meanness; and so it is throughout. It is ever anatomy, an execution, a flaying scene; always some suffering, never an action of the hero, never an interest in the scene before you; always something for the fancy, some excitement accruing from without. Nothing but deeds of horror or convulsive sufferings, malefactors or fanatics, alongside of whom the artist, in order to save his art, invariably slips in a naked boy or a pretty damsel, as a spectator, in every case treating his spiritual heroes as little better than lay-figures (*Gliedermanner*) on which to hang some beautiful mantle with its folds. In all there is nothing that suggests a human notion. Scarcely one subject in ten that ever ought to have been painted, and that one the painter has chosen to view from any but the right point of view.

Guido's great picture in the Church of the Mendicants is all that painting can do, but, at the same time, all that absurdity could task an artist with. It is a votive piece. I can well believe that the whole consistory praised it, and also that they devised it. The two angels, who were fit to console a Psyche in her misery, must here . . .

The St. Proclus is a beautiful figure, but the others — bishops and popes! Below are heavenly children playing with attributes. The painter, who had no choice left him, labored to help himself as best he could. He exerted himself merely to show that *he* was not the barbarian. Two naked figures by Guido, a St. John in the Wilderness, a Sebastian — how exquisitely painted, and what do they say? The one is gaping and the other wriggling.

Were I to contemplate history in my present ill humor, I should say, faith revived art, but superstition immediately made itself master of it, and ground it to the dust.

After dinner, seeming somewhat of a milder temper, and less arrogantly disposed than in the morning, I entered the following remarks in my note-book. In the Palace of the Tanari there is a famous picture by Guido, — the Virgin suckling the infant Saviour, of a size rather larger than life, the head as if a god had painted it. Indescribable is the expression with which she gazes upon the suckling infant. To me it seems a calm, profound resignation, as if she were nourishing, not the child of her joy and love, but a supposititious, heavenly changeling, and goes on suckling it because

in order that with uplifted fingers he may bestow his blessings upon them. Judged by the spirit of Roman-Catholic mythology, this is a very happy idea, which has often been repeated.

Guercino is an intrinsically bold, masculine, sensible painter, without roughness. On the contrary, his pieces possess a certain tender moral grace, a reposeful freedom and grandeur, but, with all that, a certain mannerism, so that, when the eye once has grown accustomed to it, it is impossible to mistake a piece of his hand. The lightness, cleanness, and finish of his touch, are perfectly astonishing. For his draperies he is particularly fond of a beautiful brownish-red blend of colors. These harmonize very well with the blue which he is fond of combining with them.

The subjects of the other paintings are more or less unhappily chosen. The good artist has strained all his powers, but his invention and execution alike are thrown away and wasted. However, I derived both entertainment and profit from the view of this cycle of art, although such a hasty and rapid glance as I could alone bestow upon them affords but little of either gratification or instruction.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 18, 1786.
Night.

Yesterday I started very early, before daybreak, from Cento, and arrived here in pretty good time. A brisk and well-educated cicerone, having learned that I did not intend to make a long stay here, hurried me through all the streets, and into so many palaces and churches, that I had scarcely time to set down in my note-book the names of them; and I hardly know if hereafter, when I shall look again at these scrawls, I shall be able to call to mind all the particulars. I will now, however, mention a couple or so of objects which stand out bright and clear enough, as they afforded me a real gratification at the time.

First of all, the Cecilia of Raphael. It was exactly what I had been told of it, but now I saw it with my own eyes. He has invariably accomplished that which others wished in vain to accomplish, and I would at present say no more of it than that it is by him. Five saints, side by side; not one of them has any thing in common with *us:* however, their existence stands so perfectly real, that one would wish for the picture to last through eternity, even though for himself he could be content to be annihilated. But in order to understand Ra-

phael aright, and to form a just appreciation of him, and not to praise him as a god, or as Melchisedec, "without descent" or pedigree, it is necessary to study his masters and his predecessors. These, too, had a standing on the firm soil of truth. Diligently, not to say anxiously, they had laid the foundation, and vied with each other in raising, step by step, the pyramid aloft, until at last, profiting by all their labors, and enlightened by a heavenly genius, Raphael set the last stone on the summit, above which, or even at which, no one else can ever stand.

Our interest in the history of art becomes peculiarly lively when we consider the works of the old masters. Francesco Francia is a very respectable artist; Pietro Perugino, so bold a man, that one might almost call him a noble German fellow. Oh that fate had carried Albert Dürer farther into Italy! In Munich I saw a couple of pieces by him of incredible grandeur. Poor man! how he mistook his own worth in Venice, and made an agreement with the priests, on which he lost weeks and months! See him, in his journey through the Netherlands, exchanging his noble works of art for parrots, and, in order to save his *douceur*, drawing the portraits of the domestics, who bring him — a plate of fruit. To me the history of such a poor fool of an artist is infinitely touching.

Towards evening I got out of this ancient, venerable, and learned city, and extricated myself from its crowds, who, protected from the sun and weather by the arched bowers which are to be seen in almost every street, walk about, gape about, or buy and sell, and transact whatever business they may have. I ascended the tower, and enjoyed the pure air. The view is glorious. To the north we see the hills of Padua; beyond them the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Friulian Alps, — in short, the whole northern chain, which at the time was enveloped in mist. Westward there stretched a boundless horizon, above which the towers of Modena alone stood out. Towards the east a similar plain, reaching to the shores of the Adriatic, whose waters might be discerned in the setting sun. Towards the south, the first hills of the Apennines, which, like the Vicentine Hills, are planted up to their summits, or covered with churches, palaces, and summer-houses. The sky was perfectly clear, not a cloud to be seen, only on the horizon a kind of haze. The keeper of the tower assured me, that, for six years, this mist had never left the distance. Otherwise, by the help of a telescope, you might easily dis-

deck in order to discover a place where I might safely run my little boat ashore.

Such dreamy visions have a charm; inasmuch as, springing from our mental state, they possess more or less of analogy with the rest of our lives and fortunes.

But now I have also been to the famed scientific building called the Institution, or Gli Studj. The edifice is large; and the inner court especially has a very imposing appearance, although not of the best style of architecture. In the staircases and corridors there was no want of stuccos and frescos. They are all appropriate and suitable; and the numerous objects of beauty, which, well worth seeing, are here collected together, justly command our admiration. For all that, however, a German accustomed to a more liberal course of study than is here pursued will not be altogether content with it.

Here, again, a former thought occurred to me; and I could not but reflect on the pertinacity, which in spite of time, which changes all things, man shows in adhering to the old shapes of his public buildings, even long after they have been applied to new purposes. Our churches still retain the form of the basilica, although, probably, the plan of the temple would better suit our worship. In Italy the courts of justice are as spacious and lofty as the means of a community are able to make them. One can almost fancy himself to be in the open air, where justice used once to be administered. And do we not build our great theatres, with their offices under a roof, exactly similar to those of the first theatrical booths of a fair, which were hurriedly put together of planks? The vast multitude of those in whom, about the time of the Reformation, a thirst for knowledge was awakened, obliged the scholars at our universities to take shelter as they could in the burghers' houses; and it was very long before any colleges for pupils (*Waisenhäuser*) were built, thereby facilitating for poor youths the acquirement of the necessary education for the world.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 20, 1786.
Evening.

The whole of this bright and beautiful day I have spent in the open air. I scarcely ever come near a mountain, but my interest in rocks and stones again revives. I feel as did Antæus of old, who found himself endued with new strength

as often as he was brought into fresh contact with his mother-earth. I rode towards Palermo, where is found the so-called Bolognese sulphate of barytes, out of which are made the little cakes, which, being calcined, shine in the dark, if previously they have been exposed to the light, and which the people here call, shortly and expressively, "phosphori."

On the road, after leaving behind me a hilly track of argillaceous sandstone, I came upon whole rocks of selenite, quite visible on the surface. Near a brick-kiln a cascade precipitates its waters, into which many smaller ones also empty themselves. At first sight the traveller might suppose he saw before him a loamy hill, which had been worn away by the rain: on closer examination, I discovered its true nature to be as follows: the solid rock of which this part of the line of hills consists is schistous, bituminous clay of very fine strata, and alternating with gypsum. The schistous stone is so intimately blended with pyrites, that, exposed to the air and moisture, it wholly changes its nature. It swells, the strata gradually disappear, and there is formed a kind of potter's clay, crumbling, shelly, and glittering on the surface like stone-coal. It is only by examining large pieces of both (I myself broke several, and observed the forms of both), that it is possible to convince one's self of the transition and change. At the same time we observed the shelly strata studded with white points, and occasionally, also, variegated with yellow particles. In this way, by degrees, the whole surface crumbles away; and the hill looks like a mass of weatherworn pyrites on a large scale. Among the lamina some are harder, of a green and red color. Pyrites I very often found disseminated in the rock.

I now passed along the channels which the last violent gullies of rain had worn in the crumbling rock, and, to my great delight, found many specimens of the desired barytes, mostly of an imperfect egg-shape, peeping out in several places of the friable stone, some tolerably pure, and some slightly mingled with the clay in which they were embedded. That they have not been carried hither by external agency, any one may convince himself at the first glance. Whether they were contemporaneous with the schistous clay, or whether they first arose from the swelling and dissolving of the latter, is matter calling for further inquiry. Of the specimens I found, the larger and smaller approximated to an imperfect egg-shape: the smallest might be said to verge upon irregular crystalline forms. The heaviest of the pieces

now she cannot do otherwise, although in deep humility she wonders how she ever came to do it. The rest of the canvas is filled up with a mass of drapery which connoisseurs highly prize. For my part, I know not what to make of it. The colors, too, are somewhat dim. The room and the day were none of the brightest.

Notwithstanding the confusion in which I find myself, I yet feel that experience, knowledge, and taste already come to my aid in these mazes. Thus I was greatly won by a Circumcision by Guercino, for I have begun to know and to understand the man. I can now pardon the intolerable subject, and delight in the masterly execution. Let him paint whatever can be thought of: every thing will be praiseworthy, and as highly finished as if it were enamel.

And thus it happened with me, as with Balaam, the overruled prophet, who blessed where he thought to curse. And I fear this would be the case still oftener, were I to stay here much longer.

And then, again, if one happens to meet with a picture after Raphael, or what may with at least some probability be ascribed to him, one is soon perfectly cured, and in good temper again. I fell in yesterday with a St. Agatha, a rare picture, though not throughout in good keeping. The artist has given to her the mien of a young maiden full of health and self-possession, but yet without rusticity or coldness. I have stamped on my mind both her form and look, and shall mentally read before her my "Iphigenia," and shall not allow my heroine to express a sentiment which the saint herself might not give utterance to.

And now, when I think again of this sweet burden which I carry with me throughout my wanderings, I cannot conceal the fact, that, besides the great objects of nature and art which I have yet to work my way through, a wonderful train of poetical images keeps rising before me, and unsettling me. From Cento to this place I have been wishing to continue my labors on the "Iphigenia;" but what has happened? Inspiration has brought before my mind the plan of an "Iphigenia at Delphi," and I must work it out. I will here set down the argument as briefly as possible.

Electra, confidently hoping that Orestes will bring to Delphi the image of the Taurian Diana, makes her appearance in the Temple of Apollo, and, as a final sin-offering, dedicates to the god the axe which has perpetrated so many horrors in the house of Pelops. Unhappily, she is at this

moment joined by a Greek, who recounts to her how, having accompanied Pylades and Orestes to Tauris, he there saw the two friends led to execution, but had himself luckily made his escape. At this news, the passionate Electra is unable to restrain herself, and knows not whether to vent her rage against the gods, or against men.

In the mean time, Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pilades have arrived at Delphi. The heavenly calmness of Iphigenia contrasts remarkably with the earthly vehemence of Electra, as the two sisters meet without knowing each other. The fugitive Greek gains sight of Iphigenia, and, recognizing in her the priestess who was to have sacrificed the two friends, makes it known to Electra. The latter, snatching the axe from the altar, is on the point of killing Iphigenia, when a happy incident averts this last fearful calamity from the two sisters. This situation, if only I can succeed in working it out well, will probably furnish a scene unequalled for grandeur or pathos by any that has yet been produced on the stage. But where is man to get time and hands for such a work, even if the spirit be willing?

As I feel myself at present somewhat oppressed with such a flood of thoughts of the good and desirable, I cannot help reminding my friends of a dream which I had about a year ago, and which appeared to me to be highly significant. I dreamed, forsooth, that I had been sailing about in a little boat, and had landed on a fertile and richly cultivated island, of which I had a consciousness that it bred the most beautiful pheasants in the world. I bargained, I thought, with the people of the island for some of these birds; and they killed and brought them to me in great numbers. They were pheasants, indeed; but as, in dreams, all things are generally changed and modified, they seemed to have long, richly colored tails, like the loveliest birds-of-paradise, and with eyes like those of the peacock. Bringing them to me by scores, they arranged them in the boat so skilfully, with the heads inwards, the long, variegated feathers of the tail hanging outwards, as to form in the bright sunshine the most glorious pile conceivable, and so large as scarcely to leave room enough in the bow and the stern for the rower and the steersman. As with this load the boat made its way through the tranquil waters, I named to myself the friends among whom I should like to distribute those variegated treasures. At last, arriving in a spacious harbor, I was almost lost among great and many-masted vessels, as I mounted deck after

I brought away weighed seventeen *loth* (eight ounces and a half). Loose in the same clay, I also found perfect crystals of gypsum. Mineralogists will be able to point out further peculiarities in the specimens I bring with me. And I was now again loaded with stones! I have packed up at least half a quarter of a hundred-weight.

Oct. 20, 1786. In the night.

How much I should have still to say, were I to attempt to confess to you all that has this beautiful day passed through my mind! But my wishes are more powerful than my thoughts. I feel myself hurried irresistibly forward. It is only with an effort that I can collect myself sufficiently to attend to what is before me. And it seems as if Heaven heard my secret prayer. Word has just been brought me, that there is a *vetturino* going straight to Rome; and so, the day after to-morrow, I shall set out direct for that city. I must, therefore, to-day and to-morrow, look after my affairs, make all my little arrangements, and despatch my many commissions.

Lugano on the Apennines,
Oct. 21, 1786. Evening.

Whether I to-day was driven from Bologna by myself, or whether I have been ejected from it, I cannot say. Suffice it, that I eagerly availed myself of an earlier opportunity of quitting it. And so here I am at a wretched inn, in company with an officer of the Pope's army, who is going to Perugia, where he was born. In order to say something, as I seated myself by his side in the two-wheeled carriage, I paid him the compliment of remarking, that, as a German accustomed to associate with soldiers, I found it very agreeable to have to travel with an officer of the Pope. "Pray do not," he replied, "be offended at what I am about to answer. It is all very well for you to be fond of the military profession; for in Germany, as I have heard, every thing is military. But with regard to myself, although our service is light enough, — so that in Bologna, where I am in garrison, I can do just as I like, — still I heartily wish I were rid of this jacket, and had the disposal of my father's little property. But I am a younger son, and so must be content."

Oct. 22, 1786. Evening.

Here at Giredo, which also is a little paltry place on the Apennines, I feel quite happy, knowing that I am advancing

towards the gratification of my dearest wishes. To-day we were joined by a riding party, — a gentleman and a lady, an Englishman and a *soi-disant*. Their horses are beautiful; but they ride unattended by any servants, and the gentleman, as it appears, acts the part both of groom and *valet-de-chambre*. Everywhere they find something to complain of. To listen to them is like reading a few pages out of Archenholz's book.

To me the Apennines are a most remarkable portion of the world. The great plains of the basin of the Po are followed by a hilly tract which rises out of the bottom, in order, after running between the two seas, to form the southern extremity of the continent. If the hills had been not quite so steep and high above the level of the sea, and had not their directions crossed and recrossed each other as they do, the ebb and flow of the tides in primeval times might have exercised a greater and wider influence on them, and might have washed over and formed extensive plains; in which case this would have been one of the most beautiful regions of this glorious clime, — somewhat higher than the rest of it. As it is, however, it is a strong net of mountain-ridges, interlacing each other in all directions. One often is puzzled to know whither the waters will find their vent. If the valleys were better filled up, and the bottoms flatter and more irrigated, the land might be compared to Bohemia, only that the mountains have in every respect a different character. However, it must not for one moment be thought of as a mountainous waste, but as a highly cultivated though hilly district. The chestnut grows very fine here; the wheat excellent, and that of this year's sowing is already of a beautiful green. Along the roads are planted evergreen oaks with their small leaves; but around the churches and chapels, the slim cypress.

PERUGIA, Oct. 25, 1786.
Evening.

For two evenings I have not been writing. The inns on the road were so wretchedly bad, that it was quite useless to think of bringing out a sheet of paper. Moreover, I begin to be a little puzzled to find any thing; for, since quitting Venice, the travelling-bag has got more and more into confusion.

Early in the morning (at twenty-three o'clock, or about ten of our reckoning) we left the region of the Apennines,

and saw Florence in an extensive valley, which is highly cultivated, and sprinkled over with villas and houses without end.

I ran rapidly over the city, the cathedral, the baptistery. Here, again, a perfectly new and unknown world opened upon me, on which, however, I will not further dwell. The gardens of the Botoli are most delightfully situated. I hastened out of them as fast as I had entered them. . . . .

In the city we see the proof of the prosperity of the generations who built it. The conviction is at once forced upon us, that they must have enjoyed a long succession of wise rulers. But, above all, one is struck with the beauty and grandeur which distinguish all the public works and roads and bridges in Tuscany. Every thing here is at once substantial and clean. Use and profit, not less than elegance, are alike kept in view: everywhere we discern traces of the care which is taken to preserve them. The cities of the Papal States, on the contrary, only seem to stand because the earth is unwilling to swallow them up.

The sort of country that I lately remarked the region of the Apennines might have been, is what Tuscany really is. As it lies so much lower, the ancient sea was able to do its duty properly, and has thrown up here deep beds of excellent marl. It is a light yellow hue, and easily worked. They plough deep, retaining, however, most exactly the ancient manner. Their ploughs have no wheels, and the share is not movable. Bowed down behind his oxen, the peasant pushes it down into the earth, and turns up the soil. They plough over a field as many as five times, and use but little dung, which they scatter with the hands. After this, they sow the corn. Then they plough together two of the smaller ridges into one, and so form deep trenches, of such a nature that the rain-water easily runs off the lands into them. When the corn is grown up on the ridges, they can also pass along these trenches in order to weed it. This way of tilling is a very sensible one wherever there is a fear of over-moisture; but why it is practised on these rich open plains I cannot understand. This remark I just made at Arezzo, where a glorious plain expands itself. It is impossible to find cleaner fields anywhere. Not even a lump of earth is to be seen: all is as fine as if it had been sifted. Wheat thrives here most luxuriantly, and the soil seems to possess all the qualities required by its nature. Every second year, beans are planted for the horses, who in this

country get no oats. Lupines are also much cultivated, which at this season are beautifully green, being ripe in March The flax, too, is up. It stands the winter, and is rendered more durable by frost.

The olive-trees are strange plants. They look very much like willows: like them, also, they lose the heart of the wood, and the bark splits. But still they have a greater appearance of durability; and one sees from the wood, of which the grain is extremely fine, that it is a slow grower. The foliage, too, resembles that of the willow, only the leaves on the branches are thinner. All the hills around Florence are covered with olive-trees and vines, between which grain is sown; so that every spot of ground may be made profitable. Near Arezzo, and farther on, the fields are left more free. I observed that they take little care to eradicate the ivy, which is so injurious to the olive and the vine, although it would be so easy to destroy it. There is not a meadow to be seen. It is said that the Indian corn exhausts the soil. Since it has been introduced, agriculture has suffered in its other crops. I can well believe it with their scanty manuring.

Yesterday I took leave of my captain, with a promise of visiting him at Bologna on my return. He is a true representative of the majority of his countrymen. Here, however, I would record a peculiarity which personally distinguished him. As I often sat quiet, and lost in thought, he once exclaimed, "*Che pensa? non deve mai pensar l'uomo, pensando s'invecchia;*" which, being interpreted, is as much as to say, "What are you thinking about? A man ought never to think. Thinking makes one old." And now for another apothegm of his: "*Non deve fermarsi l'uomo in una sola cosa, perche allora divien matto; bisogna aver mille cose, una confusione nella testa;*" in plain English, "A man ought not to rivet his thoughts exclusively on any one thing: otherwise he is sure to go mad. He ought to have in his head a thousand things, a regular medley."

Certainly the good man could not know that the very thing which made me so thoughtful was my having my head mazed by a regular confusion of things, old and new. The following anecdote will serve to elucidate still more clearly the mental character of an Italian of this class. Having soon discovered that I was a Protestant, he observed, after some circumlocution, that he hoped I would allow him to ask me a few questions; for he had heard such strange things about us Protestants, that he wished to know for a certainty what

to think of us. "May you," he said, "live with a pretty girl without being married to her? do your priests allow you to do so?" To this I replied, that "our priests are prudent folk, who take no notice of such trifles. No doubt, if we were to consult them upon such a matter, they would not permit it." —"Are you, then, not obliged to ask them?" he exclaimed. "Happy fellows! as they do not confess you, they of course do not find it out." Hereupon he gave vent, in many reproaches, to his discontent with his own priests, uttering at the same time loud praises of our liberty. "But," he continued, "as regards confession: how stands it with you? We are told that all men, even if they are not Christians, must confess, but that inasmuch as many, from their obduracy, are debarred from the right way, they nevertheless make confession to an old tree; which, indeed, is impious and ridiculous enough, but yet serves to show, that at least they recognize the necessity of confession." Upon this I explained to him our Lutheran notions of confession, and our practice concerning it. All this appeared to him very easy, for he expressed an opinion that it was almost the same as confessing to a tree. After a brief hesitation, he begged of me very gravely to inform him correctly on another point. He had, forsooth, heard from the mouth of his own confessor (who, he said, was a truthful man), that we Protestants are at liberty to marry our own sisters; which assuredly is a *chose un peu forte*. As I denied this to be the case, and attempted to give him a more favorable opinion of our doctrine, he made no special remark on the latter, which evidently appeared to him a very ordinary and every-day sort of a thing, but turned aside my remarks by a new question. "We have been assured," he observed, "that Frederick the Great, who has won so many victories, even over the faithful, and filled the world with his glory, — that he whom every one takes to be a heretic is really a Catholic, and has received a dispensation from the Pope to keep the fact secret. For while, as is well known, he never enters any of your churches, he diligently attends the true worship in a subterranean chapel, though with a broken heart, because he dare not openly avow the holy religion, since, were he to do so, his Prussians, who are a brutish people and furious heretics, would no doubt murder him on the instant: and to risk that would do no good to the cause. On these grounds the Holy Father has given him permission to worship in secret, in return for which he quietly does as much

as possible to propagate and to favor the true and only saving faith." I allowed all this to pass, merely observing, as it was so great a secret, no one could be a witness to its truth. The rest of our conversation was nearly of the same cast; so that I could not but admire the shrewd priests, who sought to parry and to distort whatever was likely to enlighten or vary the dark outline of their traditional dogmas.

I left Perugia on a glorious morning, and felt the happiness of being once more alone. The site of the city is beautiful, and the view of the lake in the highest degree refreshing. These scenes are deeply impressed on my memory. At first the road went downwards, then it entered a cheerful valley enclosed on both sides by distant hills, till at last Assisi lay before us.

Here, as I had learned from Palladio and Volckmann, a noble Temple of Minerva, built in the time of Augustus, was still standing, in perfect repair. At Madonna del Angelo, therefore, I quitted my *vetturino*, leaving him to proceed by himself to Foligno, and set off, in the face of a strong wind, for Assisi; for I longed for a foot-journey through a country so solitary for me. I left on my left the vast mass of churches, piled Babel-wise one over another (in one of which rest the remains of the holy St. Francis of Assisi), with aversion; for I thought to myself, that the people who assembled in them were mostly of the same stamp as my captain and travelling-companion. Having asked of a good-looking youth the way to the Della Minerva, he accompanied me to the top of the town, for it lies on the side of a hill. At last we reached what is properly the old town; and, behold! before my eyes stood the noble edifice, — the first complete memorial of antiquity that I had ever seen. A modest temple, as befitting so small a town, and yet so perfect, so well conceived, that anywhere it would be an ornament. Moreover, in these matters, how grand were the ancients in the choice of their sites! The temple stands about halfway up the mountain, where two hills meet on the level place which is to this day called the Piazza. This itself slightly rises, and is intersected by the meeting of four roads, which make a somewhat dilated St. Andrew's cross. Probably the houses which are now opposite the temple, and block up the view from it, were not standing there in ancient times. If they were removed, we should have a south prospect over a rich and fertile country, and at the same time the Temple of Minerva would be visible from all sides. The line of the

roads is, in all probability, very ancient, since they follow the shape and inclination of the hill. The temple does not stand in the centre of the flat; but its site is so arranged, that the traveller approaching from Rome catches a fine foreshortened view of it. To give an idea of it, it is necessary to draw, not only the building itself, but also its happily chosen site.

Looking at the façade, I could not sufficiently admire the genius-like identity of design which the architects have here as elsewhere maintained. The order is Corinthian, the intercolumnar spaces being somewhat above two modules. The bases of the columns and the plinths seem to rest on pedestals, but it is only an appearance. The socle is cut through in five places; and, at each of these, five steps ascend between the columns, and bring you to a level, on which properly the columns rest, and from which, also, you enter the temple. The bold idea of cutting through the socle was happily hazarded; for, as the temple is situated on a hill, the flight of steps must otherwise have been carried up to such a height as would have inconveniently narrowed the area of the temple. As it is, however, it is impossible to determine how many steps there originally were; for, with the exception of a very few, they are all choked up with dirt, or paved over. Most reluctantly did I tear myself from the sight, and determined to call the attention of architects to this noble edifice, in order that an accurate draught of it may be furnished. For what a sorry thing tradition is, I here again find occasion to remark. Palladio, whom I trust in every matter, gives, indeed, a sketch of this temple. But certainly he never can have seen it himself: for he gives it real pedestals above the area, by which means the columns appear disproportionately high, and the result is a sort of unsightly Palmyrene monstrosity; whereas, in fact, its look is so full of repose and beauty as to satisfy both the eye and the mind. The impression which the sight of this edifice left upon me is not to be expressed, and will bring forth imperishable fruits. It was a beautiful evening, and I now turned to descend the mountain. As I was proceeding along the Roman road, calm and composed, suddenly I heard behind me some rough voices in dispute. I fancied that it was only the Sbirri, whom I had previously noticed in the town. I therefore went on without care, but still with my ears listening to what they might be saying behind me. I soon became aware that I was the object of their remarks. Four men of

this body (two of whom were armed with guns) passed me in the rudest way possible, muttering to each other, and, turning back after a few steps, suddenly surrounded me. They demanded my name, and what I was doing there. I said that I was a stranger, and had travelled on foot to Assisi, while my *vetturino* had gone on to Foligno. It appeared to them very improbable that any one should pay for a carriage, and yet travel on foot. They asked me if I had been visiting the Gran Convento. I answered "No," but assured them that I knew the building of old; but, being an architect, my chief object this time was simply to obtain a sight of the Maria della Minerva, which, they must be aware, was an architectural model. This they could not contradict, but seemed to take it very ill that I had not paid a visit to the saint, and avowed their suspicion that probably my business was to smuggle contraband goods. I pointed out to them how ridiculous it was that a man who walked openly through the streets, alone, and without packs, and with empty pockets, should be taken for a contrabandist.

However, upon this I offered to return to the town with them, and to go before the *podestà*, and, by showing my papers, prove to him that I was an honest traveller. Upon this they muttered together for a while, and then expressed their opinion that it was unnecessary; and, as I behaved throughout with coolness and gravity, they at last left me, and turned towards the town. I looked after them. As these rude churls moved on in the foreground, behind them the beautiful Temple of Minerva once more caught my eye to soothe and console me with its sight. I turned then to the left, to look at the heavy Cathedral of St. Francisco, and was about to continue my way, when one of the unarmed Sbirri, separating himself from the rest, came up to me in a quiet and friendly manner. Saluting me, he said, "Signior stranger, you ought at least to give me something to drink your health; for I assure you, that, from the very first, I took you to be an honorable man, and loudly maintained this opinion in opposition to my comrades. They, however, are hot-headed and over-hasty fellows, and have no knowledge of the world. You yourself must have observed that I was the first to allow the force of, and to assent to, your remarks." I praised him on this score, and urged him to protect all honorable strangers who might henceforward come to Assisi for the sake either of religion or of art, and especially all architects who might wish to do honor to the town by

measuring and sketching the Temple of Minerva, since a correct drawing or engraving of it had never yet been taken. If he were to accompany them, they would, I assured them, give him substantial proofs of their gratitude; and with these words I put into his hand some silver, which, as exceeding his expectation, delighted him above measure. He begged me to pay a second visit to the town; remarking that I ought not on any account to miss the festival of the saint, on which I might, with the greatest safety, delight and amuse myself. Indeed if, being a good-looking fellow, I should wish to be introduced to the fair sex, he assured me that the prettiest and most respectable ladies would willingly receive me, or any stranger, upon his recommendation. He took his leave, promising to remember me at vespers before the tomb of the saint, and to offer up a prayer for my safety throughout my travels. Upon this we parted, and most delighted was I to be again alone with nature and myself. The road to Foligno was one of the most beautiful and agreeable walks that I ever took. For four full hours I walked along the side of a mountain, having on my left a richly cultivated valley.

It is but sorry travelling with a *vetturino:* it is always best to follow at one's ease on foot. In this way had I travelled from Ferrara to this place. As regards the arts and mechanical invention, on which, however, the ease and comforts of life mainly depend, Italy, so highly favored by nature, is very far behind all other countries. The carriage of the *vetturino*, which is still called "sedia," or "seat," certainly took its origin from the ancient litters drawn by mules, in which females and aged persons, or the highest dignitaries, used to be carried about. Instead of the hinder mule, on whose yoke the shafts used to rest, two wheels have been placed beneath the carriage, and no further improvement has been thought of. In this way one is still jolted along, just as they were centuries ago. It is the same with their houses and every thing else.

If one wishes to see realized the poetic idea of men in primeval times, spending most of their lives beneath the open heaven, and only occasionally, when compelled by necessity, retiring for shelter into the caves, he must visit the houses hereabouts, especially those in the rural districts, which are quite in the style and fashion of caves. Such an incredible absence of care do the Italians evince in order not to grow old by thinking. With unheard of frivolity, they neglect to make any preparation for the long nights of winter, and in

consequence, for a considerable portion of the year, suffer like dogs. Here in Foligno, in the midst of a perfectly Homeric household, — the whole family being gathered together in a large hall, round a fire on the hearth, with plenty of running backward and forward, and of scolding and shouting, while supper is going on at a long table like that in the picture of the Wedding-Feast at Cana, — I seize an opportunity of writing this, as one of the family has ordered an inkstand to be brought me, — a luxury, which, judging from other circumstances, I did not look for. These pages, however, tell too plainly of the cold, and of the inconvenience of my writing-table.

I am now made only too sensible of the rashness of travelling in this country without a servant, and without providing one's self well with every necessary. What with the ever-changing currency, the *vetturini*, the extortion, the wretched inns, one who, like myself, is travelling alone for the first time in this country, hoping to find uninterrupted pleasure, will be sure to find himself miserably disappointed every day. However, I wished to see the country at any cost; and, even if I must be dragged to Rome on Ixion's wheel, I shall not complain.

TERNI, Oct. 27, 1786.
Evening.

Again sitting in a "cave," which, only a year before, suffered from an earthquake. The little town lies in the midst of a rich country (for taking a circuit round the city I explored it with pleasure), at the beginning of a beautiful plain which lies between two ridges of limestone hills. Terni, like Bologna, is situated at the foot of the mountain range.

Almost ever since the papal officer left me, I have had a priest for my companion. The latter appears better contented with his profession than the soldier, and is ready to enlighten me, whom he very soon saw to be a heretic, by answering any question I might put to him concerning the ritual and other matters of his church. By thus mixing continually with new characters, I thoroughly obtain my object. It is absolutely necessary to hear the people talking together, if you would form a true and lively image of the whole country. The Italians are in the strangest manner possible rivals and adversaries of each other. Every one is strongly enthusiastic in the praise of his own town and state. They cannot bear with one another: and, even in the same

city, the different ranks nourish perpetual feuds, and all this with a profoundly vivacious and most obvious passionateness; so that, while they expose one another's pretensions, they keep up an amusing comedy all day long. And yet they are quick at understanding others, and seem quite aware how impossible it is for a stranger to enter into their ways and thoughts.

I ascended to Spoleto, and went along the aqueduct, which serves also for a bridge from one mountain to another. The ten brick arches which span the valley have quietly stood there through centuries; and the water still flows into Spoleto, and reaches its remotest quarters. This is the third great work of the ancients that I have seen, and still the same grandeur of conception. A second nature made to work for social objects, — such was their architecture. And so arose the amphitheatre, the temple, and the aqueduct. Now at last I can understand the justice of my hatred for all arbitrary caprices, as, for instance, the winter casts on white stone — a nothing about nothing — a monstrous piece of confectionery ornament; and so also with a thousand other things. But all that is now dead; for whatever does not possess a true intrinsic vitality cannot live long, and can neither be nor ever become great.

What entertainment and instruction have I not had cause to be thankful for during these eight last weeks! but in fact it has also cost me some trouble. I kept my eyes continually open, and strove to stamp deep on my mind the images of all I saw. That was all: judge of them I could not, even if it had been in my power.

San Crocefisso, a singular chapel on the roadside, did not look, to my mind, like the remains of a temple which had once stood on the same site. It was evident that columns, pillars, and pediments had been found, and incongruously put together, not stupidly, but madly. It does not admit of description: however, there is somewhere or other an engraving of it.

And so it may seem strange to some that we should go on troubling ourselves to acquire an idea of antiquity, although we have nothing before us but ruins, out of which we must first painfully reconstruct the very thing we wish to form an idea of.

With what is called "classical ground" the case stands rather different. Here, if only we do not go to work fancifully, but take the ground really as it is, then we shall have

the decisive arena which moulded more or less the greatest of events. Accordingly I have hitherto actively employed my geological and agricultural eye to the suppressing of fancy and sensibility, in order to gain for myself an unbiassed and distinct notion of the locality. By such means history fixes itself on our minds with a marvellous vividness, and the effect is utterly inconceivable to another. It is something of this sort that makes me feel so very great a desire to read Tacitus in Rome.

I must not, however, forget the weather. As I descended the Apennines from Bologna, the clouds gradually retired towards the north; afterwards they changed their course, and moved towards Lake Trasimene. Here they continued to hang, though perhaps they may have moved a little farther southward. Instead, therefore, of the great plain of the Po, sending, as it does during the summer, all its clouds to the Tyrolese mountains, it now sends a part of them towards the Apennines: from thence, perhaps, comes the rainy season.

They are now beginning to gather the olives. It is done here with the hand: in other places they are beat down with sticks. If winter comes on before all are gathered, the rest are allowed to remain on the trees till spring. Yesterday I noticed in a very strong soil the largest and oldest trees I have ever yet seen.

The favor of the Muses, like that of the demons, is not always shown us in a suitable moment. Yesterday I felt inspired to undertake a work which at present would be ill-timed. Approaching nearer and nearer to the centre of Romanism, surrounded by Roman Catholics, boxed up with a priest in a sedan, and striving anxiously to observe and to study without prejudice true nature and noble art, I have arrived at a vivid conviction that all traces of original Christianity are extinct here. Indeed, while I tried to bring it before my mind in its purity, as we see it recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, I could not help shuddering to think of the shapeless, not to say grotesque, mass of heathenism which heavily overlies its benign beginnings. Accordingly, the Wandering Jew again occurred to me as having been a witness of all this wonderful development and envelopment, and as having lived to experience so strange a state of things, that Christ himself, when he shall come a second time to gather in his harvest, will be in danger of being crucified a second time. The legend "Venio iterum crucifigi" was to serve me as the material of this catastrophe.

Dreams of this kind floated before me; for, out of impatience to get onwards, I used to sleep in my clothes. And I know of nothing more beautiful than to wake before dawn, and, between sleeping and waking, to seat one's self in one's car, and travel on to meet the day.

CITTA CASTELLANA, Oct. 28, 1786.

I will not fail you this last evening. It is not yet eight o'clock, and all are already in bed: so I can for a good "last time" think over what is gone by, and revel in the anticipation of what is so shortly to come. This has been throughout a bright and glorious day, — the morning very cold, the day clear and warm, the evening somewhat windy, but very beautiful.

It was very late when we set off from Terni; and we reached Narni before day, and so I did not see the bridge. Valleys and lowlands; now near, now distant prospects; a rich country, but all of limestone, and not a trace of any other formation.

Otricoli is built on an alluvial gravel-hill thrown up by one of the ancient inundations. It is built of lava brought from the other side of the river.

As soon as one is over the bridge, one finds one's self in a volcanic region, either of real lava, or of the native rock changed by the heat and by fusion. You ascend a mountain, which you might set down at once for gray lava. It contains many white crystals of the shape of garnets. The causeway from the heights to the Citta Castellana is likewise composed of this stone, now worn extremely smooth. The city is built on a bed of volcanic tufa, in which I thought I could discover ashes, pumice-stone, and pieces of lava. The view from the castle is extremely beautiful. Soracte stands out and alone in the prospect most picturesquely. It is probably a limestone mountain of the same formation as the Apennines. The volcanic region is far lower than the Apennines; and it is only the streams tearing through it that have formed out of it hills and rocks, which, with their overhanging ledges and other marked features of the landscape, furnish most glorious objects for the painter.

To-morrow evening and I shall be in Rome. Even yet I can scarcely believe it possible. And, if this wish is fulfilled, what shall I wish for afterwards? I know not, except it be that I may safely stand in my little pheasant-loaded canoe, and may find all my friends well, happy, and unchanged.

ROME.

ROME, NOV. 1, 1786.

At last I can speak out, and greet my friends with good humor. May they pardon my secrecy, and what has been, as it were, a subterranean journey hither. For scarcely to myself did I venture to say whither I was hurrying. Even on the road I often had my fears; and it was only as I passed under the Porta del Popolo that I felt certain of reaching Rome.

And now let me also say that a thousand times, ay, at all times, do I think of you, in the neighborhood of these objects which I never believed I should visit alone. It was only when I saw every one bound, body and soul, to the north, and all longing for those countries utterly extinct among them, that I resolved to undertake the long, solitary journey, and to seek that centre towards which I was attracted by an irresistible impulse. Indeed, for the few last years it had become with me a kind of disease, which could only be cured by the sight and presence of the absent object. Now, at length, I may venture to confess the truth. It reached at last such a height that I durst not look at a Latin book, or even an engraving of Italian scenery. The craving to see this country was over-ripe. Now it is satisfied. Friends and country have once more become right dear to me, and the return to them is a wished-for object; nay, the more ardently desired, the more firmly I feel convinced that I bring with me too many treasures for personal enjoyment or private use, but such as through life may serve others, as well as myself, for edification and guidance.

ROME, NOV. 1, 1786.

Well, at last I am arrived in this great capital of the world. If, fifteen years ago, I could have seen it in good company, with a well-informed guide, I should have thought myself very fortunate. But as it was to be that I should thus see it alone, and with my own eyes, it is well that this joy has fallen to my lot so late in life.

Over the mountains of the Tyrol I have as good as flown. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice I have carefully looked at; hastily glanced at Ferrara, Cento, Bologna; and scarcely seen Florence at all. My anxiety to reach Rome was so great, and it so grew with me every moment, that

to think of stopping anywhere was quite out of the question. Even in Florence, I only staid three hours. Now I am here at my ease, and, as it would seem, shall be tranquillized for my whole life; for we may almost say that a new life begins when a man once sees with his own eyes all that before he has but partially heard or read of. All the dreams of my youth I now behold realized before me. The subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome were hung up in an ante-room of my father's house) stand bodily before my sight, and all that I had long been acquainted with through paintings or drawings, engravings or woodcuts, plaster casts and cork models, are here collectively presented to my eye. Wherever I go I find some old acquaintance in this new world. It is all just as I had thought it, and yet all is new. And just the same might I remark of my own observations and my own ideas. I have not gained any new thoughts; but the older ones have become so defined, so vivid, and so coherent, that they may almost pass for new ones.

When Pygmalion's Elisa, which he had shaped entirely in accordance with his wishes, and to which he had given as much of truth and nature as an artist can, moved at last towards him, and said, "It is I!" — how different was the living form from the chiselled stone!

In a moral sense, too, how salutary it is for me to live a while among a wholly sensual people, of whom so much has been said and written, and of whom every stranger judges according to the standard he brings with him. I can excuse every one who blames and reproaches them. They stand too far apart from us, and for a stranger to associate with them is difficult and expensive.

Rome, Nov. 3, 1786.

One of the chief motives with which I had deluded myself for hurrying to Rome was the Festival of All-Saints; for I thought within myself, if Rome pays so much honor to a single saint, what will she not show to them all! But I was under a mistake. The Roman Church has never been very fond of celebrating with remarkable pomp any common festival: and so she leaves every order to celebrate in silence the especial memory of its own patron; for the name "festival," and the day especially set apart to each saint, is properly the occasion when each receives his highest commemoration.

Yesterday, however, which was the Festival of All-Souls, things went better with me. This commemoration is kept by the Pope in his private chapel on the Quirinal. I hastened with Tischbein to the Monte Cavallo. The piazza before the palace has something altogether singular, so irregular is it, and yet so grand and so beautiful! I now cast eyes upon the Colossuses! Neither eye nor mind was large enough to take them in. Ascending a broad flight of steps, we followed the crowd through a splendid and spacious hall. In this antechamber, directly opposite to the chapel, and in sight of the numerous apartments, one feels somewhat strange to find one's self beneath the same roof with the vicar of Christ.

The office had begun. Pope and cardinals were already in the church, — the Holy Father, of a highly handsome and dignified form; the cardinals, of different ages and figures. I was seized with a strange, longing desire that the head of the Church might open his golden mouth, and, speaking with rapture of the ineffable bliss of the happy soul, set us all, too, in a rapture. But as I only saw him moving backward and forward before the altar, and turning, now to this side, and now to that, and only muttering to himself, and conducting himself just like a common parish priest, the original sin of Protestantism revived within me, and the well-known and ordinary mass for the dead had no charms for me. For most assuredly Christ himself — he who, in his youthful days and even as a child, excited men's wonder by his oral exposition of Scripture — did never thus teach and work in silence; but, as we learn from the Gospels, he was ever ready to utter his wise and spiritual words. What, I asked myself, would he say, were he to come in among us, and see his image on earth thus mumbling, and sailing backward and forward? The "Venio iterum crucifigi" again crossed my mind, and I nudged my companion to come out into the freer air of the vaulted and painted hall.

Here we found a crowd of persons attentively observing the rich paintings; for the Festival of All-Souls is also the holiday of all the artists in Rome. Not only the chapel, but the whole palace also, with all its rooms, is for many hours on this day open and free to every one; no fees being required, and the visitors not being liable to be hurried on by the chamberlain.

The paintings on the walls engaged my attention, and I now formed a new acquaintance with some excellent artists whose very names had hitherto been almost unknown to me.

For instance, I now, for the first time, learned to appreciate and to love the cheerful Carlo Maratti.

But chiefly welcome to me were the masterpieces of the artists of whose style and manner I already had some impression. I saw with amazement the wonderful Petronilla of Guercino, which was formerly in St. Peter's, where a mosaic copy now stands in the place of the original. The body of the saint is lifted out of the grave; and the same person, just re-animated, is being received into the heights of heaven by a celestial youth. Whatever may be alleged against this double action, the picture is invaluable.

Still more struck was I with a picture of Titian's. It throws into the shade all I have hitherto seen. Whether my eye is more practised, or whether it is really the most excellent, I cannot determine. An immense mass-robe, stiff with embroidery and gold-embossed figures, envelops the dignified frame of a bishop. With a massive pastoral staff in his left hand, he is gazing with a look of rapture towards heaven, while he holds in his right a book, out of which he seems to have imbibed the divine enthusiasm with which he is inspired. Behind him a beautiful maiden, holding a palm-branch in her hand, and full of affectionate sympathy, is looking over his shoulder into the open book. A grave old man on the right stands quite close to the book, but appears to pay no attention to it. The key in his hand suggests the possibility of his familiar acquaintance with its contents. Over against this group a naked, well-made youth, wounded with an arrow, and in chains, is looking straight before him, with a slight expression of resignation in his countenance. In the intermediate space stand two monks, bearing a cross and lilies, and devoutly looking up to heaven. Then in the clear upper space is a semicircular wall, which encloses them all. Above moves a Madonna in highest glory, sympathizing with all that passes below. The young, sprightly child on her bosom, with a radiant countenance, is holding out a crown, and seems, indeed, on the point of casting it down. On both sides, angels are floating by, who hold in their hands crowns in abundance. High above all the figures, and even the triple-rayed aureola, soars the celestial dove, as at once the centre and finish of the whole group.

We said to ourselves, "Some ancient holy legend must have furnished the subject of this picture in order that these various and ill-assorted personages should have been brought together so artistically and so significantly." We ask not,

however, why and wherefore: we take it all for granted, and only wonder at the inestimable piece of art. Less unintelligible, but still mysterious, is a fresco of Guido's in this chapel. A virgin, in childish beauty, loveliness, and innocence, is seated, and quietly sewing. Two angels stand by her side, waiting to do her service at the slightest bidding. Youthful innocence and industry, the beautiful picture seems to tell us, are guarded and honored by the heavenly beings. No legend is wanting here, — no story needed to furnish an explanation.

Now, however, to cool a little my artistic enthusiasm, a merry incident occurred. I observed that several of the German artists, who came up to Tischbein as an old acquaintance, after staring at me, went their ways again. Having left me for a few moments, one returned, and said, "We have had a good joke. The report that you were in Rome had spread among us, and the attention of us artists was called to the one unknown stranger. Now, there was one of our body who used for a long time to assert that he had met you, nay, he asseverated he had lived on very friendly terms with you, — a fact which we were not so ready to believe. However, we have just called upon him to look at you, and solve our doubts. He at once stoutly denied that it was you, and said that in the stranger there was not a trace of your person or mien." So, then, at least, our incognito is for the moment secure, and will afford us something hereafter to laugh at.

I now mixed at my ease with the troop of artists, and asked them who were the painters of several pictures whose style of art was unknown to me. At last I was particularly struck by a picture representing St. George killing the dragon and setting free the virgin. No one could tell me whose it was. Upon this, a little, modest man, who up to this time had not opened his mouth, came forward, and told me it was by Pordenone, the Venetian painter; and that it was one of the best of his paintings, and displayed all his merits. I was now well able to explain why I liked it. The picture pleased me because I possessed some knowledge of the Venetian school, and was better able to appreciate the excellences of its best masters.

The artist, my informant, was Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss, who for some years had been studying at Rome with a friend of the name of Rolla, and who had taken excellent drawings in Spain of antique busts, and was well read in the history of art.

ROME, Nov. 5, 1786.

I have now been here seven days, and have, by degrees, formed in my mind a general idea of the city. We go diligently backward and forward. While I am thus making myself acquainted with the plan of old and new Rome, viewing the ruins and the buildings, visiting this and that villa, the grandest and most remarkable objects are slowly and leisurely contemplated. I do but keep my eyes open, and see, and then go and come again; for it is only in Rome one can duly prepare himself for Rome.

It must, however, be confessed that it is a sad and melancholy business to prick and track out ancient Rome in new Rome: however, it must be done, and we may hope at least for an incalculable gratification. We meet with traces both of majesty and of ruin, which alike surpass all conception. What the barbarians spared, the builders of new Rome made havoc of.

When one thus beholds an object two thousand years old and more, but so manifoldly and thoroughly altered by the changes of time, but sees, nevertheless, the same soil, the same mountains, and often, indeed, the same walls and columns, one becomes, as it were, a contemporary of the great counsels of fortune; and thus it becomes difficult for the observer to trace from the beginning Rome following Rome, and not only new Rome succeeding the old, but also the several epochs of both old and new in succession. I endeavor, first of all, to grope my way alone through the obscurer parts; for this is the only plan by which one can hope fully and completely to turn to use the excellent introductory works which have been written from the fifteenth century to the present day. The first artists and scholars have occupied their whole lives with these objects.

And this vastness has a strangely tranquillizing effect upon you in Rome, while you pass from place to place in order to visit the most remarkable objects. In other places one has to search for what is important: here one is oppressed and borne down with numberless phenomena. Wherever one goes and casts a look around, the eye is at once struck with some landscape, forms of every kind and style; palaces and ruins, gardens and statuary, distant views of villas, cottages and stables, triumphal arches and columns, often crowding so close together, that they might all be sketched on a single sheet of paper. He ought to have a hundred hands to write, for what can a single pen do here? And besides, by the

evening one is quite weary and exhausted with the day's seeing and admiring.

Rome, Nov. 7, 1786.

But my friends must pardon me, if in future I am found chary of words. During travel one usually rakes together all that he meets on his way: every day brings something new, and he then hastens to reflect upon and judge of it. Here, however, we come into a very great school indeed, where every day says so much, that we cannot venture to say any thing of the day itself. Indeed, people would do well, if, tarrying here for years together, they observed a while a Pythagorean silence.

I am very well. The weather, as the Romans say, is *brutto*. The south wind, the sirocco, is blowing, and brings with it every day more or less of rain. For my part, I do not find the weather disagreeable: such as it is, it is warmer than the rainy days of summer are with us.

The more I become acquainted with Tischbein's talents, as well as his principles and views of art, the higher I appreciate and value them. He has laid before me his drawings and sketches. They have great merit, and are full of high promise. His visit to Bodmer led him to fix his thoughts on the infancy of the human race, when man found himself standing on the earth, and had to solve the problem how he must best fulfil his destiny of being the lord of creation.

As a suggestive introduction to a series of illustrations of this subject, he has attempted symbolically to vindicate the high antiquity of the world. Mountains overgrown with noble forests, ravines worn out by water-courses, burnt-out volcanoes still faintly smoking. In the foreground the mighty stock of a patriarchal oak still remains in the ground, on whose half-bared roots a deer is trying the strength of his horns, — a conception as fine as it is beautifully executed.

In another most remarkable piece he has painted man yoking the horse, and by his superior skill, if not strength, bringing all the other creatures of the earth, the air, and the water, under his dominion. The composition is of extraordinary beauty: when finished in oils, it cannot fail of producing a great effect. A drawing of it must, at any cost, be secured for Weimar. When this is finished, he purposes to paint an assembly of old men, aged, and experienced in council, in

which he intends to introduce the portraits of living personages. At present, however, he is sketching away with the greatest enthusiasm at a battle-piece. Two bodies of cavalry are fighting with equal courage and resolution: between them yawns an awful chasm, which but few horses would attempt to clear. The arts of defensive warfare are useless here. A wild resolve, a bold attack, a successful leap, or else to be hurled in the abyss below! This picture will afford him an opportunity to display in a very striking manner his knowledge of horses and of their make and movements.

Now, it is Tischbein's wish to have these sketches (and a series of others to follow, or to be intercalated between them) connected together by a poem, which may serve to explain the drawings, and, by giving them a definite context, may lend to them both a body and a charm.

The idea is beautiful; only the artist and the poet must be many years together in order to carry out and to execute such a work.

The Loggie of Raphael, and the great pictures of the School of Athens, etc., I have now seen for the first and only time; so that for me to judge of them at present is like having to make out and to judge of Homer from some half-obliterated and much-injured manuscript. The gratification of the first impression is incomplete: it is only when they have been carefully studied and examined, one by one, that the enjoyment becomes perfect. The best preserved are the paintings on the ceilings of the Loggie. They are as fresh as if painted yesterday. The subjects are symbolical. Very few, however, are by Raphael's own hand; but they are excellently executed, after his designs and under his eye.

Many a time, in years past, did I entertain the strange whim, ardently to wish that I might one day be taken to Italy by some well-educated man, — by some Englishman well learned in art and in history. And now it has all been brought about much better than I could have anticipated. Tischbein has been living here long as a sincere friend to me, and during his stay has always cherished the wish of being able to show me Rome one day. Our intimacy is old by letter, though new by presence. Where could I have met with a worthier guide? And, if my time is limited, I will at least learn and enjoy as much as possible. And yet, all this notwithstanding, I clearly foresee, that, when I leave Rome, I shall wish that I were coming to it.

ROME, Nov. 8, 1786.

My strange and perhaps whimsical incognito proves useful to me in many ways that I never should have thought of. As every one thinks himself in duty bound to ignore who I am, and consequently never ventures to speak to me of myself and my works, they have no alternative left them but to speak of themselves, or of the matters in which they are most interested; and in this way I become circumstantially informed of the occupations of each, and of every thing remarkable that is either taken in hand or produced. Hofrath Reiffenstein good-naturedly humors this whim of mine. As, however, for special reasons, he could not bear the name I had assumed, he immediately made a baron of me; and I am now called the *Baron gegen Rondanini über* ("the baron who lives opposite to the palace Rondanini"). This designation is sufficiently precise, especially as the Italians are accustomed to speak of people either by their Christian names, or else by some nickname: in short, I have gained my object; and I escape the dreadful annoyance of having to give to everybody an account of myself and my works.

ROME, Nov. 9, 1786.

I frequently stand still a moment to survey, as it were, the heights I have already won. With much delight I look back to Venice, that grand creation that sprang out of the bosom of the sea, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter. In Rome the Rotunda, both by its exterior and interior, has moved me to offer a willing homage to its magnificence. In St. Peter's I learned to understand how art, no less than nature, annihilates the artificial measures and dimensions of man. And in the same way the Apollo Belvedere also has again drawn me out of reality. For, as even the most correct engravings furnish no adequate idea of these buildings, so the case is the same with respect to the marble original of this statue as compared with the plaster models of it, which, however, I formerly used to look upon as beautiful.

ROME, Nov. 10, 1786.

Here I am now living with a calmness and tranquillity to which I have for a long while been a stranger. My practice to see and take all things as they are, my fidelity in letting the eye be my light, my perfect renunciation of all pretension, have again come to my aid, and make me calmly but most intensely happy. Every day has its fresh, remarkable

object; every day its new, grand, unequalled paintings, and a whole which a man may long think of and dream of, but which, with all his power of imagination, he can never reach.

Yesterday I was at the Pyramid of Cestius, and in the evening on the Palatine, on the top of which are the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, which stand there like walls of rock. Of all this, however, no idea can be conveyed. In truth, there is nothing little here, although, indeed, occasionally something to find fault with, — something more or less absurd in taste; and yet even this partakes of the universal grandeur of all around.

When, however, I return to myself, as every one so readily does on all occasions, I discover within me a feeling which affords me infinite delight, which, indeed, I even venture to express. Whoever here looks around with earnestness, and has eyes to see, must become in a measure solid: he cannot but apprehend an idea of solidity with a vividness which is nowhere else possible.

The mind becomes, as it were, primed with capacity, with an earnestness without severity, and with a definiteness of character with joy. With me, at least, it seems as if I had never before so rightly estimated the things of the world as I do here. I rejoice when I think of the blessed effects of all this on the whole of my future being. And, let me jumble together the things as I may, order will somehow come into them. I am not here to enjoy myself after my own fashion, but to busy myself with the great objects around, to learn, and to improve myself ere I am forty years old.

Rome, Nov. 11, 1786.

Yesterday I visited the nymph Ægeria, and then the Hippodrome of Caracalla, the ruined tombs along the Via Appia, and the tomb of Metella, which is the first to give one a true idea of what solid masonry really is. These men worked for eternity. All causes of decay were calculated, except the rage of the spoiler, which nothing can resist. Right heartily did I wish you had been there. The remains of the principal aqueduct are highly venerable. How beautiful and grand a design, — to supply a whole people with water by so vast a structure! In the evening we came upon the Coliseum, when it was already twilight. When one looks at it, all else seems little. The edifice is so vast, that one cannot hold the image of it in one's soul: in memory we think it

smaller, and then return to it again to find it every time greater than before.

FRASCATI, NOV. 15.

The company are all in bed, and I am writing with Indian-ink, which they use for drawing. We have had two beautiful days, without rain, warm and genial sunshine; so that summer is scarcely missed. The country around is very pleasant. The village lies on the side of a hill, or rather of a mountain; and at every step the draughtsman comes upon the most glorious objects. The prospect is unbounded. Rome lies before you; and beyond it, on the right, is the sea, the mountains of Tivoli, and so on. In this delightful region, country houses are built expressly for pleasure; and, as the ancient Romans had here their villas, so, for centuries past, their rich and haughty successors have planted country residences on all the loveliest spots. For two days we have been wandering about here, and almost every step has brought us upon something new and attractive.

And yet it is hard to say whether the evenings have not passed still more agreeably than the days. As soon as our stately hostess has placed on the round table the bronzed lamp with its three wicks, and wished us *felicissimanotte*, we all form a circle round it; and the views are produced which have been drawn and sketched during the day. Their merits are discussed, opinions are taken whether the objects might or not have been taken more favorably, whether their true characters have been caught, and whether all requisitions of a like general nature, which may justly be looked for in a first sketch, have been fulfilled.

Hofrath Reiffenstein, by his judgment and authority, contrives to give order to, and to conduct, these sittings. But the merit of this delightful arrangement is due to Philipp Hackert, who has a most excellent taste, both in drawing and finishing views from nature. Artists and *dilettanti*, men and women, old and young, — he would let no one rest, but stimulated every one to make the attempt, at any rate, according to their gifts and powers, and led the way with his own good example. The little society thus collected and held together, Hofrath Reiffenstein has, after the departure of his friend, faithfully kept up; and we all feel a laudable desire to awake in every one an active participation. The peculiar turn and character of each member of the society are thus shown in a most agreeable way. For instance,

Tischbein, being an historical painter, views scenery quite otherwise than the landscape-painter. He sees significant groups, and other graceful speaking objects, where another can see nothing; and so he happily contrives to catch up many a *naïve* trait of humanity, — it may be in children, peasants, mendicants, or other such beings of nature, or even in animals, which, with a few characteristic touches, he skilfully manages to portray, and thereby contributes much new and agreeable matter for our discussions.

When conversation is exhausted, some one also, by Hackert's direction, reads aloud Sulzer's Theory; for although, from a high point of view, it is impossible to rest contented with this work, nevertheless, as some one observed, it is so far satisfactory as it is calculated to exercise a favorable influence on minds less highly cultivated.

ROME, Nov. 17, 1786.

We are back again. During the night it rained in torrents amidst thunder and lightning: it still goes on raining, but is very warm withal.

As regards myself, however, it is only with few words that I can indicate the happiness of this day. I have seen the frescos of Domenichino, in Andrea della Valle, and also the Farnese Gallery of Caraccios. Too much, forsooth, for months! — what, then, for a single day?

ROME, Nov. 18, 1786.

It is again beautiful weather, — a bright, genial, warm day. I saw in the Farnesine Palace the story of Psyche, colored copies of which have so long adorned my room, and then at St. Peter's, in Montorio, the Transfiguration by Raphael, — all well-known paintings, like friends one has made at a distance by means of letters, and sees for the first time face to face. To live with them, is, however, something quite different. Every genuine friendship and its opposite becomes immediately evident.

Moreover, there are to be met with in every spot and corner glorious things of which less has been said, and which have not been scattered over the world by engravings and copies. Of these I shall bring away with me many a drawing from the hands of young but excellent artists.

The fact that I have long maintained a correspondence with Tischbein, and consequently been on the best possible terms with him, and that, even when I had no hope of ever

visiting Italy, I had communicated to him my wishes, has made our meeting most profitable and delightful. He has always been thinking of me, even providing for my wants. With the varieties of stone of which all the great edifices, whether old or new, are built, he has made himself perfectly acquainted. He has thoroughly studied them, and these studies have been greatly helped by his artistic eye and the artist's pleasure in sensible things. Just before my arrival, he sent off to Weimar a collection of specimens which he had selected for me, and which I expect will give me a friendly welcome on my return.

An ecclesiastic who is now residing in France, and had in contemplation to write a work on the ancient marbles, received through the influence of the Propaganda some large pieces of marble from the Island of Paros. When they arrived here, they were cut up for specimens; and twelve different pieces, from the finest to the coarsest grain, were reserved for me. Some were of the greatest purity, while others are more or less mingled with mica; the former being used for statuary, the latter for architecture. How much an accurate knowledge of the material employed in the arts must contribute to a right estimate of them, must be obvious to every one.

There are opportunities enough here for my collecting many more specimens. In our way to the ruins of Nero's Palace, we passed through some artichoke grounds newly turned up, and could not resist the temptation to cram our pockets full of the granite, porphyry, and marble slabs which lie here by thousands, and serve as unfailing witnesses to the ancient splendor of the walls which were once covered with them.

Rome, Nov. 18, 1786.

I must now speak of a wonderful problematical picture, which, even in the midst of the many gems here, still makes a good show of its own.

For many years there had been residing here a Frenchman, well known as an admirer of the arts, and a collector. He had got hold of an antique drawing in chalk, no one knows how or whence. He had it retouched by Mengs, and kept it in his collection as a work of very great value. Winckelmann somewhere speaks of it with enthusiasm. The Frenchman died, and left the picture to his hostess as an antique. Mengs, too, died, and declared on his death-bed

that it was not an antique, but had been painted by himself. And now the whole world is divided in opinion; some maintaining that Mengs had one day, in joke, dashed it off with much facility; others asserting that Mengs could never do any thing like it, indeed, that it is almost too beautiful for Raphael. I saw it yesterday, and must confess that I do not know any thing more beautiful than the figure of Ganymede, especially the head and shoulders: the rest has been much renovated. However, the painting is in ill repute, and no one will relieve the poor landlady of her treasure.

Rome, Nov. 20, 1786.

As experience fully teaches us that there is a general pleasure in having poems, whatever may be their subject, illustrated with drawings and engravings, nay, that the painter himself usually selects a passage of some poet or other for the subject of his most elaborate paintings, Tischbein's idea is deserving of approbation, that poets and painters should work together from the very first in order to secure a perfect unity. The difficulty would assuredly be greatly lessened, if it were applied to little pieces, such as that the whole design would easily admit of being taken in at once by the mind, and worked out consistently with the original plan.

Tischbein has suggested for such common labors some very delightful idyllic thoughts; and it is really singular, that those he wishes to see executed in this way are really such as neither poetry nor painting alone could ever adequately describe. During our walks together he has talked with me about them, in the hopes of gaining me over to his views, and getting me to enter upon the plan. The frontispiece for such a joint work is already designed; and, did I not fear to enter upon any new tasks at present, I might perhaps be tempted.

Rome, Nov. 22, 1786.
The Feast of St. Cecilia.

The morning of this happy day I must endeavor to perpetuate by a few lines, and, at least by description, to impart to others what I have myself enjoyed. The weather has been beautiful and calm, quite a bright sky, and a warm sun. Accompanied by Tischbein, I set off for the Piazza of St. Peter's, where we went about, first of all, from one part to another; when it became too hot for that, walked up and down in the shade of the great obelisk (which is full

wide enough for two abreast), and eating grapes, which we purchased in the neighborhood. Then we entered the Sistine Chapel, which we found bright and cheerful, and with a good light for the pictures. The Last Judgment divided our admiration with the paintings on the roof by Michael Angelo. I could only see and wonder. The mental confidence and boldness of the master, and his grandeur of conception, are beyond all expression. After we had looked at all of them over and over again, we left this sacred building, and went to St. Peter's, which received from the bright heavens the loveliest light possible, and every part of it was clearly lighted up. As men willing to be pleased, we were delighted with its vastness and splendor, and did not allow an over nice or hypercritical taste to mar our pleasure. We suppressed every harsher judgment: we enjoyed the enjoyable.

Lastly we ascended the roof of the church, where one finds, in little, the plan of a well-built city, — houses and magazines, springs (in appearance, at least), churches, and a great temple, all in the air, and beautiful walks between. We mounted the dome, and saw glistening before us the regions of the Apennines, Soracte, and, towards Tivoli, the volcanic hills, — Frascati, Castel-gandolfo, and the plains, and, beyond all, the sea. Close at our feet lay the whole city of Rome in its length and breadth, with its mountain palaces, domes, etc. Not a breath of air was moving, and in the upper dome it was (as they say) like being in a hot-house. When we had looked enough at these things, we went down, and they opened for us the doors in the cornices of the dome, the tympanum, and the nave. There is a passage all round, and from above you can take a view of the whole church and of its several parts. As we stood on the cornices of the tympanum, we saw beneath us the Pope, passing to his mid-day devotions. Nothing, therefore, was wanting to make our view of St. Peter's perfect. We at last descended to the area, and took, in a neighboring hotel, a cheerful but frugal meal, and then set off for St. Cecilia's.

It would take many words to describe the decorations of this church, which was crammed full of people. Not a stone of the edifice was to be seen. The pillars were covered with red velvet wound round with gold lace: the capitals were overlaid with embroidered velvet, so as to retain somewhat of the appearance of capitals; and all the cornices and pillars were in like manner covered with hangings. All the

entablatures of the walls were also covered with life-like paintings, so that the whole church seemed to be laid out in mosaic. Around in the church, and on the high altar, more than two hundred wax tapers were burning. It looked like a wall of lights, and the whole nave was perfectly lit up. The aisles and side-altars were equally adorned and illuminated. Right opposite the high altar, and under the organ, two scaffolds were erected, which also were covered with velvet, on one of which were placed the singers, and on the other the instruments, which kept up one unbroken strain of music. The church was crammed full.

I have heard an excellent kind of musical accompaniment. Just as there are concerts of violins, or of other instruments, so here they had concerts of voices; so that one voice — the soprano, for instance — predominates, and sings solo, while from time to time the chorus of other voices falls in, and accompanies it, always, of course, with the whole orchestra. It has a good effect. I must end, as we, in fact, ended the day. In the evening we came upon the opera, where no less a piece than "I Litiganti" was then performed; but we had all the day enjoyed so much of excellence, that we passed by the door.

Rome, Nov. 23, 1786.

In order that it may not be the same with my dear *incognito* as with the ostrich, which thinks itself to be concealed when it has hid his head, so, in certain cases, I give it up, still maintaining, however, my old thesis. I had, without hesitation, paid a visit of compliment to the Prince von Lichtenstein, the brother of my much esteemed friend the Countess Harrach, and occasionally dined with him; and I soon perceived that my good-nature in this instance was likely to lead me much farther. They began to feel their way, and to talk to me of the Abbé Monti, and of his tragedy of "Aristodemus," which is shortly to be brought out on the stage. The author, it was said, wished, above all things, to read it to me, and to hear my opinion of it. I contrived, however, to let the matter drop without positively refusing: at last, however, I met the poet and some of his friends at the prince's house, and the play was read aloud.

The hero is, as is well known, the king of Sparta, who, by various scruples of conscience, was driven to commit suicide. Prettily enough they contrived to intimate to me their hope that the author of "Werther" would not take it ill if he

found some of the rare passages of his own work made use of in this drama. And so, even before the walls of Sparta, I cannot escape from this unhappy youth.

The piece has a very simple and calm movement. The sentiments, as well as the language, are well suited to the subject, — full of energy, and yet of tenderness. The work is a proof of very fair talents.

I failed not, according to my fashion (not, indeed, after the Italian fashion), to point out, and to dwell upon, all the excellencies and merits of the play, with which, indeed, all present were tolerably satisfied, though still with Southern impatience they seemed to require something more. I even ventured to predict what effect it was to be hoped the play would have from the public. In excuse I pleaded my ignorance of the country, its way of thinking and tastes; but was candid enough to add, that I did not clearly see how, with their vitiated taste, the Romans, who were accustomed to see as an interlude either a complete comedy of three acts or an opera of two, or could not sit out a grand opera without the intermezzo of wholly foreign ballets, could ever take delight in the calm, noble movement of a regular tragedy. Then, again, the subject of a suicide seemed to me to be altogether out of the pale of an Italian's ideas. That they stabbed men to death, I knew by daily report of such events; but that any one should deprive himself of his own precious existence, or even hold it possible for another to do so, — of that no trace or symptom had ever been brought under my notice.

I then allowed myself to be circumstantially enlightened as to all that might be urged in answer to my objections, and readily yielded to their plausible arguments. I also assured them I wished for nothing so much as to see the play acted, and with a band of friends to welcome it with the most downright and loudest applause. This assurance was received in the most friendly manner, and I had this time at least no cause to be dissatisfied with my compliance; for indeed Prince Lichtenstein is politeness itself, and found opportunity for my seeing in his company many precious works of art, a sight of which is not easily obtained without special permission, and for which, consequently, high influence is indispensable. On the other hand, my good humor failed me when the daughter of the Pretender expressed a wish to see the foreign marmoset. I declined the honor, and once more completely shrouded myself beneath my disguise.

But still that is not altogether the right way; and I here feel most vividly what I have often before observed in life, that the man who strives after that which is good must be as much on the alert and as active with regard to others as the selfish, the mean, and the wicked. It is easy to see this, but it is extremely difficult to act in the spirit of it.

Nov. 24, 1786.

Of the people I can say nothing more than that they are fine children of nature, who, amidst pomp and honors of all kinds, religion, and the arts, are not one jot different from what they would be in caves and forests. What strikes the stranger most, and what to-day is making the whole city talk, but only *talk*, is the common occurrence of assassination. To-day the victim has been an excellent artist — Schwendemann, a Swiss, a medallionist. The particulars of his death greatly resemble those of Windischmann's. The assassin with whom he was struggling gave him twenty stabs; and, as the watch came up, the villain stabbed himself. This is not generally the fashion here: the murderer usually makes for the nearest church; and once there, he is quite safe.

And now, in order to shade my picture a little, I might bring into it crimes and disorders, earthquakes and inundations of all kinds, but for an eruption of Vesuvius which has just broken out, and has set almost all the visitors here in motion; and one must, indeed, possess a rare amount of self-control, not to be carried away by the crowd. Really this phenomenon of nature has in it something of a resemblance to the rattlesnake, for its attraction is irresistible. At this moment it almost seems as if all the treasures of art in Rome were annihilated: every stranger, without exception, has broken off the current of his contemplations, and is hurrying to Naples. I, however, shall stay, in the hope that the mountain will have a little eruption expressly for my amusement.

Rome, Dec. 1, 1786.

Moritz is here, who has made himself famous by his "Anthony, the Traveller (*Anton Reiser*), and his "Wanderings in England" (*Wanderungen nach England*). He is a right-down excellent man, and we have been greatly pleased with him.

Rome, Dec. 1, 1786.

Here in Rome, where one sees so many strangers, all of whom do not visit this capital of the world merely for the sake of the fine arts, but also for amusements of every kind, the people are prepared for every thing. Accordingly, they have invented and attained great excellence in certain half arts which require for their pursuit little more than manual skill and pleasure in such handiwork, and which consequently attract the interest of ordinary visitors.

Among these is the art of painting in wax. Requiring little more than tolerable skill in water-coloring, it serves as an amusement to employ one's time in preparing and adapting the wax, and then in burning it, and in such like mechanical labors. Skilful artists give lessons in the art, and, under the pretext of showing their pupils how to perform their tasks, do the chief part of the work themselves; so that when at last the figure stands out in bright relief in the gilded frame, the fair disciple is ravished with the proof of her unconscious talent.

Another pretty occupation is, with a very fine clay to take impressions of cameos cut in deep relief. This is also done in the case of medallions, both sides of which are thus copied at once. More tact, attention, and diligence is required, lastly, for preparation of the glass-paste for mock jewels. For all these things Hofrath Reiffenstein has the necessary workshops and laboratories, either in his house or close at hand.

Dec. 2, 1786.

I have accidentally found here Anhenholtz's "Italy." A work written on the spot, in so contracted and narrow-minded a spirit as this, is just as if one were to lay a book purposely on the coals in order that it might be browned and blackened, and its leaves curled up and disfigured with smoke. No doubt he has seen all that he writes about, but he possesses far too little of real knowledge to support his high pretensions and sneering tone; and whether he praises or blames, he is always in the wrong.

Dec. 2, 1786.

Such beautiful warm and quiet weather at the end of November (which, however, is often broken by a day's rain), is quite new to me. We spend the fine days in the open air, the bad in our room: everywhere there is something to learn and to do, something to be delighted with.

On the 28th we paid a second visit to the Sistine Chapel, and had the galleries opened, in order that we might obtain a nearer view of the ceiling. As the galleries are very narrow, it is only with great difficulty that one forces his way up them, by means of the iron balustrades. There is an appearance of danger about it, on which account those who are liable to get dizzy had better not make the attempt: all the discomfort, however, is fully compensated by the sight of the great masterpiece of art. And at this moment I am so taken with Michael Angelo, that after him I have no taste even for nature herself; especially as I am unable to contemplate her with the same eye of genius that he did. Oh, that there were only some means of fixing such paintings in my soul! At any rate, I shall bring with me every engraving and drawing of his pictures, or drawings after him, that I can lay hold of.

Then we went to the Loggie, painted by Raphael, and scarcely dare I say that we could not endure to look at them. The eye had been so dilated and spoiled by those great forms, and the glorious finish of every part, that it was not able to follow the ingenious windings of the Arabesques; and the Scripture histories, however beautiful they were, did not stand examination after the former. And yet to see these works frequently one after another, and to compare them together at leisure, and without prejudice, must be a source of great pleasure; for at first all sympathy is more or less exclusive.

Under a sunshine, if any thing rather too warm, we thence proceeded to the Villa Pamphili, whose beautiful gardens are much resorted to for amusement; and there we remained till evening. A large, flat meadow, enclosed by long, evergreen oaks and lofty pines, was sown all over with daisies, which turned their heads to the sun. I now revived my botanical speculations which I had indulged in the other day during a walk towards Monte Mario, to the Villa Melini, and the Villa Madama. It is very interesting to observe the working of a vigorous, unceasing vegetation, which is here unbroken by any severe cold. Here there are no buds: one has actually to learn what a bud is. The strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*) is at this season, for the second time, in blossom, while its last fruits are just ripening. So also the orange-tree may be seen in flower, and at the same time bearing partially and fully ripened fruit. (The latter trees, however, if they are not sheltered by standing between build-

ings, are at this season generally covered.) As to the cypress, that most "venerable" of trees when it is old and well grown, it affords matter enough for thought. As soon as possible I shall pay a visit to the Botanical Gardens, and hope to add there much to my experience. Generally, there is nothing to be compared with the new life which the sight of a new country affords to a thoughtful person. Although I am still the same being, I yet think I am changed to the very marrow.

For the present I conclude, and shall perhaps fill the next sheet with murders, disorders, earthquakes, and troubles, in order that at any rate my pictures may not be without shades.

ROME, Dec. 3, 1786.

The weather lately has changed almost every six days. Two days quite glorious, then a doubtful one, and after it two or three rainy ones, and then again fine weather. I endeavor to put each day, according to its nature, to the best use.

And yet these glorious objects are even still like new acquaintances to me. One has not yet lived with them, nor got familiar with their peculiarities. Some of them attract us with irresistible power, so that for a time we feel indifferent, if not unjust, to all others. Thus, for instance, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvedere, some colossal heads, and very recently the Sistine Chapel, have by turns so won my whole heart, that I scarcely saw any thing besides them. But, in truth, can man, little as man always is, and accustomed to littleness, ever make himself equal to all that here surrounds him of what is noble, vast, and refined? Even though he should in any degree adapt himself to it, then how vast is the multitude of objects that immediately press upon him from all sides, and meet him at every turn, of which each demands for itself the tribute of his whole attention. How is one to get out of the difficulty? No other way assuredly than by patiently allowing it to work, becoming industrious, and attending the while to all that others have accomplished for our benefit.

Winckelmann's "History of Art," translated by Rea (the new edition), is a very useful book, which I have just procured, and here on the spot find it to be highly profitable, as I have around me many kind friends, willing to explain and to comment upon it.

Roman antiquities also begin to have a charm for me. History, inscriptions, coins (of which formerly I knew nothing), all are pressing upon me. As I fared with natural history, so I do here also; for the history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot, and I reckon a new birthday, — a true new birth from the day I entered Rome.

DEC. 5, 1786.

During the few weeks that I have been here, I have already seen many strangers come and go, so that I have often wondered at the levity with which so many treat these precious monuments. God be thanked that hereafter none of those birds of passage will be able to impose upon me. When, in the North, they shall speak to me of Rome, none of them now will be able to excite my spleen; for I also have seen it, and know too, in some degree, where I have been.

DEC. 8, 1786.

We have, every now and then, the most beautiful days. The rain which falls from time to time has made the grass and garden-stuffs quite verdant. Evergreens, too, are to be seen here at different spots, so that one scarcely misses the fallen leaves of the forest trees. In the gardens you may see orange-trees full of fruit, left in the open ground and not under cover.

I had intended to give you a particular account of a very pleasant trip which we took to the sea, and of our fishing-exploits; but in the evening poor Moritz, as he was riding home, broke his arm, his horse having slipped on the smooth Roman pavement. This marred all our pleasure, and has plunged our little domestic circle in sad affliction.

DEC. 13, 1786.

I am heartily delighted that you have taken my sudden disappearance just as I wished you should. Pray appease for me every one that may have taken offence at it. I never wished to give any one pain, and even now I cannot say any thing to excuse myself. God keep me from ever afflicting my friends with the premises which led me to this resolution.

Here I am gradually recovering from my "salto mortale," and studying rather than enjoying. Rome is a world, and one must spend years before one can become at all acquainted with it. How happy do I consider those travellers who can take a look at it and go their way!

Yesterday many of Winckelmann's letters which he wrote from Italy fell into my hands. With what emotions I began to read them! About this same season, some one and thirty years ago, he came hither a still poorer simpleton than I; but then he had such thorough German enthusiasm for all that is sterling and genuine, either in antiquity or art. How bravely and diligently he worked his way through all difficulties; and what good it does me, — the remembrance of such a man in such a place!

After the objects of Nature, who in all her parts is true to herself, and consistent, nothing speaks so loudly as the remembrance of a good, intelligent man, — that genuine art which is no less consistent and harmonious than herself. Here in Rome we feel this right well, where so many an arbitrary caprice has had its day, where so many a folly has immortalized itself by its power and its gold.

The following passage in Winckelmann's letters to Franconia particularly pleased me. "We must look at all the objects in Rome with a certain degree of phlegm, or else one will be taken for a Frenchman. In Rome, I believe, is the high school for all the world; and I also have been purified and tried in it."

This remark applies directly to my mode of visiting the different objects here; and most certain is it, that out of Rome no one can have an idea how one is schooled in Rome. One must, so to speak, be new born; and one looks back on his earlier notions as a man does on the little shoes which fitted him when a child. The most ordinary man learns something here: at least he gains one uncommon idea, even though it never should pass into his whole being.

This letter will reach you in the new year. All good wishes for the beginning: before the end of it we shall meet again, and that will be no little gratification. The one that is passing away has been the most important of my life. I may now die, or I may tarry a little longer yet: in either case it was well. And now a word or two more for the little ones.

To the children you may either read or tell what follows. Here there are no signs of winter: the gardens are planted with evergreens; the sun shines bright and warm; snow is nowhere to be seen, except on the most distant hills towards the north. The citron-trees, which are planted against the garden walls, are now, one after another, covered with reeds; but the oranges are allowed to stand quite open. Many

hundreds of the finest fruits may be seen hanging on a single tree; which is not, as with us, dwarfed, and planted in a bucket, but stands in the earth, free and joyous, amidst a long line of brothers. The oranges are even now very good, but it is thought they will be still finer.

We were lately at the sea, and had a haul of fish, and drew to the light, fishes, crabs, and rare univalves of the most wonderful shapes conceivable; also the fish which gives an electric shock to all who touch it.

Rome, Dec. 20, 1786.

And yet, after all, it is more trouble and care than enjoyment. The Regenerator, which is changing me within and without, continues to work. I certainly thought that I had something really to learn here; but that I should have to take so low a place in the school, that I must forget so much that I had learned, or rather absolutely unlearn so much, — of that I had never the least idea. Now, however, that I am once convinced of its necessity, I have devoted myself to the task; and the more I am obliged to renounce my former self, the more delighted I am. I am like an architect who has begun to build a tower, but finds he has laid a bad foundation: he becomes aware of the fact betimes, and willingly goes to work to pull down all that he has raised above the earth; having done so, he proceeds to enlarge his ground plan, and now rejoices to anticipate the undoubted stability of his future building. Heaven grant, that, on my return, the moral consequences may be discernible of all that this living in a wider world has effected within me! For, in sooth, the moral sense as well as the artistic is undergoing a great change.

Dr. Münter is here on his return from his tour in Sicily, — an energetic, vehement man. What objects he may have, I cannot tell. He will reach you in May, and has much to tell you. He has been travelling in Italy two years. He is disgusted with the Italians, who have not paid due respect to the weighty letters of recommendation which were to have opened to him many an archive, many a private library; so that he is far from having accomplished his object.

He has collected some beautiful coins, and possesses, he tells me, a manuscript which reduces numismatics to as precise a system of characteristics as the Linnæan system of botany. Herder, he says, knows still more about it: probably a transcript of it will be permitted. To do something of

the kind is certainly possible; and, if well done, it will be truly valuable: and we must, sooner or later, enter seriously into this branch of learning.

ROME, Dec. 25, 1786.

I am now beginning to revisit the principal sights of Rome: in such second views, our first amazement generally dies away into more of sympathy and a purer perception of the true value of the objects. In order to form an idea of the highest achievements of the human mind, the soul must first attain to perfect freedom from prejudice and prepossession.

Marble is a rare material. It is on this account that the Apollo Belvedere in the original is so infinitely ravishing; for that sublime air of youthful freedom and vigor, of never-changing juvenescence, which breathes around the marble, at once vanishes in the best even of plaster casts.

In the Palace Rondanini, which is right opposite our lodgings, there is a Medusa-mask, above the size of life, in which the attempt to portray a lofty and beautiful countenance in the numbing agony of death has been indescribably successful. I possess an excellent cast of it, but the charm of the marble remains not. The noble semi-transparency of the yellow stone — approaching almost to the hue of flesh — is vanished. Compared with it, plaster of Paris has a chalky and dead look.

And yet how delightful it is to go to a modeller in gypsum, and to see the noble limbs of a statue come out one by one from the mould, and thereby to acquire wholly new ideas of their shapes. And then, again, by such means all that in Rome is scattered, is brought together, for the purpose of comparison; and this alone is of inestimable service. Accordingly, I could not resist the temptation to procure a cast of the colossal head of Jupiter. It stands right opposite my bed, in a good light, in order that I may address my morning devotions to it. With all its grandeur and dignity, it has, however, given rise to one of the funniest interludes possible.

Our old hostess, when she comes to make my bed, is generally followed by her pet cat. Yesterday I was sitting in the great hall, and could hear the old woman pursue her avocation within. On a sudden, in great haste, and with an excitement quite unusual to her, she opened the door, and called to me to come quickly and see a wonder. To my

question, what was the matter, she replied the cat was saying its prayers. Of the animal she had long observed, she told me, that it had as much sense as a Christian; but this was really a great wonder. I hastened to see it with my own eyes; and it was, indeed, strange enough. The bust stood on a high pedestal, and, as there was a good length of the shoulders, the head stood high. Now, the cat had sprung upon the table, and had placed her fore-feet on the breast of the god, and, stretching her body to its utmost length, just reached with her muzzle his sacred beard, which she was licking most ceremoniously; and neither by the exclamation of the hostess, nor my entrance into the room, was she at all disturbed. I left the good dame to her astonishment; and she afterwards accounted for puss's strange act of devotion by supposing that this sharp-nosed cat had caught scent of the grease which had probably been transferred from the mould to the deep lines of the beard, and had remained there.

DEC. 29, 1786.

Of Tischbein I have much to say and to boast. In the first place, a thorough and original German, he has made himself entirely what he is. In the next place, I must make grateful mention of the friendly attentions he has shown me throughout the time of his second stay in Rome. For he has had prepared for me a series of copies after the best masters, — some in black chalk, others in sepia and water-colors, — which in Germany, when I shall be at a distance from the originals, will grow in value, and will serve to remind me of all that is rarest and best.

At the commencement of his career as an artist, when he set up as a portrait-painter, Tischbein came in contact, especially in Munich, with distinguished personages, and in his intercourse with them strengthened his artistic feeling and enlarged his views.

The second part of the "*Zerstreute Blatter*" (stray leaves) I have brought with me hither, and they are doubly welcome. What good influence this little book has had on me, even on the second perusal, Herder, for his reward, shall be circumstantially informed. Tischbein cannot conceive how any thing so excellent could ever have been written by one who has never been in Italy

Dec. 29, 1786.

In this world of artists one lives, as it were, in a mirrored chamber, where, without wishing it, one sees his own image and those of others continually multiplied. Latterly I have often observed Tischbein attentively regarding me; and now it appears that he has long cherished the idea of painting my portrait. His design is already settled, and the canvas stretched. I am to be drawn of the size of life, enveloped in a white mantle, and sitting on a fallen obelisk, viewing the ruins of the Campagna di Roma, which are to fill up the background of the picture. It will form a beautiful piece, only it will be rather too large for our northern habitations. I, indeed, may again crawl into them, but the portrait will never be able to enter their doors.

I cannot help observing the great efforts that are constantly being made to draw me from my retirement, — how the poets either read or get their pieces read to me; and I should be blind did I not see that it depends only on myself whether I shall play a part or not. All this is amusing enough; for I have long since measured the lengths to which one may go in Rome. The many little coteries here at the feet of the mistress of the world strongly remind one occasionally of an ordinary country town.

In sooth, things here are much like what they are everywhere else; and what *could be done with me and through me* causes me *ennui* long before it is accomplished. Here you must take up with one party or another, and help them to carry on their feuds and cabals; and you must praise these artists and those dilettanti, disparage their rivals, and, above all, be pleased with every thing that the rich and great do. All these little meannesses, then, for the sake of which one is almost ready to leave the world itself, — must I here mix myself up with them, and that, too, when I have neither interest nor stake in them? No: I shall go no farther than is merely necessary to know what is going on, and thus to learn, in private, to be more contented with my lot, and to stifle the desire, in myself and others, of going out into the dear wide world. I wish to see Rome in its abiding and permanent features, and not as it passes and changes with every ten years. Had I time, I might wish to employ it better. Above all, one may study history here quite differently from what one can on any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read one's self into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards: all arranges

itself around you, and seems to proceed from you. And this holds good, not only of Roman history, but also of that of the whole world. From Rome I can accompany the conquerors on their march to the Weser or to the Euphrates; or, if I wish to be a sight-seer, I can wait in the Via Sacra for the triumphant generals, and in the meantime receive for my support the largesses of corn and money, and so take a very comfortable share in all the splendor.

Rome, Jan. 2, 1787.

Men may say what they will in favor of a written and oral communication: it is only in a very few cases indeed that it is at all adequate; for it never can convey the true character of any object soever, — no, not even of a purely intellectual one. But if one has already enjoyed a sure and steady view of the object, then one may profitably hear or read about it; for then there exists a living impression around which all else may arrange itself in the mind, and then one can think and judge.

You have often laughed at me, and wished to drive me away from the peculiar taste I had for examining stones, plants, or animals, from certain theoretical points of view: now, however, I am directing my attention to architects, statuaries, and painters, and hope to find myself learning something even from them.

Rome, Jan. 4, 1787.

After all this, I must further speak to you of the state of indecision in which I am with regard to my stay in Italy. In my last letter I wrote to you that it was my purpose to leave Rome immediately after Easter, and gradually return home. Until then I shall yet gather a few more shells from the shore of the great ocean, and so my most urgent needs will have been appeased. I am now cured of a violent passion and disease, and restored to the enjoyment of life, to the enjoyment of history, poetry, and of antiquities, and have treasures which it will take me many a long year to polish and to finish.

Recently, however, friendly voices have reached me to the effect that I ought not to be in a hurry, but to wait till I can return home with still richer gains. From the Duke, too, I have received a very kind and considerate letter, in which he excuses me from my duties for an indefinite period, and sets me quite at ease with respect to my absence. My mind,

therefore, turns to the vast field which I must otherwise have left untrodden. For instance, in the case of coins and cameos, I have as yet been able to do nothing. I have, indeed, begun to read Winckelmann's "History of Art," but have passed over Egypt: for I feel, once again, that I must look out before me; and I have done so with regard to Egyptian matters. The more we look, the more distant becomes the horizon of art; and he who would step surely must step slowly.

I intend to stay here till the Carnival; and, in the first week of Lent, shall set off for Naples, taking Tischbein with me, both because it will be a treat to him, and because, in his society, all my enjoyments are more than doubled. I purpose to return hither before Easter, for the sake of the solemnities of Passion Week. But there Sicily lies — there below. A journey thither requires more preparation, and ought to be taken, too, in the autumn. It must not be merely a ride round it and across it, which is soon done, but from which we bring away with us, in return for our fatigue and money, nothing but a simple, *I have seen it:* the best way is to take up one's quarters, first of all, in Palermo, and afterwards in Catania; and then, from those points, to make fixed and profitable excursions, having previously, however, well studied *Riedesel* and others on the locality.

If, then, I spend the summer in Rome, I shall set to work to study, and to prepare myself for visiting Sicily. As I cannot very well go there before November, and must stay there till over December, it will be the spring of 1788 before I can hope to get home again. Then, again, I have had before my mind a *medius terminus*. Giving up the idea of visiting Sicily, I have thought of spending a part of the summer at Rome, and then, after paying a second visit to Florence, getting home by the autumn.

But all these plans have been much perplexed by the news of the Duke's misfortune. Since receiving the letters which informed me of this event I have had no rest, and would like most to set off at Easter, laden with the fragments of my conquests, and, passing quickly through Upper Italy, be in Weimar again by June.

I am too much alone here to decide; and I write you this long story of my whole position, that you may be good enough to summon a council of those who love me, and who, being on the spot, know the circumstances better than I. Let them, therefore, determine the proper course for me to

take, on the supposition of what, I assure you, is the fact, that I am myself more disposed to return than to stay. The strongest tie that holds me in Italy is Tischbein. I should never, even should it be my happy lot to return a second time to this beautiful land, learn so much in so short a time as I have now done in the society of this well-educated, highly refined, and most upright man, who is devoted to me, both body and soul. I cannot now tell you how the scales are gradually falling from off my eyes. He who travels by night takes the dawn for day, and a murky day for brightness: what will it be when the sun rises? Moreover, I have hitherto kept myself from all the world, which yet is getting hold of me by degrees, and which I, for my part, was not unwilling to watch and observe with stealthy glances.

I have written to Fritz a joking account of my reception into the *Arcadia;* and indeed it is only a subject of joke, for the Institute is really sunk into miserable insignificance.

Next Monday week Monti's tragedy is to be acted. He is extremely anxious, and not without cause. He has a very troublesome public, which requires to be amused from moment to moment; and his play has no brilliant passages in it. He has asked me to go with him to his box, and stand by him as confessor in this critical moment. Another is ready to translate my "Iphigenia;" another, to do I know not what, in honor of me. They are all so divided into parties, and so bitter against each other. But my countrymen are so unanimous in my favor, that if I gave them any encouragement, and yielded to them in the very least, they would try a hundred follies with me, and end with crowning me on the Capitol, of which they have already seriously thought — so foolish is it to have a stranger and a Protestant to play the first part in a comedy. What connection there is in all this, and how great a fool I was to think that it was all intended for my honor, — of all this we will talk together one day.

JAN. 6, 1787.

I have just come from Moritz, whose arm is healed, and loosed from its bandages. It is well set, firm, and he can move it quite freely. What during these last forty days I have experienced and learned, as nurse, confessor, and private secretary, to this patient, may prove of benefit to us hereafter. The most painful sufferings and the noblest enjoyments went side by side throughout this whole period.

To refresh me, I yesterday had set up in our sitting-room a cast of a colossal head of Juno, of which the original is in the Villa Ludovisi. This was my first love in Rome, and now I have gained the object of my wishes. No words can give the remotest idea of it. It is like one of Homer's songs.

I have, however, deserved the neighborhood of such good society for the future; for I can now tell you that Iphigenia is at last finished, i.e., that it lies before me on the table in two tolerably concordant copies, of which one will very soon begin its pilgrimage to you. Receive it with all indulgence; for, to speak the truth, what stands on the paper is not exactly what I intended, but still it will convey an idea of what was in my mind.

You complain occasionally of some obscure passages in my letters, which allude to the oppression, which I suffer in the midst of the most glorious objects in the world. With all this, my fellow-traveller — this Grecian princess — has had a great deal to do; for she has kept me close at work when I wished to be seeing sights.

I often think of our worthy friend, who had long determined upon a grand tour which one might well term a voyage of discovery. After he had studied and economized several years with a view to this object, he took it in his head to carry off the daughter of a noble house, thinking it was all one.

With no less of criminality, I determined to take Iphigenia with me to Carslbad. I will now briefly enumerate the places where I held special converse with her.

When I had left behind me the Brenner, I took her out of my large portmanteau, and placed her by my side. At the Lago di Garda, while the strong south wind drove the waves on the beach, and where I was at least as much alone as my heroine on the coast of Tauris, I drew the first outlines, which afterwards I filled up at Verona, Vicenza, and Padua, but above all, and most diligently, at Venice. After this, however, the work came to a stand-still; for I hit upon a new design, viz., of writing an Iphigenia at Delphi, which I should have immediately carried into execution, but for the distractions of my young, and for a feeling of duty towards the older, play.

In Rome, however, I went on with it, and proceeded with tolerable steadiness. Every evening before I went to sleep I prepared myself for my morning's task, which was resumed immediately I awoke. My way of proceeding was quite

simple: I calmly wrote down the play, and tried the melody line by line, and period by period. What has been thus produced, you shall soon judge of. For my part, doing this work, I have learnt more than I have done. With the play itself there shall follow some further remarks.

To speak again of church matters, I must tell you that on the night of Christmas Day we wandered about in troops, and visited all the churches where solemn services were being performed. One especially was visited, because of its organ and music: the latter was so arranged, that in its tones nothing belonging to pastoral music was wanting, — neither the singing of the shepherds, nor the twittering of birds, nor the bleating of sheep.

On Christmas Day I saw the Pope and the whole consistory in St. Peter's, where he celebrated high mass, partly before and partly from his throne. It is of its kind an unequalled sight, splendid and dignified enough; but I have grown so old in my Protestant Diogenism, that this pomp and splendor revolt me more than they attract me. I, like my pious forefathers, am disposed to say to these spiritual conquerors of the world, "Hide not from me the sun of higher art and purer humanity."

Yesterday, which was the Feast of Epiphany, I saw and heard mass celebrated after the Greek rite. The ceremonies appeared to me more solemn, more severe, more suggestive, and yet more popular, than the Latin.

But there, too, I also felt again that I am too old for any thing, except for truth alone. Their ceremonies and operatic music, their gyrations and ballet-like movements — it all passes off from me like water from an oilskin cloak. A work of nature, however, like that of a sunset seen from the Villa Madonna, — a work of art, like my much honored Juno, — makes a deep and vivid impression on me.

And now I must ask you to congratulate me with regard to theatrical matters. Next week seven theatres will be opened. Anfossi himself is here, and will act "Alexander in India." A Cyrus also will be represented, and the "Taking of Troy" as a ballet. That assuredly must be something for the children!

Rome, Jan. 10, 1787.

Here, then, comes the "child of sorrows;" for this surname is due to "Iphigenia" in more than one sense. On

the occasion of my reading it to our artists, I put a mark against several lines, some of which I have in my opinion improved, but others I have allowed to stand — perhaps Herder will cross a few of them with his pen.

The true cause of my having for many years preferred prose for my works, is the great uncertainty in which our prosody fluctuates, in consequence of which many of my judicious learned friends and fellow artists have left many things to taste, — a course, however, which was little favorable to the establishing of any certain standard.

I should never have attempted to translate "Iphigenia" into iambics, had not Moritz's prosody shone upon me like a star of light. My conversation with its author, especially during his confinement from his accident, has still more enlightened me on the subject; and I would recommend my friends to think favorably of it.

It is somewhat singular, that in our language we have but very few syllables which are decidedly long or short. With all the others, one proceeds as taste or caprice may dictate. Now, Moritz, after much thought, has hit upon the idea that there is a certain order of rank among our syllables, and that the one which in sense is more emphatic is long as compared with the less significant, and makes the latter short; but, on the other hand, it does in its turn become short whenever it comes into the neighborhood of another which possesses greater weight and emphasis than itself. Here, then, is at least a rule to go by; and even though it does not decide the whole matter, still it opens out a path by which one may hope to get a little farther. I have often allowed myself to be influenced by these rules, and generally have found my ear agreeing with them.

As I formerly spoke of a public reading, I must quietly tell you how it passed off. These young men, accustomed to those earlier vehement and impetuous pieces, expected something after the fashion of Berlichingen, and could not so well make out the calm movement of "Iphigenia;" and yet the nobler and purer passages did not fail of effect. Tischbein, who also could hardly reconcile himself to this entire absence of passion, produced a pretty illustration or symbol of the work. He illustrated it by a sacrifice, of which the smoke, borne down by a light breeze, descends to the earth, while the freer flame strives to ascend on high. The drawing was very pretty and significant. I have the sketch still by me. And thus the work, which I thought to despatch in

no time, has employed, hindered, occupied, and tortured me a full quarter of a year. This is not the first time that I have made an important task a mere by-work; but we will on that subject no longer indulge in fancies and disputes.

I enclose a beautiful cameo, — a lion, with a gad-fly buzzing at his nose. This seems to have been a favorite subject with the ancients, for they have repeated it very often. I should like you, from this time forward, to seal your letters with it, in order that through this (little) trifle an echo of art may, as it were, reverberate from you to me.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1787.

How much I have to say each day, and how sadly I am prevented, either by amusement or occupation, from committing to paper a single sage remark! And then again, the fine days, when it is better to be anywhere than in the rooms, which, without stove or chimney, receive us only to sleep or to discomfort! Some of the incidents of the last week, however, must not be left unrecorded.

In the Palace Giustiniani there is a Minerva, which claims my undivided homage. Winckelmann scarcely mentions it, and, at any rate, not in the right place; and I feel myself quite unworthy to say any thing about it. As we contemplated the image, and stood gazing at it a long time, the wife of the keeper of the collection said, "This must have once been a holy image; and the English, who happen to be of *this* religion, are still accustomed to pay worship to it by kissing this hand of it" (which in truth was quite white, while the rest of the statue was brownish). She further told us that a lady of *this* religion had been there not long before, and, throwing herself on her knees before the statue, had regularly offered prayer to it; and I, she said, as a Christian, could not help smiling at so strange an action, and was obliged to run out of the room, lest I should burst out into a loud laugh before her face. As I was unwilling to move from the statue, she asked me if my beloved was at all like the statue, that it charmed me so much. The good dame knew of nothing besides devotion or love; but of the pure admiration for a glorious piece of man's handiwork, of a mere sympathetic veneration for the creation of the human intellect, she could form no idea. We rejoiced in that noble English woman, and went away with a longing to turn our steps back again; and I shall certainly soon go once more thither. If my friends wish for a more particular descrip-

tion, let them read what Winckelmann says of the *high* style of art among the Greeks: unfortunately, however, he does not adduce this Minerva as an illustration. But, if I do not greatly err, it is, nevertheless, of this high and severe style, since it passes into the beautiful. It is, as it were, a bud that opens, and so a Minerva, whose character this idea of transition so well suits.

Now for a spectacle of a different kind. On the Feast of the Three Kings, or the Commemoration of Christ's Manifestation to the Gentiles, we paid a visit to the Propaganda. There, in the presence of three cardinals and a large audience, an essay was first of all delivered, which treated of the place in which the Virgin Mary received the three Magi, — in the stable; or, if not, where? Next, some Latin verses were read on similar subjects; and after this a series of about thirty scholars came forward, one by one, and read a little piece of poetry in their native tongues, — Malabar, Epirotic, Turkish, Moldavian, Hellenic, Persian, Colchian, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Coptic, Saracenic, Armenian, Erse, Madagassic, Icelandic, Bohemian, Greek, Isaurian, Æthiopic, etc. The poems seemed for the most part to be composed in the national syllabic measure, and to be delivered with the vernacular declamation, for most barbaric rhythms and tones occurred. Among them, the Greek sounded like a star in the night. The audience laughed most unmercifully at the strange sounds; and so this representation also became a farce.

And now (before concluding) a little anecdote, to show with what levity holy things are treated in Holy Rome: The deceased cardinal, Albani, was once present at one of those festal meetings which I have just been describing. One of the scholars, with his face turned towards the cardinals, began, in a strange pronunciation, *Gnaja! Gnaja!* so that it sounded something like *canaglia! canaglia!* The cardinal turned to his brothers, with a whisper, "He knows us, at any rate."

How much has Winckelmann done! and yet how much reason has he left us to wish that he had done still more! With the materials which he had collected he built quickly, in order to reach the roof. Were he still living, he would be the first to give us a recast of his great work. What further observations, what corrections, he would have made! to what good use he would have put all that others, following his own principles, have observed and effected! And,

besides, Cardinal Albani is dead, out of respect to whom he has written much, and perhaps concealed much.

JAN. 15, 1787.

And so, then, "Aristodemo" has at last been acted, and with good success, too, and the greatest applause: as the Abbate Monti is related to the house of the Nepote, and highly esteemed among the higher orders, from these, therefore, all was to be hoped for. The boxes, indeed, were but sparing in their plaudits. As for the pit, it was won, from the very first, by the beautiful language of the poet and the appropriate recitation of the actors; and it omitted no opportunity of testifying its approbation. The bench of the German artists distinguished themselves not a little; and this time no fault can be found with them, considering they are at all times a little overloud.

The author himself remained at home, full of anxiety for the success of the play. From act to act, favorable despatches arrived, which changed his fear into the greatest joy. Now there is no lack of repetitions of the representation, and all is on the best track. Thus, by the most opposite things, if only each has the merit it claims, the favor of the multitude, as well as of the connoisseur, may be won.

But the acting was in the highest degree meritorious; and the chief actor, who appears throughout the play, spoke and acted cleverly: one might have fancied he saw one of the ancient Cæsars come on the stage. They had, very judiciously, transferred to their stage dresses the costume which in the statue *strikes the spectator* as so dignified; and one saw at once that the actor had studied the antique.

JAN. 18, 1787.

Rome is threatened with a great artistic loss. The king of Naples has ordered the Hercules Farnese to be brought to his palace. The news has made all the artists quite sad. However, on this occasion we shall see something which was hidden from our forefathers.

The aforesaid statue, namely, from the head to the knee, and afterwards the lower part of the feet, together with the sockle on which it stood, were found within the Farnesian domain: but the legs, from the knee to the ankle, were wanting, and had been supplied by Giuglielmo Porta; on these it had stood since its discovery to the present day. In the

mean time, however, the genuine old legs were found in the lands of the Borghesi, and were to be seen in their villa.

Recently, however, the Prince Borghese has achieved a victory over himself, and has made a present of these costly relics to the king of Naples. They are removing Porta's legs, and replacing them by the genuine ones; and every one is promising himself — however well contented he has been hitherto with the old — quite a new treat and a more harmonious enjoyment.

Rome, Jan. 18, 1787.

Yesterday, which was the Festival of the Holy Abbot St. Anthony, we had a merry day. The weather was the finest in the world: though there had been a hard frost during the night, the day was bright and warm.

One may remark, that all religions which enlarge their worship or their speculations must at last come to this, — of making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favors. St. Anthony — abbot or bishop — is the patron saint of all four-footed creatures: his festival is a kind of Saturnalian holiday for the otherwise oppressed beasts, and also for their keepers and drivers. All the gentry must on this day either remain at home, or else be content to travel on foot. And there are no lack of fearful stories, which tell how unbelieving masters, who forced their coachmen to drive them on this day, were punished by suffering great calamities.

The church of the saint lies in so wide and open a district, that it might almost be called a desert. On this day, however, it is full of life and fun. Horses and mules, with their manes and tails prettily, not to say gorgeously, decked out with ribbons, are brought before the chapel (which stands at some distance from the church), where a priest, armed with a brush, and not sparing of the holy water, which stands before him in buckets and tubs, goes on sprinkling the lively creatures, and often plays them a roguish trick, in order to make them start and frisk. Pious coachmen offer their wax-tapers, of larger or smaller size. The masters send alms and presents, in order that the valuable and useful animals may go safely through the coming year without hurt or accidents. The donkeys and horned cattle, no less valuable and useful to their owners, have, likewise, their modest share in this blessing.

Afterwards we delighted ourselves with a long walk under

a delicious sky, and surrounded by the most interesting objects, to which, however, we this time paid very little attention, but gave full scope and rein to joke and merriment.

Rome, Jan. 19, 1787.

So, then, the great king, whose glory filled the world, whose deeds make him worthy of even the Papists' paradise, has gone at last from this life, to converse with heroes like himself in the realm of shades. How disposed one feels to be still after bringing the like of him to his rest.

This has been a very good day. First of all, we visited a part of the Capitol which we had previously neglected; then we crossed the Tiber, and drank some Spanish wine on board a ship which had just come into port. It was on this spot that Romulus and Remus are said to have been found. Thus keeping, as it were, a double or treble festival, we revelled in the inspiration of art, of a mild atmosphere, and of antiquarian reminiscences.

Jan. 20, 1787.

What at first furnishes a hearty enjoyment, when we take it superficially only, often weighs on us afterwards most oppressively, when we see that, without solid knowledge, the true delight must be missed.

As regards anatomy, I am pretty well prepared: and I have, not without some labor, gained a tolerable knowledge of the human frame; for the continual examination of the ancient statues is continually stimulating one to a more perfect understanding of it. In our medico-chirurgical anatomy, little more is in view than an acquaintance with the several parts; and, for this purpose, the *sorriest picture of the muscles* may serve very well: but in Rome the most exquisite parts would not even be noticed, unless as helping to make a noble and beautiful form.

In the great Lazaretto of San Spirito, there has been prepared, for the use of the artists, a very fine anatomical figure, displaying the whole muscular system. Its beauty is really amazing. It might pass for some flayed demigod, — even a Marsyas.

Thus, after the example of the ancients, men here study the human skeleton, not merely as an artistically arranged series of bones, but rather for the sake of the ligaments with which life and motion are carried on.

When now I tell you that in the evening we also study per-

spective, it must be pretty plain to you that we are not idle. With all our studies, however, we are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.

ROME, Jan. 22, 1787.

Of the artistic sense of Germans, and of their artistic life, — of these one may well say, One hears sounds, but they are not in unison. When now I bethink myself what glorious objects are in my neighborhood, and how little I have profited by them, I am almost tempted to despair; but then, again, I console myself with my promised return, when I hope to be able to understand these masterpieces, around which now I go groping miserably in the dark.

But, in fact, even in Rome itself, there is but little provision made for one who earnestly wishes to study art as a whole. He must patch it up and put it together for himself out of endless, but still gorgeously rich, ruins. No doubt but few of those who visit Rome are purely and earnestly desirous to see and to learn things rightly and thoroughly. They all follow, more or less, their own fancies and conceits; and this is observed by all alike who attend upon the strangers. Every guide has his own object, every one has his own dealer to recommend, his own artist to favor; and why should he not? for does not the inexperienced at once prize as most excellent whatever may be presented to him as such.

It would have been a great benefit to the study of art — indeed a peculiarly rich museum might have been formed — if the government (whose permission even at present must be obtained before any piece of antiquity can be removed from the city) had on such occasions invariably insisted on casts of the objects removed being delivered to it. Besides, if any pope had established such a rule, before long every one would have opposed all further removals; for in a few years people would have been frightened at the number and value of the treasures thus carried off, — to do which, there is a way of obtaining permission secretly, on some occasions, and by all manner of means.

JAN. 22, 1787.

The representation of the "Aristodemo" has stimulated, in an especial degree, the patriotism of our German artists, which *before* was far from being asleep. They never omit an occasion to speak well of my "Iphigenia." Some pas-

sages have from time to time been again called for, and I have found myself at last compelled to a second reading of the whole. And thus also I have discovered many passages which went off the tongue more smoothly than they look on the paper.

The favorable report of it has at last sounded even in the ears of Reiffenstein and Angelica, who entreated that I should produce my work once more for their gratification. I begged, however, for a brief respite; though I was obliged to describe to them, somewhat circumstantially, the plan and movement of the plot. The description won the approbation of these personages more even than I could have hoped for; and Signor Zucchi also, of whom I least of all expected it, evinced a warm and liberal sympathy with the play. The latter circumstance, however, is easily accounted for by the fact that the drama approximates very closely to the old and customary form of Greek, French, and Italian tragedy, which is most agreeable to every one whose taste has not been spoilt by the temerities of the English stage.

Rome, Jan. 25, 1787.

It becomes every day more difficult to fix the termination of my stay in Rome: just as one finds the sea continually deeper the farther one sails on it, so it is also with the examination of this city.

It is impossible to understand the present without a knowledge of the past; and to compare the two, requires both time and leisure. The very site of the city carries us back to the time of its being founded. We see at once that no great people, under a wise leader, settled here from its wanderings, and with wise forecast laid the foundations of the seat of future empire. No powerful prince would ever have selected this spot as well suited for the habitation of a colony. No! herdsmen and vagabonds first prepared here a dwelling for themselves: a couple of adventurous youths laid the foundation of the palaces of the masters of the world on the hill at the foot of which, amidst the marshes and reeds, they had defied the officers of law and justice. Moreover, the seven hills of Rome are not elevations above the land which lies beyond them, but merely above the Tiber and its ancient bed, which afterwards became the Campus Martius. If the coming spring is favorable to my making wider excursions in the neighborhood, I shall be able to describe more fully the unfavorable site. Even now I feel the most heartfelt

sympathy with the grief and lamentation of the women of Alba when they saw their city destroyed, and were forced to leave its beautiful site, the choice of a wise prince and leader, to share the fogs of the Tiber, and to people the miserable Cœlian Hill, from which their eyes still viewed the paradise they had quitted.

I know as yet but little of the neighborhood, but I am perfectly convinced that no city of the ancient world was so badly situated as Rome. No wonder, then, that the Romans, as soon as they had swallowed up all the neighboring states, went out of it, and, with their villas, returned to the noble sites of the cities they had destroyed, in order to live and to enjoy life.

It suggests a very pleasing contemplation to think how many people are living here in retirement, calmly occupied with their several tastes and pursuits. In the house of a clergyman, who, without any particular natural talent, has nevertheless devoted himself to the arts, we saw most interesting copies of some excellent paintings which he had imitated in miniature. His most successful attempt was after the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The moment of time is when the Lord, who is sitting familiarly at supper with his disciples, utters the awful words, "One of you shall betray me."

Hopes are entertained that he will allow an engraving to be taken, either of this, or of another copy on which he is at present engaged. It will be indeed a rich present to give to the great public a faithful imitation of this gem of art.

A few days since I visited, at the Trinità de' Monti, Father Jacquier, a Franciscan. He is a Frenchman by birth, and well known by his mathematical writings; and although far advanced in years, is still very agreeable and intelligent. He has been acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his day; and has even spent several months with Voltaire, who had a great liking for him.

I have also become acquainted with many more of such good, sterling men, of whom countless numbers are to be found here, whom, however, a sort of professional mistrust keeps estranged from each other. The book-trade furnishes no point of union, and literary novelties are seldom fruitful; and so it befits the solitary to seek out the hermits. For since the acting of "Aristodemo," in whose favor we made a very lively demonstration, I have been again much sought

after, but it was quite clear I was not sought for my own sake: it was always with a view to strengthen a party, to use me as an instrument; and if I had been willing to come forward and declare my side, I also, as a phantom, should for a time have played a short part. But now, since they see that nothing is to be made of me, they let me pass; and so I go steadily on my own way.

Indeed, my existence has lately taken in some ballast, which gives it the necessary gravity. I do not now frighten myself with the spectres which used so often to play before my eyes. Be, therefore, of good heart. You will keep me above water, and draw me back again to you.

Rome, Jan. 28, 1787.

Two considerations which more or less affect every thing, and to which one is compelled at every moment to give way, I must not fail to set down, now that they have become quite clear to me.

First of all, then, the vast and yet merely fragmentary riches of this city, and each single object of art, are constantly suggesting the question, To what date does it owe its existence? Winckelmann urgently calls upon us to separate epochs, to distinguish the different styles which the several masters employed, and the way in which, in the course of time, they gradually perfected, and at last corrupted them again. Of the necessity of so doing, every real friend of art is soon thoroughly convinced. We all acknowledge the justice and importance of the requisition. But now how to attain to this conviction? However clearly and correctly the notion itself may be conceived, yet without long preparatory labors there will always be a degree of vagueness and obscurity as to the particular application. A sure eye, strengthened by many years' exercise, is above all else necessary. Here hesitation or reserve are of no avail. Attention, however, is now directed to this point; and every one who is in any degree in earnest seems convinced that in this domain a sure judgment is impossible, unless it has been formed by historical study,

The second consideration refers exclusively to the arts of the Greeks, and endeavors to ascertain how those inimitable artists proceeded in their successful attempts to evolve from the human form their system of divine types, which is so perfect and complete, that neither any leading character nor any intermediate shade or transition is wanting. For my

part, I cannot withhold the conjecture that they proceeded according to the same laws by which Nature works, and which I am endeavoring to discover. Only, there is in them something else, which I know not how to express.

Rome, Feb. 2, 1787.

Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having witnessed it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three several days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful, at such a time, is the Coliseum. At night it is always closed. A hermit dwells in a little shrine within its range, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches: the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it; while, above, the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to contemplate the scene through the iron gratings, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud. The sight was exceedingly glorious. In such a light one ought also to see the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Portico of St. Peter's, and the grand streets and squares. And thus sun and moon, as well as the human mind, have here to do a work quite different from what they produce elsewhere, — here where vast and yet elegant masses present themselves to their rays.

Rome, Feb. 13, 1787.

I must mention a trifling fall of luck, even though it is but a little one. However, all luck, whether great or little, is of one kind, and always brings a joy with it. Near the Trinità de' Monti, the ground has been lately dug up to form a foundation for the new Obelisk; and now the whole of this region is choked up with the ruins of the Gardens of Lucullus, which subsequently became the property of the emperors. My perruquier was passing early one morning by the spot, and found in the pile of earth a flat piece of burnt clay with some figures on it. Having washed it, he showed it to me. I eagerly secured the treasure. It is not quite a span long, and seems to have been part of the stem of a great key.

Two old men stand before an altar: they are of the most beautiful workmanship, and I am uncommonly delighted with my new acquisition. Were they on a cameo, one would greatly like to use it as a seal.

I have by me a collection also of many other objects; and none is worthless or unmeaning, — for that is impossible: here every thing is instructive and significant. But my dearest treasure, however, is even that which I carry with me in my soul, and which, ever growing, is capable of a still greater growth.

Rome, Feb. 15, 1787.

Before departing for Naples, I could not get off from another public reading of my "Iphigenia." Madam Angelica and Hofrath Reiffenstein were the auditory; and even Signor Zucchi had solicited to be present, because it was the wish of his wife. During the reading, however, he worked away at a great architectural plan; for he is very skilful in executing drawings of this kind, and especially the decorative parts. He went with Clerisseau to Dalmatia, and was the associate of all his labors, drawing the buildings and ruins for the plates which the latter published. In this occupation he learned so much of perspective and effect, that in his old days he is able to amuse himself on paper in a very rational manner.

The tender soul of Angelica listened to the piece with incredible profoundness of sympathy. She promised me a drawing of one of the scenes, which I am to keep in remembrance of her. And now, just as I am about to quit Rome, I begin to feel myself tenderly attached to these kind-hearted people. It is a source of mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to know that people are sorry to part with you.

Rome, Feb. 16, 1787.

The safe arrival of "Iphigenia" has been announced to me in a most cheering and agreeable way. On my way to the opera, a letter from a well-known hand was brought to me, and was this time doubly welcome, having been sealed with the "Lion," — a premonitory token of the safe arrival of my packet. I hurried into the opera-house, and bustled to get a place among the strange faces beneath the great chandelier. At this moment I felt myself drawn so close to my friends, that I could almost have sprung forward to embrace them. From my heart I thank you even for having simply

mentioned the arrival of the "Iphigenia." May your next be accompanied with a few kind words of approval!

Enclosed is the list of those among whom I wish the copies I am to expect from Gösche to be distributed; for although it is with me a perfect matter of indifference how the public may receive these matters, still I hope by them to furnish some gratification to my friends at least.

One undertakes too much. When I think of my last four volumes together, I become almost giddy: I am obliged to take them up separately, and then the fit passes off.

I should, perhaps, have done better had I kept my first resolution to send these things, one by one, into the world, and so undertake with fresh vigor and courage the new subjects which have most recently awakened my sympathy. Should I not, perhaps, do better were I to write the "Iphigenia at Delphi," instead of amusing myself with my fanciful sketches of "Tasso." However, I have bestowed upon the latter too much of my thoughts to give it up, and let it fall to the ground.

I am sitting in the ante-room, near the chimney: and the warmth of a fire, for once well fed, gives me courage to commence a fresh sheet; for it is indeed a glorious thing to be able with our newest thoughts to reach into the distance, and by words to convey thither an idea of our immediate state and circumstances. The weather is right glorious, the days are sensibly lengthening, the laurels and box are in blossom, as also are the almond-trees. Early this morning I was delighted with a strange sight: I saw in the distance tall, pole-like trees, covered over and over with the loveliest violet flowers. On a closer examination I found it was the plant known in our hot-houses as the Judas-tree, and to botanists as the *cercis siliquastrum*. Its papilionaceous violet blossoms are produced directly from out of the stem. The stakes which I saw had been lopped last winter, and out of their bark well shaped and deeply tinted flowers were bursting by thousands. The daisies are also springing out of the ground as thick as ants: the crocus and the pheasant's-eye are more rare, but even on this account more rich and ornamental.

What pleasures and what lessons the more southern land will impart to me, and what new results will arise to me from them! With the things of nature it is as with those of art: much as is written about them, every one who sees them forms them into new combinations for himself.

When I think of Naples, and indeed of Sicily; when I read their history, or look at views of them, — it strikes me as singular that it should be even in these paradises of the world that the volcanic mountains manifest themselves so violently, for thousands of years alarming and confounding their inhabitants.

But I willingly drive out of my head the expectation of these much-prized scenes, in order that they may not lessen my enjoyment of the capital of the whole world before I leave it.

For the last fourteen days I have been moving about from morning to night. I am raking up every thing I have not yet seen. I am also viewing, for a second or even for a third time, all the most important objects: and they are all arranging themselves in tolerable order within my mind; for while the chief objects are taking their right places, there is space and room between them for many a less important one. My enthusiasm is purifying itself, and becoming more decided; and now, at last, my mind can rise to the height of the greatest and purest creations of art with calm admiration.

In my situation one is tempted to envy the artist, who, by copies and imitations of some kind or other, can, as it were, come near to those great conceptions, and grasp them better than one who merely looks at and reflects upon them. In the end, however, every one feels he must do his best; and so I set all the sails of my intellect, in the hope of getting round this coast.

The stove is at present thoroughly warm, and piled up with excellent coals, which is seldom the case with us, as no one scarcely has time or inclination to attend to the fire two whole hours together. I will, therefore, avail myself of this agreeable temperature to rescue from my tablets a few notes which are almost obliterated.

On the 2d of February we attended the ceremony of blessing the tapers in the Sistine Chapel. I was in any thing but a good humor, and shortly went off again with my friends: for I thought to myself, those are the very candles, which, for these three hundred years, have been dimming those noble paintings; and it is their smoke, which, with priestly impudence, not merely hangs in clouds around the only sun of art, but from year to year obscures it more and more, and will at last envelop it in total darkness.

We then sought the open air, and after a long walk came upon St. Onofrio's, in a corner of which Tasso is buried. In

the library of the monastery, there is a bust of him: the face is of wax, and I please myself with fancying that it was taken after death. Although the lines have lost some of their sharpness, and it is in some parts injured, still, on the whole, it serves better than any other I have yet seen to convey an idea of a talented, sensitive, and refined but reserved character.

So much for this time. I must now turn to glorious Volckmann's second part. which contains Rome, and which I have not yet seen. Before I start for Naples, the harvest must be housed: good days are coming for binding the sheaves.

Rome, Feb. 17, 1787.

The weather is incredibly and inexpressibly beautiful. For the whole of February, with the exception of four rainy days, a pure bright sky, and the days towards noon almost too warm! One is tempted out into the open air; and if, till lately, one spent all his time in the city among gods and heroes, the country has now all at once resumed its rights, and one can scarcely tear one's self from the surrounding scenes, lit up as they are with the most glorious days. Many a time does the remembrance come across me, how our northern artists labor to gain a charm from thatched roofs and ruined towers, — how they turn round and round every bush and bourn, and crumbling rock, in the hope of catching some picturesque effect; and I have been quite surprised at myself, when I find these things from habit still retaining a hold upon me. Be this as it may, however, within this last fortnight I have plucked up a little courage, and, sketch-book in hand, have wandered up and down the hollows and heights of the neighboring villas, and, without much consideration, have sketched off a few little objects characteristically southern and Roman, and am now trying (if good luck will come to my aid) to give them the requisite lights and shades.

It is a singular fact, that it is easy enough to clearly see and to acknowledge what is good and better, but that when one attempts to make them his own, and to grasp them, somehow or other they slip away, as it were, from between one's fingers; and we apprehend them, not by the standard of the true and right, but in accordance with our previous habits of thought and tastes. It is only by constant practice that we can hope to improve; but where am I to find

time and a collection of models? Still, I do feel myself a little improved by the sincere and earnest efforts of the last fortnight.

The artists are ready enough with their hints and instructions, for I am quick in apprehending them. But then the lesson so quickly learnt and understood, is not so easily put in practice. To apprehend quickly is, forsooth, the attribute of the mind; but correctly to execute that, requires the practice of a life.

And yet the amateur, however weak may be his efforts at imitation, need not be discouraged. The few lines which I scratch upon the paper, often hastily, seldom correctly facilitate any conception of sensible objects; for one advances to an idea more surely and more steadily, the more accurately and precisely he considers individual objects.

Only it will not do to measure one's self with artists: every one must go on in his own style. For nature has made provision for all her children: the meanest is not hindered in its existence, even by that of the most excellent. "A little man is still a man;" and with this remark we will let the matter drop.

I have seen the sea twice, — first the Adriatic, then the Mediterranean, — but only just to look at it. In Naples we hope to become better acquainted with it. All within me seems suddenly to urge me on: why not sooner — why not at a less sacrifice? How many thousand things, some quite new, and from the beginning, I could still communicate!

Rome, Feb. 17, 1787.
Evening after the follies of the Carnival.

I am sorry to go away and leave Moritz alone. He is going on well; but when he is left to himself, he immediately shuts himself up and is lost to the world. I have therefore exhorted him to write to Herder: the letter is enclosed. I should wish for an answer which may be serviceable and helpful to him. He is a strange good fellow: he would have been far more so, had he occasionally met with a friend sensible and affectionate enough to enlighten him as to his true state. At present he could not form an acquaintance likely to be more blessed to him than Herder's, if permitted frequently to write to him. He is at this moment engaged on a very laudable antiquarian attempt, which well deserves to be encouraged. Friend Herder could scarcely bestow his cares better, nor sow his good advice on more grateful soil.

The great portrait of myself which Tischbein has taken in hand begins already to stand out from the canvas. The painter has employed a clever statuary to make him a little model in clay, which is elegantly draped with the mantle. With this he is working away diligently; for it must, he says, be brought to a certain point before we set out for Naples, and it takes no little time merely to cover so large a field of canvas with colors.

Rome, Feb. 19, 1787.

The weather continues to be finer than words can express. This has been a day miserably wasted among fools. At night-fall I betook myself to the Villa Medici. A new moon has just shone upon us, and below the slender crescent I could with the naked eye discern almost the whole of the dark disc through the perspective. Over the earth hangs that haze of the day which the paintings of Claude have rendered so well known. In Nature, however, the phenomenon is perhaps nowhere so beautiful as it is here. Flowers are now springing out of the earth, and the trees putting forth blossoms which hitherto I have been unacquainted with. The almonds are in blossom, and between the dark green oaks they make an appearance as beautiful as it is new to me. The sky is like a bright blue taffeta in the sunshine: what will it be in Naples? Almost every thing here is already green. My botanical whims gain food and strength from all around; and I am on the way to discover new and beautiful connections by means of which Nature — that vast prodigy which yet is nowhere visible — evolves the most manifold varieties out of the most simple.

Vesuvius is throwing out both ashes and stones: in the evening its summit appears to glow. May travailing Nature only favor us with a stream of lava! I can scarcely endure to wait till it shall be really my lot to witness such grand phenomena.

Rome, Feb. 21, 1787
Ash Wednesday.

The folly is now at an end. The countless lights of yesterday evening were, however, a strange spectacle. One must have seen the Carnival in Rome to get entirely rid of the wish to see it again. Nothing can be written of it: as a subject of conversation it may be amusing enough. The most unpleasant feeling about it is, that real internal joy is wanting.

There is a lack of money, which prevents their enjoying what morsel of pleasure they might otherwise still feel in it. The great are economical, and hold back; those of the middle ranks are without the means; and the populace without spring or elasticity. In the last days there was an incredible tumult, but no heartfelt joy. The sky, so infinitely fine and clear, looked down nobly and innocently upon the mummeries.

However, as imitation is out of the question, and cannot be thought of here, I send you, to amuse the children, some drawings of carnival masks, and some ancient Roman costumes, which are also colored, as they may serve to supply a missing chapter in the "Orbis Pictus."

Rome, Feb. 21, 1787.

I snatch a few moments in the intervals of packing, to mention some particulars which I have hitherto omitted. To-morrow we set off for Naples. I am already delighting myself with the new scenery, which I promise myself will be inexpressibly beautiful, and hope, in this paradise of nature, to win fresh freedom and pleasure for the study of ancient art on my return to sober Rome.

Packing up is light work to me; since I can now do it with a merrier heart than I had some six months ago, when I had to tear myself from all that was most dear and precious to me. Yes, it is now full six months since; and of the four months I have spent in Rome, not a moment has been lost. The boast may sound big: nevertheless, it does not say too much.

That "Iphigenia" has arrived, I know. May I learn, at the foot of Vesuvius, that it has met with a hearty welcome!

That Tischbein, who possesses as glorious an eye for nature as for art, is to accompany me on this journey, is to me the subject of great congratulation: still, as genuine Germans, we cannot throw aside all purposes and thoughts of work. We have bought the best drawing-paper, and intend to sketch away; although, in all probability, the multitude, the beauty, and the splendor of the objects, will choke our good intentions.

One conquest I have gained over myself. Of all my unfinished poetical works, I shall take with me none but the "Tasso," of which I have the best hopes. If I could only know what you are now saying to "Iphigenia," your remarks might be some guide to me in my present labors; for the plan

of "Tasso" is very similar, the subject still more confined, and in its several parts will be even still more elaborately finished. Still, I cannot tell as yet what it will eventually prove. What already exists of it must be destroyed. It is, perhaps, somewhat tediously drawn out; and neither the characters nor the plot, nor the tone of it, are at all in harmony with my present views.

In making a clearance I have fallen upon some of your letters; and, in reading them over, I have just lighted upon a reproach, that in my letters I contradict myself. It may be so, but I was not aware of it; for, as soon as I have written a letter, I immediately send it off. I must, however, confess that nothing seems to me more likely, for I have lately been tossed about by mighty spirits; and, therefore, it is quite natural if at times I know not where I am standing.

A story is told of a skipper, who, overtaken at sea by a stormy night, determined to steer for port. His little boy, who in the dark was crouching by him, asked him, "What silly light is that which I see, — at one time above us, and at another below us?" His father promised to explain it to him some other day; and then he told him that it was the beacon of the lighthouse, which to the eye, now raised, now depressed, by the wild waves, appeared accordingly, sometimes above, and sometimes below. I, too, am steering on a passion-tossed sea for the harbor; and if I can only manage to hold steadily in my eye the gleam of the beacon, however it may seem to change its place, I shall at last enjoy the wished-for shore.

When one is on the eve of a departure, every earlier separation, and also that last one of all, and which is yet to be, comes involuntarily into one's thoughts; and so, on this occasion, the reflection enforces itself on my mind more strongly than ever, that man is always making far too great and too many preparations for life. Thus we — Tischbein and I, that is — must soon turn our backs upon many a precious and glorious object, and even upon our well-furnished museum. In it there are now standing three Junos for comparison, side by side; and yet we part from them as though they were not.

NAPLES.

Velletri, Feb. 22, 1787.

We arrived here in good time. The day before yesterday the weather became gloomy, and our fine days were overcast: still, some signs of the air seemed to promise that it would soon clear up again; and so, indeed, it turned out. The clouds gradually broke; here and there appeared the blue sky; and at last the sun shone full on our journey. We came through Albano, after having stopped before Genzano, at the entrance of a park, which the owner, Prince Chigi, in a very strange way holds, but does not keep up, on which account he will not allow any one to enter it. In it a true wilderness has been formed. Trees and shrubs, plants and weeds, grow, wither, fall, and rot at pleasure. That is all right, and, indeed, could not be better. The expanse before the entrance is inexpressibly fine. A high wall encloses the valley; a lattice gate affords a view into it; then the hill ascends, upon which, above you, stands the castle.

But now I dare not attempt to go on with the description; and I can merely say, that at the very moment when from the summit we caught sight of the mountains of Sezza, the Pontine Marshes, the sea and its islands, a heavy passing shower was traversing the Marshes towards the sea; and the light and shade, constantly changing and moving, wonderfully enlivened and variegated the dreary plain. The effect was beautifully heightened by the sun's beams, which lit up with various hues the columns of smoke as they ascended from scattered and scarcely visible cottages.

Velletri is agreeably situated on a volcanic hill, which towards the north alone is connected with other hills, and towards three points of the heavens commands a wide and uninterrupted prospect,

We here visited the cabinet of the Cavaliere Borgia, who, favored by his relationship with the cardinal, has managed, by means of the Propaganda, to collect some valuable antiquities and other curiosities — Egyptian charms; idols cut out of the hardest rock; some small figures in metal, of earlier or later dates; some pieces of statuary of burnt clay, with figures in low relief, which were dug up in the neighborhood, and on the authority of which, one is almost tempted to ascribe to the ancient indigenous population a style of their own in art.

Of other kinds of varieties, there are numerous specimens in this museum. I noticed two Chinese black-painted boxes: on the sides of one, there was delineated the whole management of the silk-worm, and on the other the cultivation of rice. Both subjects were very nicely conceived, and worked out with the utmost minuteness. Both the boxes and their covers are eminently beautiful, and, as well as the book in the library of the Propaganda, which I have already praised, are well worth seeing.

It is certainly inexplicable that these treasures should be within so short a distance of Rome, and yet not be more frequently visited; but perhaps the difficulty and inconvenience of getting to these regions, and the attraction of the magic circle of Rome, may serve to excuse the fact. As we arrived at the inn, some women, who were sitting before the doors of their houses, called out to us, and asked if we wished to buy any antiquities; and then, as we showed a pretty strong hankering after them, they brought out some old kettles, fire-tongs, and such like utensils, and were ready to die with laughing at having made fools of us. When we seemed a little put out, our guide assured us, to our comfort, that it was a customary joke, and that all strangers had to submit to it.

I am writing this in very miserable quarters, and feel neither strength nor humor to make it any longer: therefore, I bid you a very good night.

FONDI, Feb. 23, 1787.

We were on the road very early, — by three in the morning. As the day broke, we found ourselves on the Pontine Marshes, which have not by any means so ill an appearance as the common description in Rome would make out. Of course, by merely passing once over the Marshes, it is not possible to judge of so great an undertaking as that of the intended draining of them, which necessarily requires time to test its merits: still, it does appear to me that the works, which have been commenced by the Pope's orders, will, to a great extent at least, attain the desired end. Conceive to yourself a wide valley, which, as it stretches from north to south, has but a very slight fall, but which, towards the east and the mountains, is extremely low, but rises again considerably towards the sea on the west. Running in a straight line through the whole length of it, the ancient Via Appia has been restored. On the right of the

latter the principal drain has been cut, and in it the water flows with a rapid fall. By means of it the tract of land to the right has been drained, and is now profitably cultivated. As far as the eye can see, it is either already brought into cultivation, or evidently might be so if farmers could be found to take it, with the exception of one spot which lies extremely low.

The left side, which stretches towards the mountains, is more difficult to be managed. Here, however, cross-drains pass under the raised way into the chief drain: as, however, the surface sinks again towards the mountains, it is impossible by this means to carry off the water entirely. To meet this difficulty, it is proposed, I was told, to cut another leading drain along the foot of the mountains. Large patches, especially towards Terracina, are thinly planted with willows and poplars.

The posting-stations consist merely of long thatched sheds. Tischbein sketched one of them, and enjoyed for his reward a gratification which only he could enjoy. A white horse having broken loose, had fled to the drained lands. Enjoying its liberty, it was galloping up and down on the brown turf like a flash of lightning. In truth, it was a glorious sight, rendered significant by Tischbein's rapture.

At the point where the ancient village of Meza once stood, the Pope has caused to be built a large and fine building, which indicates the centre of the level. The sight of it increases one's hopes and confidence of the success of the whole undertaking. While thus we travelled on, we kept up a lively conversation together, not forgetting the warning, that on this journey one must not go to sleep; and, in fact, we were strongly enough reminded of the danger of the atmosphere, by the blue vapor which, even in this season of the year, hangs above the ground. On this account the more delightful, as it was the more longed for, was the rocky site of Terracina; and scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of it, than we caught a view of the sea beyond. Immediately afterwards the other side of the mountain city presented to our eye a vegetation quite new to us. The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the gray green of dwarf myrtles, the yellowish green of the pomegranate, and the pale green of the olive. As we passed along, we noticed some flowers and shrubs such as we had never seen before. On the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our

right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks. It is a continuation of the Apennines, running down from Tivoli and touching the sea, which they do not leave again till you reach the Campagna di Romana, where it is succeeded by the volcanic formations of Frescati, Alba, and Velletri, and lastly by the Pontine Marshes. Monte Circello, with the opposite promontory of Terracina, where the Pontine Marshes terminate, probably consists also of a system of chalk rocks.

We left the seacoast, and soon reached the charming plain of Fondi. Every one must admire this little spot of fertile and well cultivated land, enclosed with hills, which themselves are by no means wild. Oranges in great numbers are still hanging on the trees; the crops, all of wheat, are beautifully green; olives are growing in the fields; and the little city is in the bottom. A palm-tree, which stood out a marked object in the scenery, received our greetings. So much for this evening. Pardon the scrawl. I must write without thinking, for writing's sake. The objects are too numerous, my resting-place too wretched, and yet my desire to commit something to paper too great. With nightfall we reached this place, and it is now time to go to rest.

S. Agata. Feb. 24, 1787.

Although in a wretchedly cold chamber, I must yet try and give you some account of a beautiful day. It was already nearly light when we drove out of Fondi, and we were forthwith greeted by the orange-trees which hang over the walls on both sides of our road. The trees are loaded with such numbers as can only be imagined, and not expressed. Towards the top the young leaf is yellowish, but below, and in the middle, of sappy green. Mignon was quite right to long for them.

After this we travelled through clean and well-worked fields of wheat, planted at convenient distances with olive-trees. A soft breeze was moving, and brought to the light the silvery under-surface of the leaves, as the branches swayed gently and elegantly. It was a gray morning: a north wind promised soon to dispel all the clouds.

Then the road entered a valley between stony but well-dressed fields, — the crops of the most beautiful green. At certain spots one saw some roomy places, paved, and surrounded with low walls: on these the corn, which is never carried home in sheaves, is thrashed out at once. The val-

ley gradually narrows, and the road becomes mountainous, bare rocks of limestone standing on both sides of us. A violent storm followed us, with a fall of sleet, which thawed very slowly.

The walls, of an ancient style, built after the pattern of net-work, charmed us exceedingly. On the heights the soil is rocky, but nevertheless planted with olive-trees wherever there is the smallest patch of soil to receive them. Next we drove over a plain covered with olive-trees, and then through a small town. We here noticed altars, ancient tomb-stones, and fragments of every kind, built up in the walls of the pleasure-houses in the gardens; then the lower stones of ancient villas, once excellently built, but now filled up with earth, and overgrown with olives. At last we caught a sight of Vesuvius, with a cloud of smoke resting on its brow.

Molo di Gäeta greeted us again with the richest of orange-trees: we remained there some hours. The creek before the town, which the tide flows up to, affords one of the finest views. Following the line of coast on the right, till the eye reaches at last the horn of the crescent, one sees at a moderate distance the fortress of Gäeta on the rocks. The left horn stretches out still farther, presenting to the beholder first of all a line of mountains, then Vesuvius, and, beyond all, the islands. Ischia lies before you, nearly in the centre.

Here I found on the shore, for the first time in my life, a starfish and an echinus thrown up by the sea; a beautiful green leaf (*tethys foliacea*), smooth as the finest bath-paper; and other remarkable rubble-stones, the most common being limestone, but occasionally also serpentine, jasper, quartz, granite, breccian pebbles, porphyry, marble of different kinds, and glass of a blue and green color. The two last-mentioned specimens are scarcely productions of the neighborhood. They are probably the *débris* of ancient buildings; and thus we have seen the waves before our eyes playing with the splendors of the ancient world. We tarried a while, and pleased ourselves with meditating on the nature of man, whose hopes, whether in the civilized or savage state, are so soon disappointed.

Departing from Molo, the traveller still has a beautiful prospect, even after his quitting the sea. The last glimpse of it was a lovely bay, of which we took a sketch. We now came upon a good fruit country, with hedges of aloes. We noticed an aqueduct, which ran from the mountains over some nameless and orderless masses of ruins.

Next comes the ferry over the Garigliano. After crossing it, you pass through tolerably fruitful districts, till you reach the mountains. Nothing striking. At length the first hill of lava. Here begins an extensive and glorious district of hill and vale, over which the snowy summits are towering in the distance. On the nearest eminence, lies a long town, which strikes the eye with an agreeable effect. In the valley, lies S. Agata, a considerable inn, where a cheerful fire was burning in a chimney arranged as a cabinet: however, our room is cold, — no window, only shutters, which I am just hastening to close.

NAPLES, Feb. 25, 1787.

And here we are happily arrived at last, and with good omens. Of our day's journey thus much only. We left S. Agata at sunrise, a violent north-east wind blowing on our backs, which continued the whole day through. It was not till noon that it was master of the clouds. We suffered much from the cold.

Our road again lay among and over volcanic hills, among which I did not notice many limestone rocks. At last we reached the plains of Capua, and shortly afterwards Capua itself, where we halted at noon. In the afternoon a beautiful but flat country lay stretched before us. The road is broad, and runs through fields of green corn, so even that it looked like a carpet, and was at least a span high. Along the fields are planted rows of poplars, from which the branches are lopped to a great height, that the vines may run up them: this is the case all the way to Naples. The soil is excellent, light, loose, and well worked. The vine-stocks are of extraordinary strength and height, and their shoots hang in festoons like nets from tree to tree.

Vesuvius was all the while on our left, with a strong smoke; and I felt a quiet joy to think that at last I beheld with my own eyes this most remarkable object. The sky became clearer and clearer, and at length the sun shone quite hot into our narrow, rolling lodging. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and bright as we approached Naples; and we now found ourselves, in truth, in quite another world. The houses, with flat roofs, at once bespeak a different climate. Inside, perhaps, they may not be very comfortable. Every one is in the streets, or sitting in the sun as long as it shines. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a very melancholy opinion of our north-

ern lands. "*Sempre neve, caso di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai.*" Such is the picture they draw of our condition. Interpreted for the benefit of all our German folk, it means, "Always snow, wooden houses, great ignorance, but money enough."

Naples at first sight leaves a free, cheerful, and lively impression. Numberless beings are passing and repassing each other: the king is gone hunting, the queen *promising;* and so things could not be better.

NAPLES, Monday, Feb. 26, 1787.

"*Alla Locanda del Sgr. Moriconi al Largo del Castello.*" Under this address, no less cheerful than high-sounding, letters from all the four quarters of heaven will henceforth find us. Round the castle, which lies by the sea, there stretches a large open space, which, although surrounded on all sides with houses, is not called a square, or *piazza*, but a *largo*, or expanse. Perhaps the name is derived from ancient times, when it was still an open and unenclosed country. Here, in a corner house on one side of the largo, we have taken up our lodgings in a corner room, which commands a free and lively view of the ever moving surface. An iron balcony runs before several windows, and even round the corner. One would never leave it if the sharp wind were not extremely cutting.

The room is cheerfully decorated, especially the ceiling, whose arabesques of a hundred compartments bear witness to the proximity of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Now, all this is very well and very fine; but there is no fireplace, no chimney, and yet February exercises even here its rights. I expressed a wish for something to warm me. They brought in a tripod of sufficient height from the ground for one conveniently to hold one's hands over it: on it was placed a shallow brasier, full of extremely fine charcoal, red-hot, but covered smoothly over with ashes. We now found it an advantage to be able to manage this process of domestic economy: we had learned that at Rome. With the ring of a key, from time to time, one cautiously draws away the ashes of the surface, so that a few of the embers may be exposed to the free air. Were you impatiently to stir up the glowing coals, you would no doubt experience for a few moments great warmth; but you would in a short time exhaust the fuel, and then you must pay a certain sum to have the brasier filled again.

I did not feel quite well, and could have wished for more of ease and comfort. A reed matting was all there was to protect one's feet from the stone floor: skins are not usual. I determined to put on a sailor's cloak which we had brought with us in fun; and it did me good service, especially when I tied it round my body with the rope of my box. I must have looked very comical, something between a sailor and a capuchin. When Tischbein came back from visiting some of his friends, and found me in this dress, he could not refrain from laughing.

NAPLES, Feb. 27, 1787.

Yesterday I kept quietly at home, in order to get rid of a slight bodily ailment. To-day has been a regular carouse, and the time passed rapidly while we visited the most glorious objects. Let man talk, describe, and paint as he may, — to be here is more than all. The shore, the creeks, and the bay, Vesuvius, the city, the suburbs, the castles, the atmosphere! In the evening, too, we went into the Grotto of Posilippo, while the setting sun was shining into it from the other side. I can pardon all who lose their senses in Naples; and I remember with emotion my father, who retained to the last an indelible impression of those objects which to-day I have cast eyes upon for the first time. Just as it is said, that people who have once seen a ghost are never afterwards seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be said of him, that he never could become perfectly miserable so long as he remembered Naples. According to my fashion, I am quite still and calm; and when any thing happens too absurd, only open my eyes widely, — very widely.

NAPLES, Feb. 28, 1787.

To-day we visited Philip Hackert, the famous landscape-painter, who enjoys the special confidence and peculiar favor of the king and queen. A wing of the palace Franca Villa has been assigned to him. Having furnished it with true artistic taste, he feels great satisfaction in inhabiting it. He is a very precise and prudent man, who, with untiring industry, manages, nevertheless, to enjoy life.

After that we took a sail, and saw all kinds of fish and wonderful shapes drawn out of the waves. The day was glorious, the *tramontane* (north winds) tolerable.

NAPLES, March 1, 1787.

Even in Rome my self-willed, hermit-like humor was forced to assume a more social aspect than I altogether liked. No doubt it appears a strange mode of proceeding, to go into the world in order to be alone: accordingly, I could not resist Prince von Waldeck, who most kindly invited me, and by his rank and influence has procured me the enjoyment of many privileges. We had scarcely reached Naples, where he has been residing a long while, when he sent us an invitation to pay a visit with him to Puzzuoli and the neighborhood. I was thinking already of Vesuvius for to-day; but Tischbein has forced me to take this journey, which, agreeable enough of itself, promises from the fine weather, and the society of a perfect gentleman and well-educated prince, very much both of pleasure and profit. We had also seen in Rome a beautiful lady, who, with her husband, is inseparable from the prince. She also is to be of the party, and we hope for a most delightful day.

Moreover, I was intimately known to this noble society, having met them previously. The prince, upon our first acquaintance, had asked me what I was then busy with; and the plan of my "Iphigenia" was so fresh in my recollection, that I was able one evening to relate it to them circumstantially. They entered into it: still, I fancied I could observe that something livelier and wilder was expected of me.

EVENING.

It would be difficult to give an account of this day. How often has the cursory reading of a book which irresistibly carries one with it, exercised the greatest influence on a man's whole life, and produced at once a decisive effect, which neither a second perusal nor earnest reflection can either strengthen or modify. This I experienced in the case of the "Sakuntala;" And do not great men affect us somewhat in the same way? A sail to Puzzuoli, little trips by land, cheerful walks through the most wonderful regions in the world! Beneath the purest sky, the most treacherous soil; ruins of inconceivable opulence, oppressive and saddening; boiling waters, clefts exhaling sulphur, rocks of slag defying vegetable life, bare, forbidding tracts; and then, at last, on all sides the most luxuriant vegetation, seizing every spot and cranny possible, running over every lifeless object, edging the lakes and brooks, and nourishing a glorious wood of oak on the brink of an ancient crater!

And thus one is driven to and fro between nature and the history of nations: one wishes to meditate, and soon feels himself quite unfit for it. In the mean time, however, the living live on merrily, with a joyousness which we, too, would share. Educated persons, belonging to the world and the world's ways, but warned by serious events, become, nevertheless, disposed for reflection. A boundless view of land, sea, and sky, — and then called away to the side of a young and amiable lady, accustomed and delighted to receive homage.

Amidst all this giddy excitement, however, I failed not to make many notes. The future reduction of these will be greatly facilitated by the map we consulted on the spot, and by a hasty sketch of Tischbein's. To-day it is not possible for me to make the least addition to these.

March 2.

Thursday I ascended Vesuvius; although the weather was unsettled, and the summit of the mountain surrounded by clouds. I took a carriage as far as Resina, and then, on the back of a mule, began the ascent, having vineyards on both sides. Next, on foot, I crossed the lava of the year '71, on the surface of which a fine but compact moss was already growing; then upwards on the side of the lava. The hut of the hermit on the height was on my left hand. After this we climbed the Ash-hill, which is wearisome walking: two-thirds of the summit were enveloped in clouds. At last we reached the ancient crater, now filled up, where we found recent lava, only two months and fourteen days old, and also a slight streak of only five days, which was, however, already cold. Passing over these, we next ascended a height which had been thrown up by volcanic action: it was smoking from all its points. As the smoke rolled away from us, I essayed to approach the crater. Scarcely, however, had we taken fifty steps in the steam, when it became so dense that I could scarcely see my shoes. It was to no purpose that we held snuff continually before our nostrils. My guide had disappeared, and the footing on the lava lately thrown up was very unsteady. I therefore thought it right to turn round, and reserve the sight for a finer day and for less of smoke. However, I now know how difficult it is to breathe in such an atmosphere.

Otherwise the mountain was quite still. There was no flame, no roaring, no stones thrown up, — all which it usually

does at most times. I reconnoitred it well, with the intention of regularly storming it as soon as the weather shall improve. What specimens of lava I found were mostly of well-known kinds. I noticed, however, a phenomenon which appeared to me very strange: I intend to examine it again still more closely, and also to consult connoisseurs and collectors about it. It is a stalactite incrustation of a part of the volcanic funnel, which has been thrown down, and now rears itself in the centre of the old choked-up crater. This mass of solid grayish stalactite appears to have been formed by the sublimation of the very finest volcanic evaporation, without the co-operation of either moisture or fusion. It will furnish occasion for further thinking.

To-day, the 3d of March, the sky is covered with clouds, and a sirocco is blowing. For post-day, good weather.

A very strange medley of men, beautiful houses, and most singular fishes, are here to be seen in abundance.

Of the situation of the city, and of its glories, which have been so often described and commended, not a word from me. "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori*," is the cry here. "See Naples, and die."

NAPLES, March 2, 1787.

That no Neapolitan will allow the merits of his city to be questioned, that their poets should sing in extravagant hyperbole of the blessings of its site, are not matters to quarrel about, even though a pair of Vesuviuses stood in its neighborhood. Here one almost casts aside all remembrances, even of Rome. As compared with this free, open situation, the capital of the world, in the basin of the Tiber, looks like a cloister built on a bad site.

The sea, with its vessels and their destinations, presents wholly new matters for reflection. The frigate for Palermo started yesterday, with a strong, direct north wind. This time it certainly will not be more than six and thirty hours on the passage. With what longing I watched the full sails as the vessel passed between Capri and Cape Minerva, until at last it disappeared. Who could see one's beloved thus sailing away and survive? The sirocco (south wind) is now blowing: if the wind becomes stronger, the breakers over the Mole will be glorious.

To-day being Friday, the grand promenade of the nobility came on, when every one displays his equipages, and espe-

cially his stud. It is almost impossible to see finer horses anywhere than in Naples. For the first time in my life I have felt an interest in these animals.

NAPLES, March 3, 1787.

Here you have a few leaves, as reporters of the entertainment I have met with in this place; also a corner of the cover of your letter, stained with smoke, in testimony of its having been with me on Vesuvius. You must not, however, fancy, either in your waking thoughts or in your dreams, that I am surrounded by perils. Be assured that wherever I venture, there is no more danger than on the road to Belvedere. "The earth is the Lord's everywhere," may well be said in reference to such objects. I never seek adventure out of a mere rage for singularity; but because I am mostly cool, and can catch at a glance the peculiarities of any object, I may well do and venture more than many others. The passage to Sicily is any thing but dangerous. A few days ago the frigate sailed for Palermo with a favorable breeze from the north, and leaving Capri on the right, has, no doubt, accomplished the voyage in six and thirty hours. In all such expeditions, one finds the danger to be far less in reality than, at a distance, one is apt to imagine.

Of earthquakes, there is not at present a vestige in Lower Italy. In the upper provinces, Rimini and its neighborhood have lately suffered. Thus the earth has strange humors; and people talk of earthquakes here just as we do of wind and weather, and as in Thuringia they talk of conflagrations.

I am delighted to find that you are now familiar with the two editions of my "Iphigenia," but still more pleased should I be had you been more sensible of the difference between them. I know what I have done for it, and may well speak thereof; since I feel that I could make still further improvements. If it be a bliss to enjoy the good, it is still greater happiness to discern the better; for in art the best only is good enough.

NAPLES, March 5, 1787.

We spent the second Sunday of Lent in visiting church after church. As in Rome all is highly solemn, so here every hour is merry and cheerful. The Neapolitan school of painting, too, can only be understood in Naples. One is astonished to see the whole front of a church painted, from top to bottom. Over the door of one, Christ is driving out

of the temple the buyers and sellers, who, terribly frightened, are nimbly huddling up their wares, and hurrying down the steps on both sides. In another church there is a room over the entrance, which is richly ornamented with frescos representing the deprivation of Heliodorus.[1] Luca Giordano must indeed have painted rapidly, to fill such large areas in a lifetime. The pulpit, too, is here not always a mere cathedra, as it is in other places, — a place where one only may teach at a time, — but a gallery. Along one of these I once saw a Capuchin walking up and down, and, now from one end, now from another, reproaching the people with their sins. What a deal I could say about it!

But neither to be told nor to be described is the glory of a night of the full moon such as we have enjoyed here. Wandering through the streets and squares, and on the quay, with its long promenade, and then backward and forward on the beach, one felt really possessed with the feeling of the infinity of space. So to dream is really worth all trouble.

NAPLES, March 5, 1787.

I made to-day the acquaintance of an excellent individual, and I must briefly give you a general description of him. It is the Chevalier Filangieri, famous for his work on legislation. He belongs to those noble young men who wish to promote the happiness and the moderate liberty of mankind. In his bearing you recognize at once the soldier, the chevalier, and the man of the world; but this appearance is softened by an expression of tender moral sensibility, which is diffused over his whole countenance, and shines forth most agreeably in his character and conversation. He is, moreover, heartily attached to his sovereign and country, even though he cannot approve of all that goes on. He is also oppressed with a fear of Joseph II. The idea of a despot, even though it only floats as a phantom in the air, excites the apprehensions of every noble-minded man. He spoke to me without reserve, of what Naples had to fear from him; but in particular he was delighted to speak of Montesquieu, Beccaria, and of some of his own writings, — all in the same spirit of the best intention, and of a heart full of youthful enthusiasm of doing good. And yet he may one day be classed with the Thirty. He has also made me

[1] Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, in the fourth century, author of the "Œthiopics, or, the Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea," was, it is said, deprived of his bishopric for writing this work. — A. W. M.

acquainted with an old writer, from whose inexhaustible depths these new Italian friends of legislation derive intense encouragement and edification. He is called Giambattista Vico, and is preferred even to Montesquieu. After a hasty perusal of his book, which was lent to me as a sacred deposit, I laid it down, saying to myself, Here are sublime anticipations of good and right, which once must, or ought to be, realized, drawn apparently from a serious contemplation both of the past and of the present. It is well when a nation possesses such a forefather: the Germans will one day receive a similar codex from *Hamann*.

NAPLES, March 6, 1787.

Most reluctantly, yet for the sake of good-fellowship, Tischbein accompanied me to Vesuvius. To him — the artist of form, who concerns himself with none but the most beautiful of human and animal shapes, and one also whose taste and judgment lead to humanize even the formless rock and landscape — such a frightful and shapeless conglomeration of matter, which, moreover, is continually preying on itself, and proclaiming war against every idea of the beautiful, must have appeared utterly abominable.

We started in two calèches, as we did not trust ourselves to drive through the crowd and whirl of the city. The drivers kept up an incessant shouting at the top of their voice whenever donkeys, with their loads of wood or rubbish, or rolling calèches, met us, or else warning the porters with their burdens, or other pedestrians, whether children or old people, to get out of the way. All the while, however, they drove at a sharp trot, without the least stop or check.

As you get into the remoter suburbs and gardens, the road soon begins to show signs of a Plutonic action. For as we had not had rain for a long time, the naturally ever-green leaves were covered with a thick gray and ashy dust; so that the glorious blue sky, and the scorching sun which shone down upon us, were the only signs that we were still among the living.

At the foot of the steep ascent, we were received by two guides, one old, the other young, but both active fellows. The first pulled me up the path, the other, Tischbein, — pulled I say: for these guides are girded round the waist with a leathern belt, which the traveller takes hold of; and when drawn up by his guide, he makes his way the more easily with foot and staff. In this manner we reached the flat from

which the cone rises. Towards the north lay the ruins of the Somma.

A glance westwards over the country beneath us, removed, as well as a bath could, all feeling of exhaustion and fatigue; and we now went round the ever-smoking cone, as it threw out its stones and ashes. Wherever the space allowed of our viewing it at a sufficient distance, it appeared a grand and elevating spectacle. In the first place, a violent thundering resounded from its deepest abyss; then stones of larger and smaller sizes were showered into the air by thousands, and enveloped by clouds of ashes. The greatest part fell again into the gorge: the rest of the fragments, receiving a lateral inclination, and falling on the outside of the crater, made a marvellous rumbling noise. First of all, the larger masses plumped against the side, and rebounded with a dull, heavy sound; then the smaller came rattling down; and last of all, a shower of ashes was trickling down. All this took place at regular intervals, which, by slowly counting, we were able to measure pretty accurately.

Between the Somma, however, and the cone, the space is narrow enough: moreover, several stones fell around us, and made the circuit any thing but agreeable. Tischbein now felt more disgusted than ever with Vesuvius; as the monster, not content with being hateful, showed inclination to become mischievous also.

As, however, the presence of danger generally exercises on man a kind of attraction, and calls forth a spirit of opposition in the human breast to defy it, I bethought myself, that, in the interval of the eruptions, it would be possible to climb up the cone to the crater, and to get back before it broke out again. I held a council on this point with our guides, under one of the overhanging rocks of the Somma, where, encamped in safety, we refreshed ourselves with the provisions we had brought with us. The younger guide was willing to run the risk with me. We stuffed our hats full of linen and silk handkerchiefs, and, staff in hand, prepared to start, I holding on to his girdle.

The little stones were yet rattling round us, and the ashes still drizzling, as the stalwart youth hurried forth with me across the hot, glowing rubble. We soon stood on the brink of the vast chasm, the smoke of which, although a gentle air was bearing it away from us, unfortunately veiled the interior of the crater, which smoked all round from a thousand crannies. At intervals, however, we caught sight, through

the smoke, of the cracked walls of the rock. The view was neither instructive nor delightful: but for the very reason that one saw nothing, one lingered in the hope of catching a glimpse of something more; and so we forgot our slow counting. We were standing on a narrow ridge of the vast abyss: of a sudden the thunder pealed aloud; we ducked our heads involuntarily, as if that would have rescued us from the precipitated masses. The smaller stones soon rattled; and, without considering that we had again an interval of cessation before us, and only too much rejoiced to have outstood the danger, we rushed down, and reached the foot of the hill, together with the drizzling ashes, which pretty thickly covered our heads and shoulders.

Tischbein was heartily glad to see me again. After a little scolding and a little refreshment, I was able to give my especial attention to the old and new lava. And here the elder of the guides was able to instruct me accurately in the signs by which the ages of the several strata were indicated. The older were already covered with ashes, and rendered quite smooth: the newer, especially those which had cooled slowly, presented a singular appearance. As, sliding along, they carried away with them the solid objects which lay on the surface, it necessarily happened, that, from time to time, several would come into contact with each other; and these again being swept still farther by the molten stream, and pushed one over the other, would eventually form a solid mass, with wonderful jags and corners, still more strange even than the somewhat similarly formed piles of the icebergs. Among this fused and waste matter I found many great rocks, which, being struck with a hammer, present on the broken face a perfect resemblance to the primeval rock formation. The guides maintained that these were old lava from the lowest depths of the mountain, which are very often thrown up by the volcano.

Upon our return to Naples, we noticed some small houses of only one story, and of a remarkable appearance and singular build, without windows, and receiving all their light from the doors, which opened on the road. The inhabitants sit before them at the door from the morning to the night, when they at last retire to their holes.

The city, which in the evening is all of a tumult, though in a somewhat different manner, extorted from me the wish

that I might be able to stay here for some time, in order to sketch, to the best of my powers, the moving scene. It will not, however, be possible.

NAPLES, Wednesday, March 7, 1787.

This week Tischbein has shown to me, and without reserve commented upon, the greater part of the artistic treasures of Naples. An excellent judge and drawer of animals, he had long before called my attention to a horse's head in brass in the Palace Columbrano. We went there to-day. This relic of art is placed in the court, right opposite the gateway, in a niche over a well, and really excites one's astonishment. What must have been the effect of the whole head and body together? The perfect horse must have been far larger than those at St. Mark's: moreover, the head alone, when closely viewed, enables you distinctly to recognize and admire the character and spirit of the animal. The splendid frontal bones, the snorting nostrils, the pricked ears, the stiff mane, — a strong, excited, and spirited creature!

We turned round to notice a female statue which stands in a niche over the gateway. It has been already described by Winckelmann as an imitation of a dancing-girl, with the remark, that such *artistes* represent to us in living movement, and under the greatest variety, that beauty of form which the masters of statuary exhibit in the (as it were) petrified nymphs and goddesses. It is very light and beautiful. The head, which had been broken off, has been skilfully set on again: otherwise it is nowise injured, and most assuredly deserves a better place.

NAPLES, March 9, 1787.

To-day I received your dear letter of the 16th of February: only, keep on writing. I have made arrangements for the forwarding of my letters, and I shall continue to do so if I move farther. Quite strange does it seem to me to read that my friends do not often see each other; and yet perhaps nothing is more common than for men not to meet who are living close together.

The weather here has become dull: a change is at hand. Spring is commencing, and we shall soon have some rainy days. The summit of Vesuvius has not been clear since I paid it a visit. These few last nights flames have been seen to issue from it: to-day it is keeping quiet, and therefore more violent eruptions are expected.

The storms of these last few days have shown to us a glorious sea: it is at such times that the waves may be studied in their worthiest style and shape. Nature, indeed, is the only book which presents important matter on all its pages. On the other hand, the theatres have ceased to furnish any amusement. During Lent nothing but operas, which differ in no respect from more profane ones but by the absence of ballets between the acts. In all other respects they are as gay as possible. In the theatre of S. Carlo they are representing the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. To me it is only a great raree-show: my taste is quite spoilt for such things.

To-day we were with the Prince von Waldeck at Capo di Monte, where there is a great collection of paintings, coins, etc. It is not well arranged, but the things themselves are above praise. We can now correct and confirm many traditional ideas. Those coins, gems, and vases, which, like the stunted citron-trees, come to us in the North one by one, have quite a different look here, in the mass, and, so to speak, in their own home and native soil. For where works of art are rare, their very rarity gives them a value: here we learn to treasure none but the intrinsically valuable.

A very high price is at present given for Etruscan vases, and certainly beautiful and excellent pieces are to be found among them. Not a traveller but wishes to possess some specimen or other of them. One does not seem to value money here at the same rate as at home: I fear that I myself shall yet be tempted.

NAPLES, Friday, March 9, 1787.

This is the pleasant part of travelling, that even ordinary matters, by their novelty and unexpectedness, often acquire the appearance of an adventure. As I came back from Capo di Monte, I paid an evening visit to Filangieri, and saw sitting on the sofa, by the side of the mistress of the house, a lady whose external appearance seemed to agree but little with the familiarity and easy manner she indulged in. In a light, striped, silk gown of very ordinary texture, and a most singular cap by way of head-dress, but being of a pretty figure, she looked like some poor dressmaker, who, taken up with the care of adorning the persons of others, had little time to bestow on her own external appearance. Such people are so accustomed to expect their labors to be remu-

nerated, that they seem to have no idea of working gratis for themselves. She did not allow her gossip to be at all checked by my arrival, but went on talking of a number of ridiculous adventures which had happened to her that day, or which had been occasioned by her own *brusquerie* and impetuosity.

The lady of the house wished to help me to get in a word or two, and spoke of the beautiful site of Capo di Monte, and of the treasures there. Upon this the lively lady sprang up with a good high jump from the sofa, and as she stood on her feet seemed still prettier than before. She took leave, and running to the door, said as she passed me, "The Filangieri are coming one of these days to dine with me. I hope to see you also." She was gone before I could say yes. I now learned that she was the Princess ——, a near relative to the master of the house.[1] The Filangieri were not rich, and lived in a becoming but moderate style; and such I presumed was the case with my little princess, especially as such titles are any thing but rare in Naples. I set down the name, and the day and hour, and left them, without any doubt but that I should be found at the right place in due time.

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Naples, Sunday, March 11, 1787.

As my stay in Naples cannot be long, I take my most remote points first of all: the near throw themselves, as it were, in one's way. I have been with Tischbein to Pompeii; and on our road all those glorious prospects which were already well known to us from many a landscape-drawing, lay right and left, dazzling us by their number and unbroken succession.

Pompeii amazes one by its narrowness and littleness, — confined streets, but perfectly straight, and furnished on both sides with a foot pavement; little houses without windows, the rooms being lit only by the doors, which opened on the atrium and the galleries. Even the public edifices, the tomb at the gate, a temple, and also a villa in its neighborhood, are like models and doll's houses, rather than real buildings. The rooms — corridors, galleries, and all — are painted with bright and cheerful colors, the wall-surfaces uniform; in the middle some elaborate painting (most of these have been removed); on the borders and at the corners, light, tasteful arabesques, terminating in the pretty figures of nymphs or

[1] Filangieri's sister.

children; while in others, from out of garlands of flowers, beasts, wild and tame, are issuing. Thus does the city, which first of all the hot shower of stones and ashes overwhelmed, and afterwards the excavators plundered, still bear witness, even in its present utterly desolate state, to a taste for painting and the arts common to the whole people, of which the most enthusiastic *dilettante* of the present day has no idea; nor has he any feeling nor desire for it.

When one considers the distance of this town from Vesuvius, it is clear that the volcanic matter which overwhelmed it could not have been carried hither either by any sudden impetus of the mountain or by the wind. We must rather suppose that these stones and ashes had been floating for a time in the air, like clouds, until at last they fell upon the doomed city.

In order to form a clear and precise idea of this event, one has only to think of a mountain village buried in snow. The spaces between the houses, and indeed the crushed houses themselves, were filled up; however, it is not improbable that some of the mason-work may at different points have peeped above the surface, and in this way have excited the notice of those by whom the hill was broken up for vineyards and gardens. And, no doubt, many an owner, on digging up his own portion, must have made valuable gleanings. Several rooms were found quite empty; and in the corner of one a heap of ashes was observed, under which a quantity of household articles and works of art was concealed.

The strange, and in some degree unpleasant, impression which this mummied city leaves on the mind, we got rid of, as, sitting in the arbor of a little inn close to the sea (where we partook of a frugal meal), we revelled in the blue sky, the glaring ripple of the sea, and the bright sunshine; and cherished a hope that when the vine-leaf should again cover the hill we might all be able to pay it a second visit, and once more enjoy ourselves together on the same spot.

As we approached the city, we again came upon the little cottages, which now appeared to us perfectly to resemble those in Pompeii. We obtained permission to enter one, and found it extremely clean, — neatly platted, rush-bottomed chairs, a buffet, covered all over with gilding, or painted with variegated flowers, and highly varnished. Thus, after so many centuries, and such numberless changes, this country instils into its inhabitants the same customs and habits of life, the same inclinations and tastes.

NAPLES,
Monday, March 12, 1787.

To-day, according to my custom, I have gone slowly through the city, noting for future description several points, but about which, I am sorry to say, I cannot communicate any thing to-day. All tends to this one conclusion: that a highly favored land, which furnishes in abundance the chief necessaries of existence, produces men also of a happy disposition, who, without trouble or anxiety, trust to to-morrow to bring them what to-day has been wanting, and consequently live on in a light-hearted, careless sort of life. Momentary gratification, moderate enjoyments, a passing sorrow, and a cheerful resignation.

The morning has been cold and damp, with a little rain. In my walk I came upon a spot where the great slabs of the pavement appeared swept quite clean. To my great surprise I saw, on this smooth and even spot, a number of ragged boys, squatting in a circle, and spreading out their hands over the ground as if to warm them. At first I took it to be some game that they were playing. When, however, I noticed the perfect seriousness and composure of their countenances, with an expression on it of a gratified want, I therefore put my brains to the utmost stretch, but they refused to enlighten me as I desired. I was, therefore, obliged to ask what it could be that had induced these little imps to take up this strange position, and had collected them in so regular a circle.

Upon this I was informed that a neighboring smith had been heating the tire of a wheel, and that this is done in the following manner. The iron tire is laid on the pavement, and around it is as much of oak chips as is considered sufficient to soften the iron to the required degree: the lighted wood burns away, the tire is riveted to the wheel, and the ashes carefully swept up. The little vagabonds take advantage of the heat communicated to the pavement, and do not leave the spot till they have drawn from it the last radiation of warmth. Similar instances of contentedness, and sharp-witted profiting by what otherwise would be wasted, occur here in great number. I notice in this people the most shrewd and active industry, not to get rich, but to live free from care.

EVENING.

In order not to make a mistake yesterday as to the house of my odd little princess, and to be there in time, I called a hackney carriage. It stopped before the grand entrance of a spacious palace. As I had no idea of coming to so splendid a dwelling, I repeated to him most distinctly the name: he assured me it was quite right. I soon found myself in a spacious court, still and lonesome, empty and clean, enclosed by the principal edifice and side buildings. The architecture was the well-known light Neapolitan style, as was also the coloring. Right before me was a grand porch, and a broad but not very high flight of steps. On both sides of it stood a line of servants in splendid liveries, who, as I passed them, bowed very low. I thought myself the Sultan in Wieland's fairy tale, and, after his example, took courage. Next I was received by the upper domestics, till at last the most courtly of them opened a door, and introduced me into a spacious apartment, which was as splendid, but also as empty of people, as all before. In passing up and down, I observed in a side-room a table laid out for about forty persons, with a splendor corresponding with all around. A secular priest now entered, and without asking who I was, or whence I came, approached me as if I were already known to him, and conversed on the most general topics.

A pair of folding doors were now thrown open, and immediately closed again, when a gentleman rather advanced in years had entered. The priest immediately proceeded towards him, as I also did. We greeted him with a few words of courtesy, which he returned in a barking, stuttering tone, so that I could scarcely make out a syllable of his Hottentot dialect. When he had taken his place by the stove, the priest moved away, and I accompanied him. A portly Benedictine entered, accompanied by a younger member of his order. He went to salute the host, and, after being also barked at, retired to a window. The *regular* clergy, especially those whose dress is becoming, have great advantage in society: their costume is a mark of humility and renunciation of self, while, at the same time, it lends to its wearers a decidedly dignified appearance. In their behavior they may easily, without degrading themselves, appear submissive and complying; and then again, when they stand upon their own dignity, their self-respect is well becoming to them, although in others it would not be so readily allowed to pass. This was the case with this person. When

I asked him about Monte Cassino, he immediately gave me an invitation thither, and promised me the best of welcomes. In the mean time the room had become full of people: officers, people of the court, more regulars, and even some Capuchins, had arrived. Once more a set of folding-doors opened and shut: an aged lady, somewhat older than my host, had entered; and now the presence of what I took to be the lady of the house, made me feel perfectly confident that I was in a strange mansion, and wholly unknown to its inmates. Dinner was now served; and I was keeping close to the side of my friends, the monks, in order to slip with them into the paradise of the dining-room, when all at once I saw Filangieri, with his wife, enter and make his excuses for being so late. Shortly after this my little princess came into the room, and with nods, and winks, and bows, to all as she passed, came straight to me. "It is very good of you to keep your word," she exclaimed: "mind you sit by me, — you shall have the best bits, — wait a minute though; I must find out which is my proper place, then mind and take your place by me." Thus commanded, I followed the various windings she made, and at last we reached our seats, Benedictine sitting right opposite, and Filangieri on my other side. "The dishes are all good," she observed, — "all Lenten fare, but choice: I'll point out to you the best. But now I must rally the priests, — the churls! I can't bear them: every day they are cutting a fresh slice off our estate. What we have, we should like to spend on ourselves and our friends." The soup was now handed round, — the Benedictine was sipping his very deliberately. "Pray don't put yourself out of your way, — the spoon is too small, I fear: I will bid them bring you a larger one. Your reverences are used to a good mouthful." The good father replied, "In your house, lady, every thing is so excellent, and so well arranged, that much more distinguished guests than your humble servant would find every thing to their heart's content."

Of the pasties the Benedictine took only one. She called out to him, "Pray take half a dozen: pastry, your reverence surely knows, is easy of digestion." With good sense he took another pasty, thanking the princess for her attention just as if he had not seen through her malicious raillery. And so, also, some solid paste-work furnished her with occasion for venting her spite; for, as the monk helped himself to a piece, a second rolled off the dish towards his

plate. "A third! your reverence: you seem anxious to lay a foundation." — "When such excellent materials are furnished to his hand, the architect's labors are easy," rejoined his reverence. Thus she went on continually, only pausing a while to keep her promise of pointing out to me the best dishes.

All this while I was conversing with my neighbor on the gravest topics. Absolutely, I never heard Filangieri utter an unmeaning sentence. In this respect, and indeed in many others, he resembles our worthy friend, George Schlosser; with this difference, that the former, as a Neapolitan and a man of the world, had a softer nature and an easier manner.

During the whole of this time my roguish neighbor allowed the clerical gentry not a moment's truce. Above all, the fish at this Lenten meal, dished up in imitation of flesh of all kinds, furnished her with inexhaustible opportunities for all manner of irreverent and ill-natured observations. Especially in justification and defence of a taste for flesh, she observed that people would have the form, to give a relish, even when the essence was prohibited.

Many more such jokes were noticed by me at the time, but I am not in the humor to repeat them. Jokes of this kind, when first spoken, and falling from beautiful lips, may be tolerable, not to say amusing; but, set down in black and white, they lose all charm, — for me at least. Then again, the boldly hazarded stroke of wit has this peculiarity, that, at the moment, it pleases us while it astonishes us by its boldness; but when told afterwards, it sounds offensive, and disgusts us.

The dessert was brought in, and I was afraid that the cross-fire would still be kept up, when suddenly my fair neighbor turned quite composedly to me and said, "The priests may gulp their Syracusan wine in peace, for I cannot succeed in worrying a single one to death, — no, not even in spoiling their appetites. Now, let me have some rational talk with you; for what a heavy sort of thing must a conversation with Filangieri be! The good creature! he gives himself a great deal of trouble for nothing. I often say to him, 'If you make new laws, we must give ourselves fresh pains to find out how we can forthwith transgress them, just as we have already set at naught the old.' Only look now, how beautiful Naples is! For these many years the people have lived free from care and contented; and if now

and then some poor wretch is hanged, all the rest still pursue their own merry course." She then proposed that I should pay a visit to Sorrento, where she had a large estate. Her steward would feast me with the best of fish, and the delicious *mungana* (flesh of a sucking calf). The mountain air, and the unequalled prospect, would be sure to cure me of all philosophy. Then she would come herself, and not a trace should remain of all my wrinkles, — which at any rate I had allowed to come on before their time, — and together we would have a right merry time of it.

NAPLES, March 13, 1787.

To-day also I write you a few lines, in order that letter may provoke letter. Things go well with me: however, I see less than I ought. The place induces an indolent and easy sort of life: nevertheless, my idea of it is gradually becoming more and more complete.

On Sunday we were in Pompeii. Many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one. I scarcely know of any thing that is more interesting. The houses are small and close together, but within they are all most exquisitely painted. The gate of the city is remarkable, with the tombs close to it. The tomb of a priestess, a semicircular bench, with a stone back, on which was the inscription cut in large characters. Over the back you have a sight of the sea and the setting sun, — a glorious spot, worthy of the beautiful idea.

We found there good and merry company from Naples: the men are perfectly natural, and light-hearted. We took dinner at "Torre dell' Annunziata," with our table placed close to the sea. The day was extremely fine. The view towards Castellamare and Sorrento, near and incomparable. My companions were quite rapturous in praise of their native place: some asserted that without a sight of the sea it was impossible to live. To me it is quite enough that I have its image in my soul, and so, when the time comes, may safely return to my mountain home.

Fortunately, there is here a very honest painter of landscapes, who imparts to his pieces the impression of the rich and open country around. He has already executed some sketches for me.

The Vesuvian productions I have now pretty well studied: things, however, assume a different signification when one

sees them in connection. Properly, I ought to devote the rest of my life to observation: I should discover much that would enlarge man's knowledge. Pray tell Herder that my botanical discoveries are continually advancing: it is still the same principle, but it requires a whole life to work it out. Perhaps I am already in a situation to draw the leading lines of it.

I can now enjoy myself at the museum of Portici. Usually people make it the first object: we mean to make it our last. As yet I do not know whether I shall be able to extend my tour: all things tend to drive me back to Rome at Easter. I shall let things take their course.

Angelica has undertaken to paint a scene of my "Iphigenia." The thought is a very happy subject for a picture, and she will delineate it excellently. It is the moment when Orestes finds himself again in the presence of his sister and his friend. What the three characters are saying to each other she has indicated by the grouping, and given their words in the expressions of their countenances. From this description you may judge how keenly sensitive she is, and how quick she is to seize whatever is adapted to her nature. And it is really the turning-point of the whole drama.

Farewell, and love me! Here the people are all very good, even though they do not know what to make of me. Tischbein, on the other hand, pleases them far better. This evening he hastily painted some heads of the size of life, at and about which they disported themselves as strangely as the New Zealanders at the sight of a ship of war. Of this an amusing anecdote.

Tischbein has a great knack of etching with a pen the shapes of gods and heroes, of the size of life, and even more. He uses very few lines, but cleverly puts in the shades with a broad pencil, so that the heads stand out roundly and nobly. The by-standers looked on with amazement, and were highly delighted. At last an itching seized their fingers to try and paint: they snatched the brushes, and painted — one another's beards, daubing each other's faces. Was not this an original trait of human nature? And this was done in an elegant circle, in the house of one who was himself a clever draughtsman and painter! It is impossible to form an idea of this race without having seen them.

CASERTA,
Wednesday, March 14, 1787.

I am here on a visit to Hackert, in his highly agreeable apartments which have been assigned him in the ancient castle. The new palace, somewhat huge and Escurial-like, of a quadrangular plan, with many courts, is royal enough. The site is uncommonly fine, on one of the most fertile plains in the world, and yet the gardens trench on the mountains. From these an aqueduct brings down an entire river to supply water to the palace and the district; and the whole can, on occasion, be thrown on some artificially arranged rocks, to form a most glorious cascade. The gardens are beautifully laid out, and suit well with a district which itself is thought a garden.

The castle is truly kingly. It appears to me, however, particularly gloomy; and no one of us could bring himself to think the vast and empty rooms comfortable. The king probably is of the same opinion; for he has caused a house to be built on the mountains, which, smaller and more proportioned to man's littleness, is intended for a hunting-box and country-seat.

CASERTA,
Thursday, March 15, 1787.

Hackert is lodged very comfortably in the old castle: it is quite roomy enough for all his guests. Constantly busy with drawing and painting, he, nevertheless, is very social, and easily draws men around him, as in the end he generally makes every one become his scholar. He has also quite won me by putting up patiently with my weaknesses, and insists, above all things, on distinctness of drawing, and marked and clear keeping. When he paints, he has three colors always ready; and as he works on, and uses one after another, a picture is produced, one knows not how or whence. I wish the execution were as easy as it looks. With his usual blunt honesty he said to ——, "You have capacity, but you are unable to accomplish any thing: stay with me a year and a half, and you shall be able to produce such works as shall be a delight to yourself and to others." Is not this a text on which one might preach eternally to dilettanti? "We would like to see what sort of a pupil we can make of you."

The special confidence with which the queen honors him is evinced not merely by the fact that he gives lessons in practice to the princesses, but still more so by his being fre-

quently summoned of an evening to talk with, and instruct them on art and kindred subjects. He makes Sulzer's book the basis of such lectures, selecting the articles as entertainment or conviction may be his subject.

I was obliged to approve of this, and, in consequence, to laugh at myself. What a difference is there between him who wishes to investigate principles, and one whose highest object is to work on the world and to teach them for their mere private amusement. Sulzer's theory was always odious to me on account of the falseness of its fundamental maxim, but now I saw that the book contained much more than the multitude require. The varied information which is here communicated, the mode of thinking with which alone so active a mind as Sulzer's could be satisfied, must have been quite sufficient for the ordinary run of people.

Many happy and profitable hours have I spent with the picture-restorer Anders, who has been summoned hither from Rome, and resides in the castle, and industriously pursues his work, in which the king takes a great interest. Of his skill in restoring old paintings, I dare not begin to speak; since it would be necessary to describe the whole process of this yet difficult craft, and wherein consists the difficulty of the problem, and the merit of success.

CASERTA, March 16, 1787.

Your dear letter of the 19th February reached me to-day, and I must forthwith despatch a word or two in reply. How glad should I be to come to my senses again, by thinking of my friends!

Naples is a paradise: in it every one lives in a sort of intoxicated self-forgetfulness. It is even so with me: I scarcely know myself; I seem to myself quite an altered man. Yesterday I said to myself, "Either you have always been mad, or you are so now."

I have paid a visit to the ruins of ancient Capua, and all that is connected with it.

In this country one first begins to have a true idea of what vegetation is, and why man tills the fields. The flax here is already near to blossoming, and the wheat a span and a half high. Around Caserta the land is perfectly level, the fields worked as clean and as fine as the beds of a garden. All of them are planted with poplars, and from tree to tree the vine spreads; and yet, notwithstanding this shade, the soil below produces the finest and most abundant crops possible. What

will they be when the spring shall come in power? Hitherto we have had very cold winds, and there has been snow on the mountains.

Within a fortnight I must decide whether to go to Sicily or not. Never before have I been so tossed backward and forward in coming to a resolution: every day something will occur to recommend the trip; the next morning some circumstance will be against it. Two spirits are contending for me.

I say this in confidence, and for my female friends alone: speak not a word of it to my male friends. I am well aware that my "Iphigenia" has fared strangely. The public were so accustomed to the old form, expressions which they had adopted from frequent hearing and reading were familiar to them; and now quite a different tone is sounding in their ears, and I clearly see that no one, in fact, thanks me for the endless pains I have been at. Such a work is never finished: it must, however, pass for such, as soon as the author has done his utmost, considering time and circumstances.

All this, however, will not be able to deter me from trying a similar operation with "Tasso." Perhaps it would be better to throw it into the fire; however, I shall adhere to my resolution; and since it must be what it is, I shall make a wonderful work of it. On this account, I am pleased to find that the printing of my works goes on so slowly; and then, again, it is well to be at a distance from the murmurs of the compositor. Strange enough, that, even in one's most independent actions, one expects — nay, requires — a stimulus.

CASERTA, March 16, 1787.

If in Rome one can readily set one's self to study, here one can do nothing but live. You forget yourself and the world; and to me it is a strange feeling to go about with people who think of nothing but enjoying themselves. Sir William Hamilton, who still resides here as ambassador from England, has at length, after his long love of art and long study, discovered the most perfect of admirers of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him, — an English woman about twenty years old. She is very handsome, and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume, which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of pos-

ture, expression, and look, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds here in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious, — all mental states follow rapidly, one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of head-dress. The old knight holds the light for her, and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul. He thinks he can discern in her a resemblance to all the most famous antiques, all the beautiful profiles on the Sicilian coins, — ay, of the Apollo Belvedere itself. This much at any rate is certain, — the entertainment is unique. We spent two evenings on it with thorough enjoyment. To-day Tischbein is engaged in painting her.

What I have seen and inferred of the *personnel* of the Court requires to be further tested, before I set it down. To-day the king is gone hunting the wolves: they hope to kill at least five.

Naples, March 17, 1787.

When I would write words, images only start before my eyes, — the beautiful land, the free sea, the hazy islands, the roaring mountain! Powers to delineate all this fail me.

Here in this country one at last understands how man could ever take it into his head to till the ground, — here, where it produces every thing, and where one may look for as many as from three to five crops in the year.

I have seen much, and reflected still more. The world opens itself to me more and more: all even that I have long known is at last becoming my own. How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice, is the human creature!

The only pity is, that I cannot at each moment communicate to others my observations. But, both as man and artist, one is here driven backward and forward by a hundred ideas of his own, while his services are put in requisition by hundreds of persons. His situation is peculiar and strange: he cannot freely sympathize with another's being, because he finds his own exertions so put to the stretch.

And, after all, the world is nothing but a wheel. In its whole periphery it is everywhere similar; but, nevertheless, it appears to us so strange, because we ourselves are carried round with it.

What I always said has actually come to pass: in this land alone do I begin to understand and to unravel many a phenomenon of nature, and complication of opinion. I am gathering from every quarter, and shall bring back with me a great deal, — certainly much love of my own native land, and joy to live with a few dear friends.

With regard to my Sicilian tour, the gods still hold the scales in their hands: the index still wavers.

Who can the friend be who has been thus mysteriously announced? Only, may I not neglect him in my pilgrimage and tour in the island!

The frigate from Palermo has returned: in eight days she sets sail again. Whether I shall sail with it, and be back at Rome by Passion Week, I have not as yet determined. Never in my life have I been so undecided: a trifle will turn the scale.

With men I get on rather better: for I feel that one must weigh them by avoirdupois weight, and not by the jeweller's scales; as, unfortunately, friends too often weigh one another in their hypochondriacal humors and in an over-exacting spirit.

Here men know nothing of one another. They scarcely observe that others are also going on their way, side by side with them. They run all day backward and forward in a paradise, without looking around them; and, if the neighboring jaws of hell begin to open and to rage, they have recourse to St. Januarius.

To pass through such a countless multitude, with its restless excitement, is strange, but salutary. Here they are all crossing and recrossing one another, and yet every one finds his way and his object. In so great a crowd and bustle I feel more calm and solitary than on other occasions: the more bustling the streets become, the more quietly I move.

Often do I think of Rousseau and his hypochondriacal discontent; and I can thoroughly understand how so fine an organization may have been deranged. Did I not myself feel such sympathy with natural objects; and did I not see, that, in the apparent perplexity, a hundred seemingly contrary observations admit of being reconciled, and arranged side by side, just as the geometer by a cross line tests many measurements, I should often think myself mad.

Naples, March 18, 1787.

We must not any longer put off our visit to Herculaneum, and the Museum of Portici, where the curiosities which have been dug out of it are collected and preserved. That ancient city, lying at the foot of Vesuvius, was entirely covered with lava, which subsequent eruptions successively raised so high that the buildings are at present sixty feet below the surface. The city was discovered by some men coming upon a marble pavement, as they were digging a well. It is a great pity that the excavation was not executed systematically by German miners; for it is admitted that the work, which was carried on at random, and with the hope of plunder, has spoilt many a noble monument of ancient art. After descending sixty steps into a pit, by torch-light, you gaze in admiration at the theatre which once stood beneath the open sky, and listen to the guide recounting all that was found there, and carried off.

We entered the museum well recommended, and were well received: nevertheless, we were not allowed to take any drawings. Perhaps on this account we paid the more attention to what we saw, and the more vividly transported ourselves into those long-passed times, when all these things surrounded their living owners, and ministered to the use and enjoyment of life. The little houses and rooms of Pompeii now appeared to me at once more spacious and more confined, — more confined, because I fancied them to myself crammed full of so many precious objects; more spacious, because these very objects could not have been furnished merely as necessaries, but, being decorated with the most graceful and ingenious devices of the imitative arts, must, while they delighted the taste, also have enlarged the mind far beyond what the amplest house-room could ever have done.

One sees here, for instance, a nobly-shaped pail, mounted at the top with a highly-ornamented edge. When you exam-

ine it more closely, you find that this rim rises on two sides, and so furnishes convenient handles by which the vessel may be lifted. The lamps, according to the number of their wicks, are ornamented with masks and mountings, so that each burner illuminates a genuine figure of art. We also saw some high and gracefully slender stands of iron for holding lamps, the pendent burners being suspended with figures of all kinds, which display a wonderful fertility of invention; and as, in order to please and delight the eye, they sway and oscillate, the effect surpasses all description.

In the hope of being able to pay a second visit, we followed the usher from room to room, and snatched all the delight and instruction that was possible from a cursory view.

NAPLES,
Monday, March 19, 1787.

Within these last few days I have formed a new connection. Tischbein has for three or four weeks faithfully lent me all the assistance in his power, and diligently explained to me the works both of nature and art. Yesterday, however, after being at the Museum of Portici, we had some conversation together, and came to the conclusion, that, considering his own artistic objects, he could not perform, with credit to himself, the works which, in the hope of some future appointment in Naples, he has undertaken for the Court and for several persons in the city; nor do justice to my views, wishes, and fancies. With sincere good wishes for my success, he has therefore recommended to me for my constant companion a young man, whom, since I arrived here, I have often seen, not without feeling some interest and liking for him. His name is Kniep, who, after a long stay at Rome, has come to Naples as the true field and element of the landscape-painter. Even in Rome I had heard him highly spoken of as a clever draughtsman, only his industry was not much commended. I have tolerably studied his character, and think the ground of this censure arises rather from a want of a decision, which certainly may be overcome if we are long together. A favorable beginning confirms me in this hope; and, if he continues to go on thus, we shall continue good companions for some time.

NAPLES, March 19, 1787.

One needs only walk along the streets, and keep his eyes well open, and he is sure to see the most unequalled scenes.

At the Mole, one of the noisiest quarters of the city, I saw yesterday a Pulcinello, who, on a temporary stage of planks, was quarrelling with an ape; while from a balcony above, a right pretty maiden was exposing her charms to every eye. Not far from the ape and his stage, a quack doctor was recommending to the credulous crowd his nostrums for every evil. Such a scene painted by a Gerard Dow would not fail to charm contemporaries and posterity.

To-day, moreover, was the festival of St. Joseph. He is the patron of all Fritaruoli, — that is, pastry-cooks, — and understands baking in a very extensive sense. Because beneath the black and seething oil hot flames will of course rage, therefore every kind of torture by fire falls within his province. Accordingly, yesterday evening being the eve of the saint's day, the fronts of the houses were adorned with pictures, to the best of the inmates' skill, representing souls in Purgatory, or the Last Judgment, with plenty of fire and flame. Before the doors, frying-pans were hissing on hastily constructed hearths. One partner was working the dough; another shaped it into twists, and threw it into the boiling lard; a third stood by the frying-pan, holding a short skewer, with which he drew out the twists as soon as they were done, and shoved them off on another skewer to a fourth party, who offered them to the by-standers. The two last were generally young apprentices, and wore white curly wigs; this head-dress being the Neapolitan symbol of an angel. Other figures besides completed the group; and these were busy in presenting wine to the busy cooks, or in drinking themselves, shouting, and puffing the article all the while. The angels, too, and cooks, were all clamoring. The people crowded to buy; for all pastry is sold cheap on this evening, and a part of the profits given to the poor.

Scenes of this kind may be witnessed without end. Thus fares it every day, — always something new, some fresh absurdity. The variety of costume, too, that meets you in the streets; the multitude, too, of passages in the Toledo Street alone!

Thus there is plenty of most original entertainment, if only one will live with the people: it is so natural, that one almost becomes natural one's self. For this is the original birthplace of Pulcinello, the true national mask, — the Harlequin of Pergamo, and the Hanswurst of the Tyrol. This Pulcinello, now, is a thoroughly easy, sedate, somewhat indifferent, perhaps lazy, and yet humorous fellow. And so one

meets everywhere with a "Kellner" and a "Hausknecht." With ours I had special fun yesterday, and yet there was nothing more than my sending him to fetch some paper and pens. A half misunderstanding, a little loitering, good humor and roguery, produced a most amusing scene, which might be very successfully brought out on any stage.

NAPLES,
Tuesday, March 20, 1787.

The news that an eruption of lava had just commenced, which, taking the direction of Ottajano, was invisible at Naples, tempted me to visit Vesuvius for the third time. Scarcely had I jumped out of my cabriolet (zweirädrigen einpferdigen Fuhrwerk), at the foot of the mountain, when immediately appeared the two guides who had accompanied us on our previous ascent. I had no wish to do without either, but took one out of gratitude and custom, the other for reliance on his judgment, and the two for the greater convenience. Having ascended the summit, the older guide remained with our cloaks and refreshment, while the younger followed me; and we boldly went straight towards a dense volume of smoke, which broke forth from the bottom of the funnel: then we quickly went downwards by the side of it, till at last, under the clear heaven, we distinctly saw the lava emitted from the rolling clouds of smoke.

We may hear an object spoken of a thousand times, but its peculiar features will never be caught till we see it with our own eyes. The stream of lava was narrow, not broader perhaps than ten feet, but the way in which it flowed down a gentle and tolerably smooth plain was remarkable. As it flowed along, it cooled both on the sides and on the surface, so that it formed a sort of canal, the bed of which was continually raised in consequence of the molten mass congealing even beneath the fiery stream, which, with uniform action, precipitated right and left the scoria which were floating on its surface. In this way a regular dam was at length thrown up, which the glowing stream flowed on as quietly as any mill-stream. We passed along the tolerably high dam, while the scoria rolled regularly off the sides at our feet. Some cracks in the canal afforded opportunity of looking at the living stream from below; and, as it rushed onward, we observed it from above.

A very bright sun made the glowing lava look dull, but a moderate steam rose from it into the pure air. I felt a great

desire to go nearer to the point where it broke out from the mountain: there, my guide averred, it at once formed vaults and roofs above itself, on which he had often stood. To see and experience this phenomenon, we again ascended the hill, in order to come from behind to this point. Fortunately at this moment the place was cleared by a pretty strong wind, but not entirely, for all round it the smoke eddied from a thousand crannies; and now we actually stood on the top of the solid roof, which looked like a hardened mass of twisted dough, but projected so far outward, that it was impossible to see the welling lava.

We ventured about twenty steps farther; but the ground on which we stepped became hotter and hotter, while around us rolled an oppressive steam, which obscured and hid the sun. The guide, who was a few steps in advance of me, presently turned back, and, siezing hold of me, hurried out of this Stygian exhalation.

After we had refreshed our eyes with the clear prospect, and washed our gums and throat with wine, we went round again to notice any other peculiarities which might characterize this peak of hell, thus rearing itself in the midst of a paradise. I again observed attentively some chasms, in appearance like so many Vulcanic forges, which emitted no smoke, but continually shot out a steam of hot, glowing air. They were all tapestried, as it were, with a kind of stalactite, which covered the funnel to the top with its knobs and chintz-like variation of colors. In consequence of the irregularity of the forges, I found many specimens of this sublimation hanging within reach, so that, with our staves and a little contrivance, we were able to hack off a few and secure them. I had seen in the shop of the lava-dealer similar specimens, labelled simply "Lava;" and was delighted to have discovered that it was volcanic soot precipitated from the hot vapor, and distinctly exhibiting the sublimated mineral particles it contained.

The most glorious sunset, a heavenly evening, refreshed me on my return: still, I felt how all great contrasts confound the mind and senses. From the terrible to the beautiful — from the beautiful to the terrible: each destroys the other, and produces a feeling of indifference. Assuredly, the Neapolitan would be quite a different creature, did he not feel himself thus hemmed in between Elysium and Tartarus.

NAPLES, March 22, 1787.

Were I not impelled by the German spirit and desire to learn and do rather than to enjoy, I should tarry a little longer in this school of a light-hearted and merry life, and try to profit by it still more. Here it is enough for contentment, if a man has never so small an income. The situation of the city, the mildness of the climate, can never be sufficiently extolled; but it is almost exclusively to these that the stranger is referred.

No doubt one who has abundance of time, tact, and means, might remain here for a long time with profit to himself. Thus Sir William Hamilton has contrived highly to enjoy a long residence in this city, and now, in the evening of his life, is reaping the fruits of it. The rooms, which he has had furnished in the English style, are most delightful, and the view from the corner room perhaps unique. Below you is the sea, with a view of Capri; Posilippo on the right, with the promenade of Villa Real between you and the grotto; on the left an ancient building belonging to the Jesuits; and beyond it the coast stretching from Sorrento to Cape Minerva. Another prospect equal to this is scarcely to be found in Europe, — at least, not in the centre of a great and populous city.

Hamilton is a person of universal taste, and, after having wandered through the whole realm of creation, has found rest at last in a most beautiful wife, a masterpiece of the great artist, — Nature.

And now after all this, and a hundred-fold more of enjoyment, the Sirens from over the sea are beckoning me; and if the wind is favorable, I shall start at the same time with this letter, — it for the north, I for the south. The human mind will not be confined to any limits: I especially require breadth and extent in an eminent degree; however, I must content myself on this occasion with a rapid survey, and must not think of a long, fixed look. If by hearing and thinking, I can only attain to as much of any object as a finger's tip, I shall be able to make out the whole hand.

Singularly enough, within these few days a friend has spoken to me of "Wilhelm Meister," and urged me to continue it. In this climate I don't think it possible: however, something of the air of this heaven may, perhaps, be imparted to the closing books. May my existence only unfold itself sufficiently to lengthen the stem, and to produce richer and finer flowers! Certainly it were better for me never to have to come here at all, than to go away unregenerated.

Yesterday we saw a picture of Correggio's, which is for sale. It is not, indeed, in very good preservation: however, it still retains the happiest stamp of all the peculiar charms of this painter. It represents a Madonna, with the infant hesitating between the breast and some pears which an angel is offering it: the subject, therefore, is the weaning of Christ. To me the idea appears extremely tender; the composition easy and natural, and happily and charmingly executed. It immediately reminded me of the Vow of St. Catherine; and, in my opinion, the painting is unquestionably from the hand of Correggio.

NAPLES,
Friday, March 23, 1787.

The terms of my engagement with Kniep are now settled, and it has commenced in a right practical way. We went together to Pæstum, where, and also on our journey thither and back, he showed the greatest industry with his pencil. He has made some of the most glorious outlines. He seems to relish this moving but busy sort of life, which has called forth a talent he was scarcely conscious of. This comes of being resolute, but it is exactly here that his accurate and nice skill shows itself. He never stops to surround the paper on which he is about to draw, with the usual rectangular lines: however, he seems to take as much pleasure in cutting points to his pencil, which is of the best English lead, as in drawing itself. Thus his outlines are just what one would wish them to be.

Now we have come to the following arrangement: From this day forward, we are to live and travel together; while he is to have nothing to trouble himself about but drawing, as he has done for the last few days.

All the sketches are to be mine: but in order to a further profit, after our return from our connection, he is to finish for a certain sum, a number of them, which I am to select; and then, remuneration for the others is to be settled according to his skill, the importance of the views taken, and other considerations. This arrangement has made me quite happy; and now at last I can give you an account of our journey.

Sitting in a light two-wheeled carriage, and driving in turn, with a rough, good-natured boy behind, we rolled through the glorious country, which Kniep greeted with a true artistic eye. We now reached the mountain stream,

which, running along a smooth, artificial channel, skirts most delightful rocks and woods. At last, in the district of *Alla Cava*, Kniep could not contain himself, but set to work to fix on paper a splendid mountain, which right before us stood out boldly against the blue sky; and with a clever and characteristic touch drew the outlines of the summit, with the sides also, down to its very base. We both made merry with it, as the earnest of our contract.

A similar sketch was taken in the evening, from the window, of a singularly lovely and rich country, which passes all my powers of description. Who would not have been disposed to study at such a spot, in those bright times, when a high school of art was flourishing? Very early in the morning we set off by an untrodden path, coming occasionally on marshy spots, towards two beautifully shaped hills. We crossed brooks and pools, where the wild bulls, like hippopotamuses, were wallowing, and looking upon us with their wild, red eyes.

The country grew flatter, and more desolate: the scarcity of the buildings bespoke a sparing cultivation. At last, when we were doubting whether we were passing through rocks or ruins, some great oblong masses enabled us to distinguish the remains of temples, and other monuments of a once splendid city. Kniep, who had already sketched on the way the two picturesque limestone hills, suddenly stopped to find a spot from which to seize and exhibit the peculiarity of this most unpicturesque country.

A countryman, whom I took for my guide, led me, meanwhile, through the buildings. The first sight of them excited nothing but astonishment. I found myself in a perfectly strange world; for, as centuries pass from the severe to the pleasing, they form man's taste at the same time, — indeed, create him after the same law. But now our eyes, and through them our whole inner being, have been used to, and decidedly prepossessed in favor of, a lighter style of architecture; so that these crowded masses of stumpy conical pillars appear heavy, not to say frightful. But I soon recollected myself, called to mind the history of art, thought of the times when the spirit of the age was in unison with this style of architecture, and realized the severe style of sculpture; and in less than an hour found myself reconciled to it, — nay, I went so far as to thank my genius for permitting me to see, with my own eyes, such well-preserved remains, since drawings give us no true idea of them; for in archi-

tectural sketches they seem more elegant, and in perspective views even more stumpy, than they actually are. It is only by going round them, and passing through them, that you can impart to them their real character: you evoke for them, not to say infuse into them, the very feeling which the architect had in contemplation. And thus I spent the whole day, Kniep the while working away most diligently in taking very accurate sketches. How delighted was I to be exempt from that care, and yet to acquire such unfailing tokens for the aid of memory! Unfortunately, there was no accommodation for spending the night here. We returned to Sorrento, and started early next morning for Naples. Vesuvious, seen from the back, is a rich country: poplars, with their colossal pyramids, on the road-side, in the fore-ground. These, too, formed an agreeable feature, which we halted a moment to take.

We now reached an eminence. The most extensive area in the world opened before us. Naples, in all its splendor: its mile-long line of houses on the flat shore of the bay; the promontories, tongues of land and walls of rock; then the islands; and, behind all, the sea; — the whole was a ravishing sight!

A most hideous singing, or rather exulting cry and howl of joy, from the boy behind, frightened and disturbed us. Somewhat angrily I called out to him: he had never had any harsh words from us, — he had been a very good boy.

For a while he did not move; then he patted me lightly on the shoulder, and pushing between us both his right arm, with the fore-finger stretched out, exclaimed, "*Signor, perdonate! questa è la mia patria!*" — which, being interpreted, runs, "Forgive me, sir, for that is my native land!" And so I was ravished a second time. Something like a tear stood in the eyes of the phlegmatic child of the North.

NAPLES, March 25, 1787.

Although I saw that Kniep was delighted to go with me to the Festival of the Annunciation, still I could not fail to observe that there was something he was sorry to part from. His candor could not let him conceal from me long the fact, that he had formed here a close and faithful attachment. It was a pretty tale to listen to, — the story of their first meeting, and the description of the fair one's behavior up to this time, told in her favor. Kniep, moreover, insisted on my going and seeing for myself how pretty she really was. Accord-

ingly, an opportunity was contrived, and so as to afford me the enjoyment of one the most agreeable views over Naples. He took me to the flat roof of a house which commanded a survey of the lower town, near the Mole, the bay, and the shore of Sorrento. All that lay beyond on the left became fore-shortened in the strangest way possible; and which, except from this particular spot, was never witnessed. Naples is everywhere beautiful and glorious.

While we were admiring the country, suddenly (although expected) a very beautiful face presented itself above the roof, — for the entrance to these flat roofs is generally an oblong opening in the roof, which can be covered, when not used, by a trap-door. While, then, the little angel appeared in full figure above the opening, it occurred to me that ancient painters usually represent the Annunciation by making the angel ascend by a similar trap-door. But the angel on this occasion was really of a very fine form, of a very pretty face, and a good natural carriage. It was a real joy to me to see my new friend so happy beneath this magnificent sky, and in presence of the finest prospect in the world. After her departure, he confessed to me that he had hitherto voluntarily endured poverty, as by that means he had enjoyed her love and, at the same time, had learned to appreciate her contented disposition; and now his better prospects and improved condition were chiefly prized, because they procured him the means for making her days more comfortable.

After this pleasant little incident I walked on the shore, calm and happy There a good insight into botanical matters opened on me. Tell Herder that I am very near finding the primal vegetable type; only I fear that no one will be able to trace in it the rest of the vegetable kingdom. My famous theory of the cotyledons is so refined, that perhaps it is impossible to go farther with it.

Naples, March 26, 1787.

To-morrow this letter will leave this for you. On Thursday, the 29th, I go to Palermo in the corvette, which formerly in my ignorance of sea matters, I promoted to the rank of a frigate. The doubt whether I should go or remain made me unsettled even in the use of my stay here: now I have made up my mind, things go on better. For my mental state this journey is salutary, — indeed, necessary. I see Sicily

pointing to Africa, and to Asia, and to the wonderful, whither so many rays of the world's history are directed: even to stand still is no trifle!

I have treated Naples quite in its own style: I have been any thing but industrious. And yet I have seen a great deal, and formed a pretty general idea of the land, its inhabitants, and condition. On my return, there is much that I shall have to go over again, — indeed, only "go over," for by the 29th of June I must be in Rome again. As I have missed the Holy Week, I must not fail to be present at the festivities of St. Peter's Day. My Sicilian expedition must not altogether draw me off from my original plan.

The day before yesterday we had a violent storm, with thunder, lightning, and rain. Now it is clear again: a glorious Tramontane is blowing; if it lasts we shall have a rapid passage.

Yesterday I went with my fellow-traveller to see the vessel, and to take our cabin. A sea-voyage is utterly out of the pale of my ideas: this short trip, which will probably be a mere sail along the coast, will help my imagination, and enlarge my world. The captain is a young, lively fellow; the ship, trim and clean, built in America, and a good sailer.

Here every spot begins to look green: Sicily, they tell me, I shall find still more so. By the time you get this letter I shall be on my return, leaving Trinacria behind me. Such is man; he is always either anticipating or recalling: I have not yet been there; and yet I now am, in thought, back again with you! However, for the confusion of this letter I am not to blame. Every moment I am interrupted; and yet I would, if possible, fill this sheet to the very corner.

Just now I have had a visit from a Marchese Berio, a young man who appears to be well informed. He was anxious to make the acquaintance of the author of "Werther." Generally, indeed, the people here evince a great desire for, and delight in, learning and accomplishments; only they are too happy to go the right way to acquire them. Had I more time, I would willingly devote it to observing the Neapolitans. These four weeks — what are they compared with the endless variety of life?

Now, farewell. On these travels I have learnt one thing at least, — how to travel well: whether I am learning to live I know not. The men who pretend to understand that art, are, in nature and manner, too widely different from me for setting up any claim to such a talent.

Farewell, and love me as sincerely as I from my heart remember you.

NAPLES, March 28, 1787.

These few days have been entirely passed in packing and leave-taking; with making all necessary arrangements, and paying bills; looking for missing articles; and with preparations of all kinds. I set the time down as lost.

The Prince of Walbeck has, just at my departure, unsettled me again. For he has been talking of nothing less than that I should arrange, on my return, to go with him to Greece and Dalmatia. When one enters once into the world and takes up with it, let him beware lest he be driven aside, not to say driven mad by it. I am utterly incapable of adding another syllable.

NAPLES, March 29, 1787.

For some days the weather has been very unsettled. To-day (the appointed time for our sailing) it is again as fine as possible; a favorable north wind; a bright sunny sky, beneath which one wishes one's self in the wide world. Now I bid an affectionate farewell to all my friends in Weimar and Gotha. Your love accompanies me, for wherever I am I feel my need of you. Last night I dreamt I was again among old familiar faces. It seems as if I could not unload my boat of pheasants' feathers anywhere but among you. May it be well loaded!

SICILY.

AT SEA,
Thursday, March 29, 1787.

A fresh and favorable breeze from the north-east is not blowing this time, as it did at the last sailing of the packet. But, unfortunately, a direct head-wind comes from the opposite quarter, the south-west, —and so we are experiencing to our cost how much the navigator depends upon the caprice of the wind and weather. Out of all patience, we whiled away the morning either on the shore or in the coffee-house: at last, at noon we went on board; and, the weather being extremely fine, we enjoyed the most glorious view. The corvette lay at anchor near to the Mole. With an unclouded

sun, the atmosphere was hazy; giving to the rocky walls of Sorrento, which were in the shade, a tint of most beautiful blue. Naples, with its living multitudes, lay in the full sunshine, and glittered brilliantly with countless tints. It was not until sunset that the vessel began slowly to move from her moorings: then the wind, which was contrary, drove us over to Posilippo and its promontory. All night long the ship went quietly on its way. She is a swift sailer, was built in America, and is well fitted with cabins and berths. The passengers cheerful but not boisterous, — opera singers and dancers, consigned to Palermo.

FRIDAY, March 30, 1787.

By daybreak we found ourselves between Ischia and Capri, — perhaps not more than a mile from the latter. The sun rose from behind the mountains of Capri and Cape Minerva. Kniep diligently sketched the outlines of the coasts and the islands, and took several beautiful views. The slowness of the passage was favorable to his labors. We were making our way but slowly under a light side-wind. We lost sight of Vesuvius about four, just as we came in view of Cape Minerva and Ischia. These, too, disappeared about evening. The sun set in the sea, attended with clouds and a long streak of light reaching for miles, all of a brilliant purple. This phenomenon was also sketched by Kniep. At last we lost sight altogether of the land; and the watery horizon surrounded us, the night being clear, with lovely moonlight.

These beautiful sights, however, I could only enjoy for a few moments, for I was soon attacked with sea-sickness. I betook myself to my cabin, chose a horizontal position, and abstaining from all meat or drink, except white bread and red wine, soon found myself pretty comfortable again. Shut out from the external world, I let the internal have full sway; and, as a tedious voyage was to be anticipated, I immediately set myself a heavy task in order to while away the time profitably. Of all my papers, I had only brought with me the first two acts of "Tasso," written in poetic prose. These two acts, as regards their plan and evolution, were nearly similar to the present ones, but, written full ten years ago, had a somewhat soft and misty tone, which soon disappeared while, in accordance with my later notions, I made form more predominant, and introduced more of rhythm.

SATURDAY, March 31, 1787.

The sun rose this morning from the water quite clear. About seven we overtook a French vessel, which had left Naples two days before us, so much the better sailor was our vessel: still we had no prospect as yet of the end of our passage. We were somewhat cheered by the sight of Ustica, but, unfortunately, on our left, when we ought to have had it, like Capri, on our right. Towards noon the wind became directly contrary, and we did not make the least way. The sea began to get rough, and every one in the ship was sick.

I kept in my usual position; and the whole play was thought over and over, and through and through again. The hours passed away; and I should not have noticed how they went, but for the roguish Kniep, on whose appetite the waves had no influence. When, from time to time, he brought me some wine and some bread, he took a mischievous delight in expatiating on the excellent dinner in the cabin, the cheerfulness and good nature of our young but clever captain, and on his regrets that I was unable to enjoy my share of it. So, likewise, the transition from joke and merriment to qualmishness and sickness, and the various ways in which the latter manifested themselves in the different passengers, afforded him rich materials for humorous description.

At four in the afternoon the captain altered the course of our vessel. The mainsails were again set; and we steered direct for Ustica, behind which, to our great joy, we discerned the mountains of Sicily. The wind improved; and we bore rapidly towards Sicily, and a few little islands appeared in view. The sunset was murky, the light of heaven being veiled beneath a mist. The wind was pretty fair for the whole of the evening: towards midnight the sea became very rough.

SUNDAY, April 1, 1787.

About three in the morning a violent storm. Half asleep and dreaming, I went on with the plan of my drama. In the mean time there was great commotion on deck: the sails were all taken in, and the vessel pitched on the top of the waves. As day broke, the storm abated, and the sky cleared. Now Ustica lay right on our left. They pointed out to me a large turtle swimming a great distance off: by my telescope I could easily discern it as a living point. Towards noon we were clearly able to distinguish the coast of Sicily, with its headlands and bays; but we had got very far to the

leeward, and tacked on and off. Towards mid-day we came nearer to the shore. The weather being clear, and the sun shining bright, we saw quite distinctly the western coast, from the promontory of Lilybæum to Cape Gallo.

A shoal of dolphins attended our ship on both bows, and continually shot ahead. It was amusing to watch them as they swam along, covered by the clear, transparent waves at one time, and at another springing above the water, showing their fins and spine-ridged back, with their sides playing in the light, from gold to green, and from green to gold.

As the land was direct on our lee, the captain lay to in a bay behind Cape Gallo. Kniep failed not to seize the opportunity to sketch the many beautiful scenes somewhat in detail. Towards sunset the captain made again for the open sea, steering north-east, in order to make the heights of Palermo. I ventured several times on deck, but never intermitted for a moment my poetical labors; and thus I became pretty well master of the whole play. With a cloudy sky, a bright but broken moonlight, the reflection on the sea was infinitely beautiful. Painters, in order to heighten the effect, generally lead us to believe that the reflection of the heavenly luminaries on the water has its greatest breadth nearest to the spectator, where it also possesses its greatest brilliancy. On this occasion, however, the reflection was broadest at the horizon, and, like a sharp pyramid, ended with sparkling waves close to the ship. During the night our captain again frequently changed the tack.

Monday, April 2, 1787.

This morning, about eight o'clock, we found ourselves over against Palermo. The morning seemed to me highly delightful. During the days that I had been shut up in my cabin, I had got on pretty well with the plan of my drama. I felt quite well now, and was able to stay on deck, and observe attentively the Sicilian coast. Kniep went on sketching away; and by his accurate, but rapid pencil, many a sheet of paper was converted into highly valuable mementos of our landing, for which, however, we had still to wait.

PALERMO.

Monday, April 2, 1787.

By three o'clock P.M., we at last, after much trouble and difficulty, got into harbor, where a most glorious view lay before us. Perfectly recovered from my sea-sickness, I enjoyed it highly. The town, facing north, lay at the foot of a high hill, with the sun (at this time of day) shining above it. The sides of the buildings which looked towards us lay in a deep shade, which, however, was clear, and lit up by the reflection from the water. On our right Monte Pellegrino, with its many elegant outlines, in full light; on the left the coast, with its bays, isthmuses, and headlands, stretching far away into the distance; and the most agreeable effect was produced by the fresh green of some fine trees, whose crowns, lit up from behind, swayed from side to side before the dark buildings, like great masses of glow-worms. A brilliant haze gave a blueish tint to all the shades.

Instead of hurrying impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were actually forced to land; for where could we hope soon to find a position equal to this, or so favorable a point of view?

Through the singular gateway, — which consists of two vast pillars, which are left unconnected above, in order that the towering car of St. Rosalie may be able to pass through, on her famous festival, — we were driven into the city, and alighted almost immediately at a large hotel on our left. The host, an old, decent person, long accustomed to see strangers of every nation and tongue, conducted us into a large room, the balcony of which commanded a view of the sea, with the roadstead, where we recognized our ship, Monte Rosalie, and the beach, and were enabled to form an idea of our whereabouts. Highly satisfied with the position of our room, we did not for some time observe, that at the farther end of it was an alcove, slightly raised, and concealed by curtains, in which was a most spacious bed, with a magnificent canopy and curtains of silk, in perfect keeping with the other stately, but old-fashioned furniture of our apartment. This display of splendor made me uneasy; so, as my custom was, I wished to make an agreement with my host. To this the old man replied, that conditions were unnecessary, and he trusted I should have nothing to complain of in him. We were also at liberty to make use of the ante-

room, which was next to our apartment, and cool, airy, and agreeable from its many balconies.

We amused ourselves with the endless variety of views, and endeavored to sketch them, one by one, in pencil or in colors; for here the eye fell upon a plentiful harvest for the artist.

In the evening the lovely moonlight attracted us once more to the roadstead, and even after our return riveted us for some time on the balcony. The light was peculiar, the repose and loveliness of the scene were extreme.

PALERMO,
Tuesday, April 3, 1787.

Our first business was to examine the city, which is easy enough to survey, but difficult to know; easy, because a street a mile long from the lower to the upper gate, from the sea to the mountain, intersects it, and is itself again crossed, nearly in its middle, by another. Whatever lies on these two great lines is easily found; but in the inner streets a stranger soon loses himself, and, without a guide, will never extricate himself from their labyrinths.

Towards evening our attention was directed to the long line of carriages (of the well-known build) in which the principal persons of the neighborhood were taking their evening drive from the city to the beach, for the sake of the fresh air, amusement, and perhaps also for intrigue.

It was full moon about two hours before midnight, and the evening was in consequence indescribably glorious. The northerly position of Palermo produces a very strange effect: as the city and shore come between the sun and the harbor, its reflection is never observed on the waves. On this account, though this was one of the brightest days, I found the sea of a deep blue color, solemn, and oppressive; whereas, at Naples, from the time of noon it gets brighter and brighter, and glitters with more airy lightness and to a greater distance.

Kniep has to-day left me to make my pilgrimages and observations by myself, in order that he might accurately sketch the outline of Monte Pellegrino, the most beautiful headland in the whole world.

Here, again, I must put a few things together, something in the way of an appendix, and with the carelessness of familiarity.

At sunset of the 29th of March we left Naples, and after only a passage of four days and three hours cast anchor in the harbor of Palermo. The little diary which I enclose will give an account of ourselves and our fortunes. I never entered on a journey so calmly as on this, and have never had a more quiet time of it than during our passage, which a constant headwind has unusually prolonged, even though I passed the time chiefly on my bed, in a close little berth, to which I was obliged to keep during the first day, in consequence of a violent attack of sea-sickness. Now my thoughts pass over towards you; for if ever any thing has exercised a decided influence on my mind, this voyage has certainly done so.

He who has never seen himself surrounded on all sides by the sea, can never possess an idea of the world and of his own relation to it. As a landscape-painter, I have received entirely new ideas from this great simple line.

During our voyage we had, as the diary records, many changes, and, on a small scale experienced all a sailor's fortunes. However, the safety and convenience of the packet-boat cannot be sufficiently commended. Our captain is a very brave and an extremely handsome man. My fellow-passengers consisted of a whole theatrical troop, well mannered, tolerable, and agreeable. My artist, who accompanies me, is a merry, true-hearted fellow. In order to shorten the weary hours of the passage, he has explained to me all the mechanical part of *aquarell*, or painting in water-colors, an art which has been carried to a great height of perfection in Italy. He thoroughly understands the use of particular colors for effecting certain tones, to produce which, without knowing the secret, one might go on mixing forever. I had, it is true, learned a good deal of it in Rome, but never before so systematically. The artists must have studied and perfected the art in a country like Italy or this. No words can express the hazy brilliancy which hung around the coasts, as on a most beautiful noon we neared Palermo. He who has once seen it will never forget it. Now, at last, I can understand Claude Lorraine, and can cherish a hope that hereafter, in the North, I shall be able to produce, from my soul, at least a faint idea of these glorious abodes. Oh that only all littleness had departed from it as entirely as the little charm of thatched roofs has vanished from among my ideas of what a drawing should be! We shall see what this "Queen of Islands" can do.

No words can express the welcome — with its fresh green mulberry trees, evergreen oleanders, and hedges of citron, etc. In the open gardens, you see large beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is mild, warm, and fragrant; the wind refreshing. The full moon, too, rose from behind a promontory, and shone upon the sea; and this joyous scene after being tossed about four days and nights on the waves!

Forgive me if, with the stump of a pen, and the Indian-ink my fellow-traveller uses for his sketches, I scribble down these remarks. I send them to you as a faint lisping murmur; since I am preparing for all that love me another record of these, my happy hours. What it is to be I say not; and when you will receive it, that also it is out of my power to tell.

This letter must, as far as possible, impart to you, my dearest friends, a high treat: it is intended to convey to you a description of an unrivalled bay, embracing a vast mass of waters. Beginning from the east, where a flattish headland runs far out into the sea, it is dotted with many rugged, beautifully shaped, wood-crowned rocks, until it reaches the fishing-huts of the suburbs; then the town itself, the foremost houses of which (and among them our own hotel) all look towards the harbor and the great gate by which we entered.

Then it stretches westward, and passing the usual landing-place, where vessels of smaller burden can touch, comes next to what is properly the harbor, near the Mole, which is the station of all larger vessels; and then, at the western point, to protect the shipping, rises Monte Pellegrino, with its beautiful contour, after leaving between it and the mainland a lovely fertile valley, which at its other end again reaches the sea.

Kniep sketched away. I took, with my mind's eye, the plan of the country (*ich schematisirte*), with great delight; and now, glad to have reached home again, we feel neither strength nor energy to tell a long story, and to go into particulars. Our endeavors must, therefore, be reserved for a future occasion; and this sheet must serve to convince you of our inability adequately to seize these objects, or rather of our presumption in thinking to grasp and master them in so short a time.

PALERMO,
Wednesday, April 4, 1787.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to the fertile and delightful valley at the foot of the Southern Mountains, running by Palermo, and through which the Oreto meanders. Here, too, is a call for the painter's eye, and a practised hand to convey an idea of it. Kniep, however, hastily siezed an excellent point of view, at a spot where the pent-up water was dashing down from a half-broken weir, and was shaded by a lovely group of trees, behind which an uninterrupted prospect opened up the valley, affording a view of several farm buildings.

Beautiful spring weather, and a budding luxuriance, diffused over the whole valley a refreshing feeling of peace, which our stupid guide marred by his ill-timed erudition; telling us that in former days Hannibal had fought a battle here, and circumstantially detailing all the dreadful feats of war which had been perpetrated on the spot. In no friendly mood I reproved him for thus fatally calling up again such departed spectres. It was bad enough, I said, that from time to time the crops should be trodden down, if not by elephants, yet by men and horses. At any rate, it was not right to scare away the peaceful dreams of imagination by reviving such tumults and horrors.

The guide was greatly surprised that I could, on such a spot, despise classical reminiscences; nor could I make him understand how greatly such a mingling of the past with the present displeased me.

Still more singular did our guide deem me, when at all the shallow places, of which a great many are left dry by the stream, I searched for pebbles, and carried off with me specimens of each sort. I again found it difficult to make him understand that there was no readier way of forming an idea of a mountainous district like that before us, than by examining the nature of the stones which are washed down by the streams; and that in so doing, the purpose was to acquire a right notion of those eternally classic heights of the ancient world.

And, indeed, my gains from this stream were large enough: I carried away nearly forty specimens, which, however, may be comprised under a few classes. Most of these were of a species of rock, which, in one respect, might be regarded as a sort of jasper or hornblende; in another, looked like clay-slate. I found some pebbles rounded, others

of a rhomboidal shape, others of irregular forms and of various colors: moreover, many varieties of the primeval limestone; not a few specimens of breccia, of which the substratum was lime, and holding jasper or modifications of limestone; rubbles of muschelkalk were not wanting either.

The horses here are fed on barley, cut straw (*häckerling*), and clover. In spring they give them the green barley, in order to refresh them, — *per rinfrescar* is the phrase. As there are no meadows here, they have no hay. On the hillsides there are some pasture-lands; and also in the cornfields, as a third is always left fallow. They keep but few sheep, and these are of a breed from Barbary. On the whole, they have more mules than horses, because the hot food suits the former better than the latter.

The plain on which Palermo is situated, as well as the districts of Ai Colli, which lie without the city, and a part also of Baggaria, have for their basis the muschelkalk, of which the city is built. There are, for this purpose, extensive quarries of it in the neighborhood.. In one place, near Monte Pellegrino, they are more than fifty feet deep. The lower layers are of a whiter hue. In it are found many petrified corals and other shell-fish, but principally great scallops. The upper stratum is mixed with red marl, and contains but few, if any, fossils. Right above it lies the red marl, of which, however, the layer is not very stiff.

Monte Pellegrino, however, rises out of all this. It is a primary limestone, has many hollows and fissures, which, although very irregular, when closely observed are found to follow the order of the strata. The stone is close, and rings when struck.

PALERMO,
Thursday, April 5, 1787.

We have gone carefully through the city. The style of architecture resembles for the most part that of Naples; but the public buildings, for instance the fountains, are still further removed from good taste. Here there is no artistic mind to regulate the public works: the edifices owe both their shape and existence to chance. A fountain, which is the admiration of the whole island, would, perhaps, never have existed, had not Sicily furnished a beautiful variegated marble, and had not a sculptor well practised in animal

shapes happened to be in favor precisely at the time. It would be a difficult matter to describe this fountain. In a moderately sized site stands a round piece of masonry, not quite a staff high (*Stock hoch*). The socle, the wall, and the cornice are of variegated marble. In the wall are several niches in a row, from which animals of all kinds, in white marble, are looking with stretched-out necks. Horses, lions, camels, and elephants, are interchanged one with another; and one scarcely expects to find, within the circle of this menagerie, a fountain, to which, through four openings, marble steps lead you down to draw from the water, which flows in abundance.

The same nearly may be said of the churches, in which even the Jesuits' love of show and finery is surpassed, but not from design or plan, but by accident, — just as artist after artist, whether sculptor, carver, gilder, lackerer, or worker in marble, chose, without taste or rule, to display on each vacant spot their several abilities.

Amidst all this, however, one cannot fail to recognize a certain talent in imitating natural objects: for instance, the heads of the animals around the fountains are very well executed. By this means it is, in truth, that the admiration of the multitude is excited, whose artistic gratification consists chiefly in comparing the imitation with its living prototype.

Towards evening I made a merry acquaintance, as I entered the house of a small dealer in the Long Street, in order to purchase some trifles. As I stood before the window to look at the wares, a slight breeze arose, which eddying along the whole street, at last distributed through all the windows and doors the immense cloud of dust which it had raised. "By all the saints," I cried, "whence comes all the dust of your town? is there no helping it? In its length and beauty, this street vies with any in the Corso in Rome. On both sides a fine pavement, which each stall and shop holder keeps clean by interminable sweeping, but brushes every thing into the middle of the street, which is, in consequence, so much the dirtier, and with every breath of wind sends back to you the filth which has just before been swept into the roadway. In Naples busy donkeys carry off, day by day, the rubbish to the gardens and farms. Why should you not here contrive and establish some similar regulation?"

"Things with us are as they are," he replied: "we throw every thing out of the house, and it rots before the door. You see here horse-dung and filth of all kinds: it lies there

and dries, and returns to us again in the shape of dust. Against it we are taking precautions all day long. But look, our pretty little and ever busy brooms, worn out at last, only go to increase the heap of filth before our doors."

And oddly enough it was actually so. They had nothing but very little besoms of palm-branches, which, slightly altered, might have been really useful; but as it was, they broke off easily, and the stumps were lying by thousands in the streets. To my repeated questioning, whether there was no board or regulations to prevent all this, he replied, "A story is current among the people, that those whose duty it was to provide for the cleansing of our streets, being men of great power and influence, could not be compelled to disburse the money on its lawful objects." And, besides that, there was also the strange fact that certain parties feared that if the dirty straw and dung were swept away, every one would see how badly the pavement beneath was laid down; and so the dishonesty of a second body would be thereby exposed. "All this, however," he remarked, with a most humorous expression, "is merely the interpretation which the ill-disposed put upon it." For his part, he was of the opinion of those who maintained that the nobles preserved this soft litter for their carriages, in order that, when they take their drive for amusement in the evening, they might ride at ease over the elastic ground. And as the man was now in the humor, he joked away at many of the abuses of the police, — a consolatory proof to me that man has always humor enough to make merry with what he cannot help.

St. Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo, is so universally known, from the description which Brydone has given of her festival, that it must assuredly be agreeable to my friends to read some account of the place and the spot where she is most particularly worshipped.

Monte Pellegrino, a vast mass of rocks, of which the breadth is greater than the height, lies on the north-west extremity of the Bay of Palermo. Its beautiful form admits not of being described by words: a most excellent view of it may be seen in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile*. It consists of a gray limestone of the earlier epoch. The rocks are quite barren; not a tree nor a bush will grow on them: even the more smooth and level portions are but barely covered with grasses or mosses.

In a cavern of this mountain, the bones of the saint were discovered, at the beginning of the last century, and brought

to Palermo. The presence of them delivered the city from a pestilence, and ever since S. Rosalie has been the patron saint of the people. Chapels have been built in her honor, splendid festivals have been instituted.

The pious and devout frequently made pilgrimages to the mountain; and, in consequence, a road has been made to it, which, like an ancient aqueduct, rests on arches and columns, and ascends zigzag between the rocks.

The place of worship is far more suitable to the humility of the saint who retired thither, than are the splendid festivities which have been instituted in honor of her total renunciation of the world. And perhaps the whole of Christendom, which now, for eighteen hundred years, has based its riches, pomps, and festival amusements, on the memory of its first founders and most zealous confessors, cannot point out a holy spot which has been adorned and rendered venerable in so eminent and delightful a way.

When you have ascended the mountain, you proceed to the corner of a rock, over against which there rises a high wall of stone. On this the church and the monastery are very finely situated.

The exterior of the church has nothing promising or inviting. You open its door without any high expectation, but on entering are ravished with wonder. You find yourself in a vast vestibule, which extends to the whole width of the church, and is open towards the nave. You see here the usual vessel of holy water and some confessionals. The nave is an open space, which on the right is bounded by the native rock, and on the left by the continuation of the vestibule. It is paved with flat stones on a slight inclination, in order that the rain-water may run off. A small well stands nearly in the centre.

The cave itself has been transformed into the choir, without, however, any of its rough natural shape being altered. Ascending a few steps, close upon them stands the choristers' desk with the choir-books, and on each side are the seats of the choristers. The whole is lighted by the daylight, which is admitted from the court or nave. Deep within, in the dark recesses of the cave, stands the high-altar.

As already stated, no change has been made in the cave: only, as the rocks drip incessantly with water, it was necessary to keep the place dry. This has been effected by means of tin tubes, which are fastened to every projection of the

rock, and in various ways connected with each other. As they are broad above, and come to a narrow edge below, and are, moreover, painted of a dull green color, they give to the rock an appearance of being overgrown with a species of cactus. The water is conducted into a clear reservoir, out of which it is taken by the faithful as a remedy and preventative for every kind of ill.

As I was narrowly observing all this, an ecclesiastic came up to me and asked whether I was a Genoese, and wished to have a few masses said. I replied upon this that I had come to Palermo with a Genoese, who would to-morrow, as it was a festival, come up to the shrine; but, as one of us must always be at home, I had come up to-day in order to look about me. Upon this he observed, I was at perfect liberty to look at every thing at my leisure, and to perform my devotions. In particular he pointed out to me a little altar, which stood on the left, as especially holy, and then left me.

Through the openings of a large trelliss-work of lattice, lamps appeared burning before an altar. I knelt down close to the gratings and peeped through. Farther in, however, another lattice of brass wire was drawn across: so that one looked, as it were, through gauze at the objects within. By the light of some dull lamps, I caught sight of a lovely female form.

She lay seemingly in a state of ecstasy, — the eyes half-closed, the head leaning carelessly on the right hand, which was adorned with many rings. I could not sufficiently discern her face, but it seemed to be peculiarly charming. Her robe was made of gilded metal, which imitated excellently a texture wrought with gold. The head and hands were of white marble. I cannot say that the whole was in the lofty style, still it was executed so naturally and so pleasingly that one almost fancied it must breathe and move. A little angel stands near her, and with a bunch of lilies in his hand appears to be fanning her.

Meanwhile, the clergy had come into the cave, taken their places, and began to chant the Vespers.

I took my seat right before the altar, and listened to them for a while: then I again approached the altar, knelt down, and attempted to obtain a still more distinct view of the beautiful image. I resigned myself without reserve to the charming illusion of the statue and the locality.

The chant of the priests now resounded through the cave:

the water was trickling into the reservoir near the altar; while the over-hanging rocks of the vestibule — the proper nave of the church — shut in the scene. There was a deep stillness in this waste spot, whose inhabitants seemed to be all dead, — a singular neatness in a wild cave. The tinsel and tawdry pomp of the Roman-Catholic ceremonial, especially as it is vividly decked out in Sicily, had here reverted to its original simplicity. The illusion produced by the statue of the fair sleeper, which had a charm even for the most practised eye — in short, it was with the greatest difficulty that I tore myself from the spot, and it was late at night before I got back to Palermo.

PALERMO,
Saturday, April 7, 1787.

In the public gardens, which are close to the roadstead, I have passed some most delightful hours. It is the most wonderful place in the world: regularly laid out by art, it still looks a fairy spot; planted but a short time ago, it yet transports you into ancient times. Green edgings surround beds of the choicest exotics; citron-espaliers arch over low-arbored walks; high walls of the oleander, decked with thousands of its red carnation-like blossoms, dazzle the eye; trees, wholly strange and unknown to me, as yet without leaf, and probably, therefore, natives of a still warmer climate, spread out their strange-looking branches. A raised seat at the end of the level space gives you a survey of these curiously mixed rarities, and leads the eye at last to great basins in which gold and silver fish swim about with their pretty movements, — now hiding themselves beneath moss-covered reeds, now darting in troops to catch the bit of bread which has tempted them from their hiding-place. All the plants exhibit tints of green such as we are not used to, — yellower and bluer than are found with us. What, however, lent to every object the rarest charm was a strong halo which hung around every thing alike, and produced the following singular effect: objects which were only distant a few steps from others, were distinguished from them by a decided tint of light blue, so that at last the distinctive colors of the most remote were almost merged in it, or at least assumed to the eye a decidedly strong blue tint.

The very singular effect which such a halo imparts to distinct objects, vessels, and headlands, is remarkable enough to an artistic eye: it assists it accurately to distinguish and,

indeed, to measure distances. It makes, too, a walk on the heights extremely charming. One no longer sees Nature, nothing but pictures; just as if a painter of exquisite taste had arranged them in a gallery.

But these wonderful gardens have made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. The black waves on the northern horizon, as they broke on the irregular points of the bay, — and even the smell of the sea, — all seemed to recall to my imagination, as well as to my memory, the happy island of the Phæacians. I hastened to purchase a "Homer," and began to read this book with the highest delight, making an impromptu translation of it for the benefit of Kniep, who had well deserved by his diligent exertions this day some agreeable refreshment over a glass of wine.

PALERMO, April 8, 1787.
(Easter Day.)

The morning rejoicings in the blissful Resurrection of the Lord commenced with break of day. Crackers, wild-fires, rockets, serpents, etc., were let off by wholesale in front of the churches, as the worshippers crowded in at the open doors. The chiming of bells, the pealing of organs, the chanting of processions, and of the choirs of priests who came to meet them, were enough to stun the ears of all who had not been used to such noisy worship.

The early mass was scarcely ended, when two well-dressed couriers of the viceroy visited our hotel, with the double object of offering to all strangers his highness's congratulations on the festival, and to exact a douceur in return. As I was specially honored with an invitation to dinner, my gift was, of course, expected to be considerable.

After spending the morning in visiting the different churches, I proceeded to the viceroy's palace, which is situated at the upper end of the city. As I arrived rather early, I found the great hall still empty: there was only a little, lively man, who came up to me, and whom I soon discovered to be a Maltese.

When he had learned that I was a German, he asked if I could give him any account of Erfurt, where he had spent a very pleasant time on a short visit.

As he asked me about the family of the Dācherödes, and about the Coadjutor von Dalberg, I was able to give some account of them, at which he seemed much delighted, and inquired after other people of Thuringia. With considerable

interest he then inquired about Weimar. "And how," he asked, "is the person, who, full of youth and vivacity when I was there, was the life of society? I have forgotten his name, but he is the author of 'Werther.'"

After a little pause, as if for the sake of tasking my memory, I answered, "I am the person whom you are inquiring about." With the most visible signs of astonishment he sprung back, exclaiming, "There must have been a great change then!" "Oh, yes!" I rejoined, "between Palermo and Weimar I have gone through many a change."

At this moment the viceroy and suite entered the apartment. His carriage evinced that graceful freedom which became so distinguished a personage. He could not refrain from laughing at the Maltese, as he went on expressing his astonishment to see me here. At table I sat by the side of the viceroy, who inquired into the objects of my journey, and assured me that he would give orders that every thing in Palermo should be open to my inspection, and that every possible facility should be given me during my tour through Sicily.

PALERMO,
Monday, April 9, 1787.

This whole day has been taken up with the stupidities of the Prince Pallagonia, whose follies are thoroughly different from what one would form an idea of either by reading or by hearing of them. For, with the slightest love of truth, he who wishes to furnish an account of the absurd, gets into a dilemma: he is anxious to give an idea of it, and so makes it something, whereas, in reality, it is a nothing which seeks to pass for something. And here I must premise another general reflection; viz., that neither the most tasteless nor the most excellent production comes entirely and immediately from a single individual or a single age, but that with a little attention any one may trace its pedigree and descent.

The fountain already described in Palermo belongs to the forefathers of the Pallagonian follies, only that the latter, in their own soil and domain, develop themselves with the greatest freedom and on the largest scale.

When in these parts a country-seat is built, it is usually placed in the middle of a whole property: and therefore, in order to reach the princely mansion, you have to pass through cultivated fields, kitchen-gardens, and similar rural conveniences; for these Southerns show far more of economy than

we Northmen, who often waste a good piece of rich land on a park, which, with its barren shrubs, can only charm the eye. But here it is the fashion to build two walls, between which you pass to the castle, without knowing in the least what is doing on your right and left. This passage begins generally with a grand portico, and sometimes with a vaulted hall, and ends with the mansion itself. But, in order that the eye may not be entirely without relief between these by-walls, they are generally arched over, and ornamented with scrolls, and also with pedestals, on which, here and there, a vase is placed. The flat surfaces are plastered, divided into compartments, and painted. The court is formed by a circle of one-storied cabins, in which work-people of all sorts reside, while the quadrangular castle towers over all.

This is the sort of building which is here traditionally adopted, and which probably was the old form, when the father of the present prince rebuilt the castle, not in the best, but still in tolerable taste. But the present possessor, without abandoning the general features of this style, gave free course to his humor and passion for the most ill-shapen and tasteless of erections. One would do him too much honor by giving him credit for even one spark of taste.

We entered, therefore, the great hall, which stands at the beginning of the property, and found ourselves in an octagonal room, of a breadth altogether disproportioned to its height. Four vast giants with modern spatterdashes, which had just been *buttoned* on, support the cornice, on which, directly meeting the eye as you enter, is a representation of the Holy Trinity.

The passage to the castle is broader than usual, the wall being converted into one continuous high socle; from which basement the strangest groups possible reach to the top, while in the spaces between them several vases are placed. The ugliness of these unshapely figures (the bungling work of the most ordinary mason) is increased by their having been cut out of a very crumbly muscheltufa; although, perhaps, a better material would have made the badness of the form still more striking to the eye. I used the word "groups" a moment ago; but I have employed a wrong term, inappropriate in this place. For they are mere juxtapositions, determined by no thought, but by mere arbitrary caprice. In each case three form the ornament of a square pedestal, their bases being so arranged as to fill up the space by their various postures. The principal groups have gener-

ally two figures, which occupy the chief face of the pedestal, and then two are yet wanting to fill up the back part of the pedestal. One of a moderate size generally represents a shepherd or shepherdess, a cavalier or a lady, a dancing ape or a hound. Still there is a vacant spot on the pedestal: this is generally held by a dwarf, — as, indeed, in dull jokes, this sort of gentry usually play a conspicuous part.

That we may not omit any of the elements of Prince Pallagonia's folly, we give you the accompanying catalogue. Men: Beggars, male and female, Spanish men and women, Moors, Turks, hunchbacks, cripples of all sorts, strolling musicians, pulcinellos, soldiers in ancient uniforms, gods, goddesses, gentlemen in old French costumes, soldiers with cartouche boxes and gaiters, mythological personages (with most ridiculous companions, — Achilles and Charon, for instance, with Punch). Animals (merely parts of them): Heads of horses on human bodies, mis-shapen apes, lots of dragons and serpents, all sorts of feet under figures of all kinds, double-headed monsters, and creatures with heads that do not belong to them. Vases: All sorts of monsters and scrolls, which below end in the hollows and bases of vases.

Just let any one think of such figures furnished by wholesale, produced without thought or sense, and arranged without choice or purpose, — only let him conceive to himself this socle, these pedestals and unshapely objects in an endless series, and he will be able to sympathize with the disagreeable feelings which must seize every one whose miserable fate condemns him to run the gauntlet of such absurdities.

We now approach the castle, and are received into a semicircular fore-court. The chief wall before us, through which is the entrance-door, is in the castle style. Here we find an Egyptian figure built into the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases stuck around in no sort of order, statues designedly laid on their noses. Next we came to the castle court, and found the usual round area, enclosed with little cottages, distorted into small semicircles, in order, forsooth, that there might be no want of variety.

The ground is, for the most part, overgrown with grass. Here, as in the neighborhood of a church in ruins, are marble urns with strange scrolls and foliations, collected by his father; dwarfs and other abortions of the later epoch, for which, as yet, fitting places have not been found; one even comes upon an arbor, propped up with ancient vases, and stone scrolls of various shapes.

The absurdities produced by such want of judgment and taste, however, are strikingly instanced by the fact, that the window sills in these cottages are, without exception, oblique, and lean to one side or the other, so as to offend and violate all sense of the level and perpendicular, which are so indispensable in the human mind, and form the foundation of all architectural propriety. And then, again, the edges of all the roofs are *embellished* with hydras and little busts, with choirs of monkeys playing music, and similar conceits. Dragons alternate with deities; an Atlas, who sustains not the mundane sphere, but an empty wine-barrel!

One hopes to escape from all this by entering the castle, which, having been built by the father, presents relatively a more rational appearance when viewed from the exterior. But in vain; for at no great distance from the door, one stumbles upon the laurel-crowned head of a Roman emperor on the body of a dwarf, who is sitting astride a dolphin.

Now, in the castle itself, of which the exterior gives hope of at least a tolerable interior, the madness of the prince begins again to rave. Many of the seats have lost their legs, so that no one can sit upon them; and if some appear to promise a resting-place, the chamberlain warns you against them, as having sharp prickles beneath their satin-covered cushions. In all the corners are candelabras of porcelain china, which, on a nearer view, you discover to be cemented together out of different bowls, cups, saucers, etc., etc. Not a corner but some whim peeps out of it. Even the unequalled prospect over the promontory into the sea is spoiled by colored glass, which, by its false lights, gives either a cold or a fiery tint to the neighboring scenes. I must also mention a cabinet, which is inlaid with old gold frames, cut in pieces. All the hundred-fold carvings, all the endless varieties of ancient and modern, more or less dust-stained and time-injured, gilding, closely huddled together, cover all the walls, and give you the idea of a miniature lumber-room.

To describe the chapel alone would require a volume. Here one finds the solution of the whole folly, which could never have reached such a pitch in any but a bigoted mind. How many monstrous creations of a false and misled devotion are here to be found, I must leave you to guess for yourself. However, I cannot refrain from mentioning the most outrageous: a carved crucifix is fastened flat to the roof, painted after nature, lackered and gilded; into the navel of the figure attached to the cross, a hook is screwed,

and from the latter hangs a chain which is fastened to the head of a man who, in a kneeling and praying posture, is suspended in the air, and, like all the other figures in the church, is painted and lackered. In all probability it is intended to serve as a type of the owner's unceasing devotion.

Moreover, the house is not finished within. A hall built by the father, and intended to be decorated with rich and varied ornaments, but not tricked out in a false and offensive taste, is still incomplete; so that, it would seem, even the boundless madness of the possessor is at a stand-still.

Kniep's artistic feeling was almost driven to desperation in this mad-house; and, for the first time in my life, I found him quite impatient. He hurried me away, when I wished to take a note of, and to perpetuate the memory of, these monstrous absurdities, one by one. Good-naturedly enough, he at last took a sketch of one of these compositions, which did, at least, form a kind of group. It represents a woman with a horse's head, sitting on a stool, and playing at cards with a cavalier, dressed, as to his lower extremities, in the old fashion, while his gray head is ornamented with a large wig and a crown. The statue reminded me of the arms of the house of Pallagonia, — a satyr, holding up a mirror *before* a woman with a horse's head, which, even after all the strange follies of its present head, seems to me highly singular.

PALERMO,
Tuesday, April 10, 1787.

To-day we took a drive up the mountains to Monreale, along a glorious road which was laid down by an abbot of this cloister in the times of its opulence and wealth, — broad, of easy ascent; trees here and there; springs, and dripping wells, decked out with ornaments and scrolls somewhat Pallagonian in style, but still, in spite of all that, refreshing to both man and beast.

The monastery of St. Martin, which lies on the height, is a respectable building. One bachelor alone, as we see in the case of Prince Pallagonia, has seldom produced any thing rational; but several together, on the other hand, have effected the greatest works, such as churches and monasteries. But perhaps these spiritual fraternities produced so much, simply because, more than any father of a family, they could reckon with certainty on a numerous posterity.

The monks readily permitted us to view their collection

of antiques and natural objects. They contained many excellent specimens of both. Our attention was particularly fixed by a medallion, with the *figure* of a young goddess, which must excite the rapture of every beholder. The good monks would willingly have given us a copy, but there was nothing within reach which would do to make a mould.

After they had exhibited to us all their treasures, — not without entering on an unfavorable comparison of their present with their former condition, — they led us into a small but pleasant room, from the balcony of which one enjoyed a lovely prospect. Here covers were laid for us alone, and we had a very excellent dinner to ourselves. When the dessert was served, the abbot and the senior monks entered, and took their seats. They remained nearly half an hour, during which time we had to answer many questions. We took a most friendly farewell of them. The younger brethren accompanied us once more to the rooms where the collections were kept, and at last to our carriage.

We drove home with feelings very different from those of yesterday. To-day we had to regret a noble institution which was falling with time; while, on the other hand, a most tasteless undertaking had a constant supply of wealth for its support.

The road to St. Martin ascends a hill of the earlier limestone formation. The rock is quarried and broken, and burnt into lime, which is very white. For burning the stone, they make use of a long, coarse sort of grass, which is dried in bundles. Here, too, it is that the calorex is produced. Even on the most precipitous heights lies a red clay, of alluvial origin, which serves the purposes of our dam-earth. The higher it lies the redder it is, and is but little blackened by vegetation. I saw, at a distance, a ravine almost like cinnabar.

The monastery stands in the middle of the limestone hill, which is very rich in springs.

PALERMO,
Wednesday, April 11, 1787.

Having explored the two principal objects without the city, we betook ourselves to the palace, where a busy courier showed us the rooms and their contents. To our great horror, the room in which the antiques are generally placed was in the greatest disorder, in consequence of the walls being in the process of decoration. The statues were

removed from their usual places, covered with cloth, and protected by wooden frames: so that in spite of the good will of our guide, and some trouble on the part of the workpeople, we could only gain a very imperfect idea of them. My attention was chiefly occupied with two rams in bronze, which, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, highly delighted our artistic taste. They are represented in a recumbent posture, with one foot stretched out before them, with the heads (in order to form a pair) turned on different sides. Powerful forms, belonging to the mythological family, and well worthy to carry Phrixus and Helle. The wool, not short and crisp, but long and flowing, with a slight wave, and shape most true to nature, and extremely elegant: they evidently belonged to the best period of Grecian art. They are said to have stood originally in the harbor of Syracuse.

The courier now took us out of the city to the catacombs, which, laid out on a regular architectural plan, are any thing but quarries converted into burial-places. In a rock of tufa, of tolerable hardness, the side of which has been worked level and perpendicular, vaulted openings have been cut; and in these, again, are hewn several tiers of sarcophagi, one above the other, all of the natural material, without masonry of any kind. The upper tiers are smaller, and in the spaces over the pillars are tombs for children.

PALERMO,
Thursday, April 12.

To day we have been shown Prince Torremuzza's cabinet of medals. I was, in a certain degree, loth to go there. I am too little versed in these matters, and a mere curiosity-mongering traveller is thoroughly detested by all true connoisseurs and scholars. But as one must in every case make a beginning, I made myself easy on this head, and have derived both gratification and profit from my visit. What a satisfaction, even cursorily, to glance at the fact that the old world was thickly sown with cities, the smallest of which has bequeathed to us in its precious coins, if not a complete series, yet at lest some epochs, of its history of art. Out of these cabinets, there smiles upon us an eternal spring of the blossoms and flowers of art, of a busy life ennobled with high tastes, and of much more besides. Out of these form-endowed pieces of metal, the glory of the Sicilian cities, now obscured, still shines forth fresh before us.

Unfortunately, we in our youth had seen none but fami'y

coins, which say nothing, and the coins of the Cæsars, which repeat to satiety the same profile, — portraits of rulers who are to be regarded as any thing but models of humanity. How sadly had our youth been confined to a shapeless Palestine, and to a shape-perplexing Rome! Sicily and Nova Græcia give me hopes again of a fresh existence.

That on these subjects I should enter into general reflections, is a proof that as yet I do not understand much about them; yet that, with all the rest, will in degrees be improved.

PALERMO,
Thursday, April 12, 1787.

This evening a wish of mine was gratified, and in a very singular fashion. I was standing on the pavement of the principal street, joking at the window with the shopkeeper I formerly mentioned, when suddenly a footman, tall and well-dressed, came up to me, and quickly poked a silver salver before me, on which were several copper coins and a few pieces of silver. As I could not make out what it all meant, I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, the usual token by which in this country you get rid of those whose address or question you either cannot, or do not wish to, understand.

"What does all this mean?" I asked of my friend the shopkeeper, who, with a very significant mien, and somewhat stealthily, pointed to a lank and haggard gentleman, who, elegantly dressed, was walking with great dignity and indifference through the dung and dirt. Frizzled and powdered, with his hat under his arm, in a silken vest, with his sword by his side, and having a neat shoe ornamented with a jewelled buckle, the old man walked on calmly and sorrowfully. All eyes were directed towards him.

"It is Prince Pallagonia," said the dealer, "who, from time to time, goes through the city collecting money to ransom the slaves in Barbary. It is true, he does not get much by his collection, but the object is kept in memory; and so it often happens that those who, in their life-time, were backward in giving, leave large legacies at their death. The prince has for many years been at the head of this society, and has done a great deal of good."

"Instead of wasting so much on the follies of his country-house," I cried, "he might have spent the same large sum on this object. Then no prince in the world would have accomplished more."

To this the shopkeeper rejoined: "But is not that the way with us all? We are ready enough to pay for our own follies. Our virtues must look to the purses of others for their support."

PALERMO, April 13, 1787.

Count Borck has very diligently worked before us in the mineralogy of Sicily, and whoever of the same mind visits the island after him, must willingly acknowledge his obligations to him. I feel it a pleasure, no less than a duty, to celebrate the memory of my predecessor. And what am I more than a forerunner of others yet to be, both in my travels and life.

However, the industry of the count seems to me to have been greater than his knowledge. He appears to have gone to work with a certain reserve, which is altogether opposed to that stern earnestness with which grand objects should be treated.

Nevertheless, his essay in quarto, which is exclusively devoted to the mineralogy of Sicily, has been of great use to me; and, prepared by it, I was able to profit by my visit to the quarries, which formerly, when it was the custom to case the churches and altars with marble and agate, were more busily worked, though even now they are not idle. I purchased from them some specimens of the hard and soft stones; for it is thus that they usually designate the marble and agate, chiefly because a difference of price mainly depends on this difference of quality. But, besides these, they have still another for a material which is the produce of the fire of their kilns. In these, after each burning, they find a sort of glassy flux, which in color varies from the lightest to the darkest, and even blackest blue. These lumps are, like other stones, cut into thin lamina, and then pierced, according to the height of their color and their purity, and are successfully employed, in the place of lapis lazuli, in the decoration of churches, altars, and sepulchral monuments.

A complete collection, such as I wished, is not to be had at present: it is to be sent after me to Naples. The agates are of the greatest beauty, especially such as are variegated with irregular pieces of yellow or red jasper, and with white, and as it were frozen quartz, which produce the most beautiful effect.

A very accurate imitation of these agates, produced by lake coloring on the back of thin plates of glass, is the

only rational thing that I observed the other day among the Pallagonian follies. Such imitations are far better for decorations than the real agate; since the latter are only found in very small pieces, whereas the size of the former depends on nothing but the size of the artist's plate. This contrivance of art well deserves to be imitated.

Italy without Sicily leaves no image on the soul: here is the key to all.

Of the climate it is impossible to say enough. It is now rainy weather, but not uninterruptedly wet: yesterday it thundered and lightened, and to-day all is intensely green. The flax has in places already put forth joints: in others it is bolling. Looking down from the hills, one fancies he sees in the plain below little ponds, so beautifully blue-green are the flax-fields here and there. Living objects without number surround you. And my companion is an excellent fellow, the true *Hoffegut* (Hopeful), and I honestly sustain the part of the *True friend*. He has already made some beautiful sketches, and will take still more before we go. What a prospect, — to return home some day, happy, and with all these treasures!

Of the meat and drink here, in the country, I have said nothing as yet: however, it is by no means an indifferent matter. The garden-stuffs are excellent, especially the lettuce, which is particularly tender, with a milky taste: it makes one understand at once why the ancients termed it *lactuca*. Oil and wine of all kinds are very good, and might be still better if more care were bestowed on their preparation. Fish of the very best and tenderest. We have had, too, very good beef, though generally people do not praise it.

Now, after dinner, to the window! — to the streets! A malefactor has just been pardoned, an event which takes place every year in honor of the festival of Easter. The brethren of some order or other led him to the foot of a gallows which had been erected for sake of the ceremony; then the criminal at the foot of the ladder offers up a prayer or two, and, having kissed the scaffold, is led away again. He was a good-looking fellow of the middle age, in a white coat, white hat, and all else white. He carried his hat in his hand: at different points they attached variegated ribbons to him, so that at last he was quite in tune to go to any masquerade in the character of a shepherd.

PALERMO,
April 13 and 14, 1787.

So, then, before my departure, I was to meet with a strange adventure, of which I must forthwith give you a circumstantial account.

The whole time of my residence here, I have heard scarcely any topic of conversation at the ordinary, but Cagliostro, his origin and adventures. The people of Palermo are all unanimous in asserting that a certain Joseph Balsamo was born in their city, and, having rendered himself infamous by many disgraceful acts, was banished. But whether this person is identical with Count Cagliostro, was a point on which opinions were divided. Some who knew Balsamo personally asserted they recognized his features in the engraving, which is well known in Germany, and which has also travelled as far as Palermo.

In one of these conversations, one of the guests referred to the trouble which a Palermitan lawyer had taken in examining this matter. He seems to have been commissioned by the French Ministry to trace the origin of an individual, who in the face of France, and, indeed, of the whole world, had had the temerity to utter the silliest of idle tales in the midst of a legal process which involved the most important interests and the reputation of the highest personages.

This lawyer, it was asserted, had prepared the pedigree of Giuseppe Balsamo, together with an explanatory memoir and documentary proofs. It has been forwarded to France, where in all probability public use will be made of it.

As I expressed a wish to form the acquaintance of this lawyer, of whom, besides, people spoke very highly, the person who had recounted these facts offered to mention me to him, and to introduce me.

After a few days we paid him a visit, and found him busily engaged with his clients. When he had dismissed them, and we had taken a luncheon, he produced a manuscript which contained a transcript of Cagliostro's pedigree, and the rough draught of the memoir which had been sent to France.

He laid the genealogy before me, and gave me the necessary explanations; of which I shall here give you as much as is necessary to facilitate the understanding of the whole business.

Giuseppe Balsamo's great-grandfather on his mother's

side was Mattéo Martello. The maiden name of his great-grandmother is unknown. The issue of this marriage were two daughters, — Maria, who married Giuseppe Bracconerie, and became the grandmother of Giuseppe Balsamo; and Vincenza, married to Giuseppe Cagliostro, who was born in a little village called La Noava, about eight miles from Messina. (I must note here that there are at this moment living at Messina two bellfounders of this name.) This great-aunt was subsequently godmother of Giuseppe Balsamo, who was named after his great-uncle, and at last in foreign countries assumed also the surname of this relation.

The Bracconerie had three children, — Felicitá, Mattéo, and Antonia.

Felicitá was married to Piedro Balsamo, who was the son of Antonia Balsamo, ribbon-dealer in Palermo, and probably of Jewish descent. Piedro Balsamo, the father of the notorious Giuseppe, became bankrupt, and died in his five and fortieth year. His widow, who is still living, had borne him, besides the above-named Giuseppe Giovanna, Giuseppe Maria, who married Giovanna Battista Capitummino, who begot three children of her body and died.

The memoir, which was read to us by its obliging author, and was at my request lent to me for a few days, was founded on baptismal and marriage certificates and other instruments which he had collected with great diligence. It contains pretty nearly (as I conclude from a comparison with a summary which I then made) all the circumstances which have lately been made better known to the world by the acts of the legal process at Rome; viz., that Giuseppe Balsamo was born at Palermo, in the beginning of June, 1743, and that at his baptism he was received back from the priest's arms by Vincenza Cagliostro (whose maiden name was Martello); that in his youth he took the habit of an order of the Brothers of Mercy, which paid particular attention to the sick; that he had shown great talent and skill for medicine, but that for his disorderly practices he was expelled the order, and thereupon set up in Palermo as a dealer in magic, and treasure-finder.

His great dexterity in imitating every kind of handwriting was not allowed by him to lie idle. He falsified, or rather forged, an ancient document, by which the possession of some lands was brought into litigation. He was soon an object of suspicion, and cast into prison, but made his escape, and was cited to appear under penalty of outlawry.

He passed through Calabria towards Rome, where he married the daughter of a beltmaker. From Rome he came back to Naples, under the name of the Marchese Pellegrini. He even ventured to pay a visit to Palermo, was recognized, and taken prisoner, and made his escape in a manner that well deserves being circumstantially detailed.

One of the principal nobles of Sicily, who possessed very large property, and held several important posts at the Neapolitan court, had a son, who to a frame of unusual strength, and an uncontrollable temper, united all the wanton excesses which the rich and great, without education, can think themselves privileged to indulge in.

Donna Lorenza had managed to attract him, and on him the pretended Marchese Pellegrini relied for impunity. The prince avowed openly his patronage of this couple of newcomers, and set no bounds to his rage when Giuseppe Balsamo, at the instance of the party whom he had injured, was a second time cast into prison. He had recourse to various means to obtain his liberation; and, when these were unsuccessful, he, in the very ante-room of the president's court, threatened the advocate of the opposite party with the most dreadful consequences if he did not consent to the release of Balsamo. As the opposing advocate refused his consent, he rushed upon him, struck him, knocked him down, and kicked him, and was only with difficulty restrained from further violence when the judge, hearing the noise, rushed in and commanded peace.

The latter, a weak and cringing character, had not the courage to punish the wrong-doer. The opposite party, advocate and all, were men of little minds; and so Balsamo was set at liberty, without, however, any record of his liberation being found among the proceedings, neither by whose orders, or in what manner it was effected.

Shortly after this he left Palermo, and travelled in different countries; of which travels, however, the author of the memoir had been only able to collect very imperfect information.

The memoir ended with an acute argument to prove the identity of Balsamo and Cagliostro, — a position which was at this time more difficult to prove than at present, now that the whole history of this individual has been made public.

Had I not been led to form a conjecture that a public use would have been made in France of this essay, and that on my return I should find it already in print, I doubt not but I

should have been permitted to take a transcript of it, and to give my friends and the public an early account of many interesting circumstances.

However, we have received the fullest account (and even more particulars than this memoir contains) from a quarter which usually is the source of nothing but errors. Who would have believed that Rome would ever have done so much for the enlightening of the world, and for the utter exposure of an impostor, as she has done by publishing the summary of the proceedings in this case? For although this work ought and might be much more interesting, it is, nevertheless, an excellent document in the hands of every rational mind, who cannot but feel deep regret to see the deceived, and those who were not more deceived than deceivers, going on for years admiring this man and his mummeries; feeling themselves by fellowship with him raised above the common mass, and from the heights of this credulous vanity pitying, if not despising, the sound common sense of mankind in general.

Who was not willingly silent all the while? And even now, at last, when the whole affair is ended and placed beyond dispute, it is only with difficulty that I can prevail upon myself, in order to complete the official account, to communicate some particulars which have here become known to me.

When I found in the genealogy so many persons (especially his mother and sisters) mentioned as still living, I expressed to the author of the memoir a wish to see them, and to form the acquaintance of the other relatives of so notorious an individual. He remarked that it would be difficult to bring it about; since these persons, poor but respectable, and living very retired, were not accustomed to receive visitors, and that their natural suspicion would be roused by any attempt of the kind. However, he was ready to send to me his copying-clerk, who had access to the family, and by whose means he had procured the information and documents out of which the pedigree had been compiled.

The next day his amanuensis made his appearance, and expressed several scruples upon the matter. "I have hitherto," he said, "carefully avoided coming within sight of these persons. For in order to get into my hands the certificates of baptism and marriage, so as to be able to take legally authenticated copies of them, I was obliged to have recourse to a little trick. I took occasion to speak of some little family property that was somehow or other unclaimed; made

it appear probable to them that the young Capitummino was entitled to it; but I told them that first of all it was necessary to make out a pedigree, in order to see how far the youth could establish his claim; that, however, his success must eventually depend upon the law proceedings, which I would willingly undertake on condition of receiving for my trouble a fair proportion of the amount recovered. The good people readily assented to every thing. I got possession of the papers I wanted, took copies of them, and finished the pedigree: since then, however, I have cautiously kept out of their sight. A few weeks ago old Capitummino met me, and it was only by pleading the tardiness with which such matters usually proceed that I managed to excuse myself."

Thus spoke the copyist. As, however, I stuck to my purpose, he, after some consideration, consented to take me to their house, and suggested that it would be best for me to give myself out to be an Englishman bringing the family tidings of Cagliostro, who, immediately after his release from the Bastile, had proceeded to London.

At the appointed hour, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we set out on our expedition. The house was situated in the corner of a narrow lane, not far from the great street, "Il Casaro." We ascended a few wretched steps, and got at once into the kitchen. A woman of middle size, strong and broad, without being fat, was busy washing up the cooking utensils. She was neatly and cleanly clad, and, as we entered, turned up the corner of her apron, in order to conceal from us its dirty front. She seemed glad to see my guide, and exclaimed, "Do you bring us good news, Signor Giovanni? Have you obtained a decree?"

He replied, "No! I have not as yet been able to do any thing in our matter. However, here is a foreigner who brings you a greeting from your brother, and who can give you an account of his present state and abode."

The greeting that I was to bring did not exactly stand in our bond. However, the introduction was now made. "You know my brother?" she asked me. "All Europe knows him," I replied; "and I am sure you will be glad to hear that he is at present safe and well; for assuredly you must have been in great anxiety about him." — "Walk in," she said, "I will follow you immediately;" and so, with the copying-clerk, I entered the sitting-room.

It was spacious and lofty, and would pass with us for a saloon. It seemed, however, to form the whole dwelling of

the family. A single window lighted the large walls, which were once colored, and on which figures of the saints, taken in black, hung in gilt frames. Two large beds, without curtains, stood against one wall; while a brown press, which had the shape of an escritoire, was placed against the opposite one. Old chairs, with rush bottoms, the backs of which seemed to have once been gilded, stood on each side of it; while the bricks of the floors were in many places sunk deep below the level. In other respects, every thing was clean and tidy; and we made our way towards the family, who were gathered around the only large window at the other end of the room.

While my guide was explaining to the old widow Balsamo, who sat in the corner, the cause of our visit, and, in consequence of the deafness of the good old woman, had frequently to repeat his words, I had time to observe the room and the rest of its occupants. A young girl about sixteen years of age, well grown, whose features, however, the small-pox had robbed of all expression, was standing at the window; by her side a young man, whose unpleasant countenance, sadly disfigured by the small-pox, also struck me. In an armchair, opposite the window, sat, or rather reclined, a sick and sadly deformed person, who seemed to be afflicted with a sort of torpor.

When my guide had made himself understood, they insisted on our being seated. The old woman put some questions to me; which I required to have interpreted before I could answer them, as I was not very familiar with the Sicilian dialect.

I was pleased with the examination, which, during this conversation, I made of the old woman. She was of middle size, but of a good figure; over her regular features an expression of calmness was diffused, which people usually enjoy who are deprived of hearing; the tone of her voice was soft and agreeable.

I answered her questions; and my answers had, in their turn, to be interpreted to her.

The slowness of such a dialogue gave me an opportunity of weighing my words. I told her that her son, having been acquitted in France, was at present in London, where he had been well received. The joy she expressed at this news was accompanied with exclamations of a heartfelt piety; and now, as she spoke louder and more slowly, I could understand her better.

In the mean time her daughter had come in, and had seated herself by the side of my guide, who faithfully repeated to her what I had been saying. She had tied on a clean apron, and arranged her hair under a net. The more I looked at and compared her with her mother, the more surprised I was at the difference of their persons. A lively, healthy sensibility spoke from every feature of the daughter: she was apparently about forty years old. With her cheerful blue eyes, she looked about her intelligently, without, however, my being able to trace the least symptom of suspicion. As she sat, her figure seemed to promise greater height than it showed when she stood up. Her posture bespoke determination: she sat with her body bent forwards, and her hands resting on her knees. Moreover, her full, rather than sharp profile, reminded me of the portraits of her brother, which I had seen in engravings. She asked me several questions about my travels; about my purpose in visiting Sicily; and would persuade herself that I should most assuredly come again, and keep with them the Festival of St. Rosalie.

The grandmother having in the mean time put some questions to me, the daughter, while I was busy answering them, was speaking in an undertone to my guide; so that my curiosity was stimulated to ask what they were talking about. Upon this he said, Donna Capitummino was just telling him that her brother owed her fourteen oncie. In order to facilitate his rapid departure from Palermo, she had redeemed some of his things which were in pawn; but since then she had not heard a word from him, nor received any money, nor help of any kind, although, as she had heard, he possessed great wealth, and kept a princely establishment. Would I not engage on my return, at the first favorable moment to remind him of this debt, and to get him to make them an allowance, — nay, would I not take a letter to him, or at least frank one to him? I offered to do so. She asked me where I lived? and where she could send me the letter. I avoided giving her my address, and engaged to call for the letter on the evening of the next day.

She then recounted to me her pitiable situation. She was a widow, with three children: one girl was being educated in a nunnery, the other was here at home, and her son was gone to school. Besides these three children, she had her mother on her hands, for whose support she must provide; and besides all this, out of Christian love she had taken into

her house the unfortunate sick person, — and thus augmented her miseries. All her industry scarcely sufficed to furnish herself and children with the very barest necessaries. She well knew that God would reward all such good works; still, she could not help sighing beneath the heavy burden she had so long borne.

The young people joined in the conversation, and the dialogue became livelier. While I was speaking to the others, I heard the old woman ask her daughter if I belonged to their holy religion. I was able to observe that the daughter skilfully parried the question by assuring her mother (as well as I could make out her words) that the stranger appeared well disposed towards them; and that it was not proper to question any one all at once on this point.

When they heard that I was soon to depart from Palermo, they became still more urgent, and entreated me to call again at all events: they especially praised the heavenly day of St. Rosalie's festival, the like of which was not to be seen or enjoyed in the world.

My guide, who for a long while had been wishing to get away, at last by his signs put an end to our talk; and I promised to come on the evening of the next day, and fetch the letter. My guide expressed his satisfaction that all had gone off so well, and we parted, well satisfied with each other.

You may imagine what impression this poor, pious, and well-disposed family made upon me. My curiosity was satisfied; but their natural and pleasing behavior had excited my sympathy, and reflection only confirmed my good will in their favor.

But then some anxiety soon arose in my mind about to-morrow. It was only natural that my visit, which at first had so charmed them, would, after my departure, be talked and thought over by them. From the pedigree, I was aware that others of the family were still living. Nothing could be more natural than that they should call in their friends to consult them on all they had been so astonished to hear from me the day before. I had gained my object, and now it only remained for me to contrive to bring this adventure to a favorable issue. I therefore set off the next day, and arrived at their house just after their dinner. They were surprised to see me so early. The letter, they told me was not yet ready; and some of their relatives wished to make my acquaintance, and they would be there towards evening.

I replied that I was to depart early in the morning; that I had yet some visits to make, and had also to pack up; and that I had determined to come earlier than I had promised rather than not come at all.

During this conversation the son entered, whom I had not seen the day before. In form and countenance he resembled his sister. He had brought with him the letter I was to take. As usual in these parts, it had been written by one of the public notaries. The youth, who was of a quiet, sad, and modest disposition, inquired about his uncle, asked about his riches and expenditure, and added, "How could he forget his family so long? It would be the greatest happiness to us," he continued, "if he would only come back and help us;" but he further asked, "How came he to tell you that he had relations in Palermo? It is said that he disowns us everywhere, and gives himself out to be of high birth." These questions, to which my guide's want of foresight had, on our first visit, given rise, I contrived to satisfy, by making it appear possible, that, although his uncle might have many reasons for concealing his origin from the public, he would, nevertheless, make no secret of it to his friends and familiar acquaintances.

His sister, who had stepped forward during this conversation, and taken courage from the presence of her brother, and probably, also, from the absence of yesterday's friend, began now to speak. Her manner was very pretty and lively. She earnestly begged me, when I wrote to her uncle, to commend her to him; and not less earnestly, also, to come back, when I had finished my tour through the kingdom of Sicily, and to attend with them the festivities of St. Rosalie.

The mother joined her voice to that of her children. "Signor," she exclaimed, "although it does not in propriety become me, who have a grown-up daughter, to invite strange men to my house, — and one ought to guard not only against the danger itself, but even against evil tongues, — still you, I can assure you, will be heartily welcome whenever you return to our city."

"Yes! yes!" cried the children, "we will guide the signor throughout the festival; we will show him every thing; we will place him on the scaffolding from which you have the best view of the festivities. How delighted will he be with the great car, and especially with the splendid illuminations!"

In the mean while, the grandmother had read the letter over and over again. When she was told that I wished to take my leave, she rose and delivered to me the folded paper. "Say to my son," she said, with a noble vivacity, not to say enthusiasm, "tell my son how happy the news you have brought me of him has made us. Say to my son that I thus fold him to my heart" (here she stretched out her arms and again closed them over her bosom); "that every day in prayer I supplicate God and our blessed Lady for him; that I give my blessing to him and to his wife, and that I have no wish but, before I die, to see him once more with these eyes, which have shed so many tears on his account."

The peculiar elegance of the Italian favored the choice and the noble arrangement of her words, which, moreover, were accompanied with those very lively gestures, by which this people usually give an incredible charm to every thing they say. Not unmoved, I took my leave. They all held out their hands to me: the children even accompanied me to the door, and while I descended the steps, ran to the balcony of the window, which opened from the kitchen into the street, called after me, nodded their adieus, and repeatedly cried out to me not to forget to come again and see them. They were still standing on the balcony, when I turned the corner.

I need not say that the interest I took in this family excited in me the liveliest desire to be useful to them, and to help them in their great need. Through me they were now a second time deceived; and hopes of assistance, which they had no previous expectation of, had been again raised, through the curiosity of a son of the North, only to be disappointed.

My first intention was to pay them, before my departure, those fourteen oncie which the fugitive had borrowed of them and not repaid, and, by expressing a hope that he would repay me, to conceal from them the fact of its being a gift from me. When, however, I got home, casting up my accounts and looking over my cash and bills, I found, that, in a country where, from the want of communication, distance is infinitely magnified, I should perhaps place myself in a strait, if I attempted to make amends for the dishonesty of a rogue by an act of mere good nature.

The subsequent issue of this affair may as well be here introduced.

I set off from Palermo, and never came back to it; but

notwithstanding the great distance of my Sicilian and Italian travels, my soul never lost the impression which the interview with this family had left upon it.

I returned to my native land; and the letter of the old widow, turning up among the many other papers which had come with it from Naples by sea, gave me occasion to speak of this and other adventures.

Below is a translation of this letter, in which I have purposely allowed the peculiarities of the original to appear.

"My Dearest Son,

"On the 16th April, 1787, I received tidings of you through Mr. Wilton, and I cannot express to you how consoling it was to me; for ever since you removed from France I have been unable to hear any tidings of you.

"My dear son, I entreat you not to forget me, for I am very poor, and deserted by all my relations but my daughter, and your sister Maria Giovanna, in whose house I am living. She cannot afford to supply all my wants, but she does what she can. She is a widow, with three children: one daughter is in the nunnery of St. Catherine, the other two children are at home with her.

"I repeat, my dear son, my entreaty. Send me just enough to provide for my necessities; for I have not even the necessary articles of clothing to discharge the duties of a Catholic, for my mantle and outer garments are perfectly in rags.

"If you send me any thing, or even write me merely a letter, do not send by post, but by sea; for Don Mattéo, my brother (Bracconeri), is the postmaster.

"My dear son, I entreat you to provide me with a tari a day, in order that your sister may, in some measure, be relieved of the burthen I am to her at present and that I may not perish from want. Remember the divine command, and help a poor mother, who is reduced to the utmost extremity. I give you my blessing, and press to my heart both thee and Donna Lorenza, thy wife.

"Your sister embraces you from her heart, and her children kiss your hands.

"Your mother, who dearly loves you, and presses you to her heart.

"Felice Balsamo.

"Palermo, April 18, 1787."

Some worthy and exalted persons, before whom I laid this document, together with the whole story, shared my emotions, and enabled me to discharge my debt to this unhappy family, and to remit them a sum which they received towards the end of the year 1787. Of the effect it had, the following letter is evidence.

"Palermo, December 25, 1787.

"Dear and faithful Brother,

"Dearest Son,

"The joy which we have had in hearing that you are in good health and circumstances, we cannot express by any writing. By sending them this little assistance, you have filled with the greatest

joy and delight a mother and a sister who are abandoned by all, and have to provide for two daughters and a son. For, after that Mr. Jacob Joff, an English merchant, had taken great pains to find out the Donna Giuseppe Maria Capitummino (by birth Balsamo), in consequence of my being commonly known merely as Marana Capitummino, he found us at last in a little tenement, where we live on a corresponding scale. He informed us that you had ordered a sum of money to be paid us, and that he had a receipt, which I, your sister, must sign, — which was accordingly done; for he immediately put the money in our hands, and the favorable rate of the exchange has brought us a little further gain.

"Now, think with what delight we must have received this sum, at a time when Christmas Day was just at hand, and we had no hope of being helped to spend it with its usual festivity.

"The Incarnate Saviour has moved your heart to send us this money, which has served not only to appease our hunger, but actually to clothe us, when we were in want of every thing.

"It would give us the greatest gratification possible if you would gratify our wish to see you once more, — especially mine, your mother, who never cease to bewail my separation from an only son, whom I would much wish to see again before I die.

"But if, owing to circumstances, this cannot be, still do not neglect to come to the aid of my misery, especially as you have discovered so excellent a channel of communication, and so honest and exact a merchant, who, when we knew nothing about it, and when he had the money entirely in his own power, has honestly sought us out and faithfully paid over to us the sum you remitted.

"With you that perhaps will not signify much. To us, however, every help is a treasure. Your sister has two grown up daughters, and her son also requires a little help. You know that she has nothing in the world; and what a good act you will perform by sending her enough to furnish them all with a suitable outfit.

"May God preserve you in health! We invoke him in gratitude, and pray that he may still continue the prosperity you have hitherto enjoyed, and that he may move your heart to keep us in remembrance. In his name I bless you and your wife, as a most affectionate mother, — and I, your sister, embrace you; and so does your nephew, Giuseppe (Bracconeri), who wrote this letter. We all pray for your prosperity, as do also my two sisters, Antonia and Theresa.

"We embrace you, and are,
"Your sister, who loves you,
"Giuseppe-Maria, Capitummino, and Balsamo.
"Your mother, who loves and blesses you,
who blesses you every hour,
"Felice Balsamo, and Bracconeri."

The signatures appended to the letter are in their own handwriting.

I had caused the money to be paid to them without sending any letter, or intimation whence it came. This makes their mistake the more natural, and their future hopes the more probable.

Now, that they have been informed of the arrest and im-

prisonment of their relative, I feel at liberty to explain matters to them, and to do something for their consolation. I have still a small sum for them in my hands, which I shall remit to them, and profit by the opportunity to explain the true state of the matter. Should any of my friends, should any of my rich and noble countrymen, be disposed to enlarge, by their contributions, the sum I have already in my hands, I would exhort them in that case to forward their kind gifts to me before Michaelmas Day, in order to share the gratitude, and to be rewarded with the happiness, of a deserving family, out of which has proceeded one of the most singular monsters that has appeared in this century.

I shall not fail to make known the further course of this story, and to give an account of the state in which my next remittance finds the family; and perhaps, also, I shall add some remarks which this matter induced me to make, which, however, I withhold at present, in order not to disturb my reader's first impressions.

PALERMO,
Sunday, April 15, 1787.

Towards evening I paid a visit to my friend the shopkeeper, to ask him how he thought the festival was likely to pass off; for to-morrow there is to be a solemn procession through the city, and the viceroy is to accompany the host on foot. The least wind will envelop both man and the sacred symbols in a thick cloud of dust.

With much humor he replied, "In Palermo, the people look for nothing more confidently than for a miracle.' Often before now, on such occasions, a violent passing shower had fallen and cleansed the streets, partially at least, so as to make a clean road for the procession. On this occasion a similar hope was entertained, and not without cause, for the sky was overcast, and promised rain during the night.

PALERMO,
Sunday, April 15, 1787.

And so it has actually turned out! During the night the most violent shower has fallen. In the morning I set out very early in order to be an eye-witness of the marvel. The stream of rain-water pent up between the two raised pavements, had carried the lightest of the rubbish down the inclined street, either into the sea or into such of the sewers as were not stopped up, while the grosser and heavier dung

was driven from spot to spot. In this a singular meandering line of cleanliness was marked out along the streets. On the morning, hundreds and hundreds of men were to be seen with brooms and shovels, busily enlarging this clear space, and in order to connect it where it was interrupted by the mire; and throwing the still remaining impurities now to this side, now to that. By this means when the procession started, it found a clear serpentine walk prepared for it through the mud, and so both the long-robed priests and the neat-booted nobles, with the viceroy at their head, were able to proceed on their way unhindered and unsplashed.

I thought of the children of Israel passing through the waters on the dry path prepared for them by the hand of the angel; and this remembrance served to ennoble what otherwise would have been a revolting sight, — to see these devout and noble peers parading their devotions along an alley flanked on each side by heaps of mud.

On the pavement there was now, as always, clean walking; but in the more retired parts of the city, whither we were this day carried in pursuance of our intention of visiting the quarters we had hitherto neglected, it was almost impossible to get along, although even here the sweeping and piling of the filth was by no means neglected.

The festival gave occasion to our visiting the principal church of the city and observing its curiosities. Being once on the move, we took a round of all the other public edifices. We were much pleased with a Moorish building, which is in excellent preservation, — not very large, but the rooms beautiful, broad, and well proportioned, and in excellent keeping with the whole pile. It is not perhaps suited for a northern climate, but in a southern land a most agreeable residence. Architects may perhaps some day furnish us with a plan and elevation of it.

We also saw, in most unsuitable situations, various remains of ancient marble statues, which, however, we had not patience to decipher.

Palermo, April 16, 1787.

As we are obliged to anticipate our speedy departure from this paradise, I hoped to-day to spend a thorough holiday by sitting in the public gardens, and, after studying the task I had set myself out of the Odyssey, taking a walk through the valley, and at the foot of the hill of St. Rosalie, meditating still further on my sketch of Nausicaa, and there trying

whether this subject is susceptible of a dramatic form. All this I have managed, if not with perfect success, yet certainly much to my satisfaction. I made out the plan, and could not abstain from sketching some portions of it which appeared to me most interesting, and tried to work them out.

PALERMO,
Tuesday, April 17, 1787.

It is downright misery to be pursued and hunted by many spirits! Yesterday I set out early for the public gardens, with a firm and calm resolve to realize some of my poetical dreams; but before I got within sight of them, another spectre which has been following me these last few days got hold of me. Many plants which hitherto I had been used to see only in pots and tubs, or under glass frames, stand here, fresh and joyous, beneath the open sky; and, as they here completely fulfil their destination, their natures and characters became more plain and evident to me. In presence of so many new and renovated forms, my old fancy occurred to me again: Might not I discover the primordial plant among all these numerous specimens? Some such there must be! For, otherwise, how am I able at once to determine that this or that form is a plant, unless they are all formed after one original type? I busied myself, therefore, with examining wherein the many varying shapes differed from each other. And in every case I found them all to be more similar than dissimilar, and attempted to apply my botanical terminology. That went on well enough: still, I was not satisfied, but felt annoyed that it did not lead farther. My pet poetical purpose was obstructed: the gardens of Antinous all vanished, — a real garden of the world had taken their place. Why is it that we moderns have so little concentration of mind? Why is it that we are thus tempted to make requisitions which we can neither exact nor fulfil?

ALCAMO,
Wednesday, April 18, 1787.

At an early hour we rode out of Palermo. Kniep and the vetturino showed their skill in packing the carriage inside and out. We drove slowly along the excellent road, with which we had previously become acquainted during our visit to San Martino, and once more admired one of the magnificent fountains on the way. At one of these our driver stopped to supply himself with water, according to the tem-

perate habits of this country. He had, at starting, hung to the traces a small wine-cask, such as our market-women use; and it seemed to us to hold wine enough for several days. We were, therefore, not a little surprised when he made for one of the many conduit-pipes, took the plug out of his cask, and let the water run into it. With true German amazement, we asked him what he was about? was not the cask full of wine? To all which he replied with great coolness, he had left a third of it empty; and as no one in this country drank unmixed wine, it was better to mix it at once in a large quantity, as then the liquids combined better; and, besides, you were not sure of finding water everywhere. During this conversation the cask was filled, and we had to put up with this ancient and Oriental wedding custom.

And now as we reached the heights beyond Mon Reale, we saw wonderfully beautiful districts, but tilled in traditional, rather than in a true economical style. On the right, the eye reached the sea, where, between singular-shaped headlands, and beyond a shore here covered with, and there destitute of, trees, it caught a smooth and level horizon, perfectly calm, and forming a glorious contrast with the wild and rugged limestone rocks. Kniep did not fail to make miniature outlines of several of them.

We are at present in Alcamo, a quiet and clean little town, whose well-conducted inn is highly to be commended as an excellent establishment, especially as it is most conveniently situated for those who come to see the temple of Segeste, which has a very lonely situation, out of the direct road.

Alcamo,
Thursday, April 19, 1787.

Our agreeable dwelling in this quiet town among the mountains has so charmed us that we have determined to pass a whole day here. We may then, before any thing else, speak of our yesterday's adventures. In one of my earlier letters, I questioned the originality of Prince Pallagonia's bad taste. He has had forerunners, and can adduce many a precedent. On the road towards Mon Reale stand two monstrosities, beside a fountain with some vases on a balustrade, so utterly repugnant to good taste that one would suppose they must have been placed there by the prince himself.

After passing Mon Reale, we left behind us the beautiful road, and got into the rugged mountain country. Here some

rocks appeared on the crown of the road, which, judging from their gravity and metallic incrustations, I took to be ironstone. Every level spot is cultivated, and is more or less prolific. The limestone in these parts had a reddish hue, and all the pulverized earth is of the same color. This red argillaceous and calcareous earth extends over a great space. The subsoil is hard, no sand underneath; but it produces excellent wheat. We noticed old, very strong, but stumpy olive-trees.

Under the shelter of an *airy* room, which has been built as an addition to the wretched inn, we refreshed ourselves with a temperate luncheon. Dogs eagerly gobbled up the skins of our sausages, but a beggar-boy drove them off. He was feasting with a wonderful appetite on the parings of the apples we were eating, when he in his turn was driven away by an old beggar. Want of work is here felt everywhere. In a ragged toga, the old beggar was glad to get a job as house-servant or waiter. Thus I had formerly observed that whenever a landlord was asked for any thing which he had not at the moment in the house, he would send a beggar to the shop for it.

However, we are pretty well provided against all such sorry attendance: for our vetturino is an excellent fellow; he is ready as ostler, cicerone, guard, courier, cook, and every thing.

On the higher hills you find everywhere the olive, the caruba, and the ash. Their system of farming is also spread over three years, — beans, corn, fallow, — in which mode of culture the people say the dung does more marvels than all the saints. The grape-stock is kept down very low.

Alcamo is gloriously situated on a height, at a tolerable distance from a bay of the sea. The magnificence of the country quite enchanted us. Lofty rocks, with deep valleys at their feet, but withal wide open spaces, and great variety. Beyond Mon Reale you look upon a beautiful double valley, in the centre of which a hilly ridge again raises itself. The fruitful fields lie green and quiet: but on the broad roadway the wild bushes and shrubs are brilliant with flowers, — the broom, one mass of yellow, covered with its papilionaceous blossoms, and not a single green leaf to be seen; the white-thorn, cluster on cluster; the aloes are rising high, and promising to flower; a rich tapestry of an amaranthine-red clover, of orchids, and the little Alpine roses; hyacinths, with unopened bells; asphodels, and other wild flowers.

The streams which descend from Mount Segeste leave deposits, not only of limestone, but also of pebbles of hornstone. They are very compact, dark blue, yellow, red, and brown, of various shades. I also found complete loads of horn, or firestone, in the limestone rocks, edged with lime. Of such gravel one finds whole hills just before one gets to Alcamo.

SEGESTE, April 20, 1787.

The temple of Segeste was never finished. The ground around it was never even levelled, the space only being smoothed on which the peristyle was to stand. For, in several places, the steps are from nine to ten feet in the ground; and there is no hill near, from which the stone or mould could have fallen. Besides, the stones lie in their natural position, and no ruins are found near them.

The columns are all standing: two which had fallen, have very recently been raised again. How far the columns rested on a socle is hard to say; and, without an engraving, it is difficult to give an idea of their present state. At some points it would seem as if the pillars rested on the fourth step. In that case, to enter the temple you would have to go down a step. In other places, however, the uppermost step is cut through, and then it looks as if the columns had rested on bases; and then again these spaces have been filled up, and so we have once more the first case. An architect is necessary to determine this point.

The sides have twelve columns, not reckoning the corner ones; the back and front six, including them. The rollers on which the stones were moved along, still lie around you on the steps. They have been left, in order to indicate that the temple was unfinished. But the strongest evidence of this fact is the floor. In some spots (along the sides) the pavement is laid down. In the middle, however, the red limestone rock still projects higher than the level of the floor as partially laid: the flooring, therefore, cannot ever have been finished. Nor is there a trace of an inner temple. Still less can the temple have ever been overlaid with stucco; but that it was intended to do so, we may infer from the fact that the abaci of the capitals have projecting points, probably for the purpose of holding the plaster. The whole is built of a limestone, very similar to the travertine; only it is now much fretted. The restoration which was carried on in 1781 has done much good to the building. The cutting of the stone with which the parts have been reconnected, is simple,

but beautiful. The large blocks standing by themselves, which are mentioned by Riedesel, I could not find: probably they were used for the restoration of the columns.

The site of the temple is singular. At the highest end of a broad and long valley, it stands on an isolated hill: surrounded, however, on all sides by cliffs, it commands a very distant and extensive view of the land, but it takes in only just a corner of the sea. The district reposes in a sort of melancholy fertility, — everywhere well cultivated, but scarce a dwelling to be seen. Flowering thistles were swarming with countless butterflies; wild fennel stood here from eight to nine feet high, dry and withered, of the last year's growth, but so rich, and in such seeming order, that one might almost take it to be an old nursery-ground; a shrill wind whistled through the columns as if through a wood; and screaming birds of prey hovered around the pediments.

The wearisomeness of winding through the insignificant ruins of a theatre took away from us all the pleasures we might otherwise have had in visiting the remains of the ancient city. At the foot of the temple, we found large pieces of the hornstone. Indeed, the road to Alcamo is composed of vast quantities of pebbles of the same formation. From the road a portion of a gravelly earth passes into the soil, by which means it is rendered looser. In some fennel of this year's growth, I observed the difference of the lower and upper leaves: it is still the same organization that develops multiplicity out of unity. They are most industrious weeders in these parts. Just as beaters go through a wood for game, so here they go through the fields weeding. I have actually seen some insects here. In Palermo, however, I saw nothing but worms, lizards, leeches, and snakes, though not more finely colored than with us: indeed, they are mostly all gray.

Castel Vetrano,
Saturday, April 21, 1787.

From Alcamo to Castel Vetrano you come on the limestone, after crossing some hills of gravel. Between precipitous and barren limestone mountains, lie wide, undulating valleys, everywhere tilled, with scarcely a tree to be seen. The gravelly hills are full of large bowlders, giving signs of ancient inundations of the sea. The soil is better mixed, and lighter, than any we have hitherto seen, in consequence of its containing some sand. Leaving Salemi about fifteen miles

to our right, we came upon hills of gypsum, lying on the limestone. The soil appears, as we proceed, to be better and more richly compounded. In the distance you catch a peep of the Western sea. In the foreground the country is everywhere hilly. We found the fig-trees just budding; but what most excited our delight and wonder were endless masses of flowers, which had encroached on the broad road, and flourish in large, variegated patches. Closely bordering on each other, the several sorts, nevertheless, keep themselves apart, and recur at regular intervals, — the most beautiful convolvuluses, hibiscuses, and mallows, various kinds of trefoil, here and there the garlic, and the galega-gestrauche. On horseback you may ride through this varied tapestry by following the numberless and ever-crossing narrow paths which run through it. Here and there you see, feeding, fine red-brown cattle, very clean-limbed, and with short horns of an extremely elegant form.

The mountains to the north-east stand all in a line. A single peak, Cuniglione, rises boldly from the midst of them. The gravelly hills have but few streams: very little rain seems to fall here; we did not find a single gully giving evidence of having ever overflowed.

In the night I met with a singular incident. Quite worn out, we had thrown ourselves on our beds in any thing but a very elegant room. In the middle of the night I saw above me a most agreeable phenomenon, — a star, brighter, I think, than I ever saw one before. Just, however, as I began to take courage at a sight which was of good omen, my patron star suddenly disappeared, and left me in darkness again. At daybreak I at last discovered the cause of the marvel: there was a hole in the roof, and at the moment of my vision one of the brightest stars must have been crossing my meridian. This purely natural phenomenon was, however, interpreted by us travellers as highly favorable.

Sciacca, April 22, 1787.

The road hither, which runs over nothing but gravelly hills, has been mineralogically uninteresting. The traveller here reaches the shore, from which, at different points, bold limestone rocks rise suddenly. All the flat land is extremely fertile; barley and oats in the finest condition. The salsola-kali is here cultivated. The aloes, since yesterday and the day before, have shot forth their tall spikes. The same numerous varieties of the trefoil still attended us. At last we

came on a little wood, thick with brushwood, the tall trees standing very wide apart; and, lastly, the cork-tree.

Evening.
Girgenti, April 23, 1787.

From Sciacca to this place is a hard day's ride. We examined the baths at the last-named place. A hot stream burst from the rock with a strong smell of sulphur: the water had a strong saline flavor, but it was not at all thick. May not this sulphureous exhalation be formed at the moment of its breaking from the rock? A little higher is a spring, quite cool and without smell. Right above is the monastery, where are the vapor baths: a thick mist rises above it into the pure air.

The shingles on the shore are nothing but limestone: the quartz and hornstone have wholly disappeared. I have examined all the little streams: the Calta Bellota, and the Maccasoli, carry down with them nothing but limestone; the Platani, a yellow marble and flint, the invariable companion of this nobler calcareous formation. A few pieces of lava excited my attention, but I saw nothing in this country that indicated the presence of volcanic action. I supposed, therefore, they must be fragments of millstones, or of pieces brought from a distance for some such use. Near Monte Allegro, the stone is all gypsum and selenite, — whole rocks of these occurring before and between the limestone. The wonderful strata of Bellota!

Girgenti,
Tuesday, April 24, 1787.

Such a glorious spring view as we enjoyed at sunset today will most assuredly never meet our eyes again in one lifetime. Modern Girgenti stands on the lofty site of the ancient fortifications, an extent sufficient for the present population. From our window, we looked over the broad but gentle declivity on which stood the ancient town, which is now entirely covered with gardens and vineyards, beneath whose verdure it would be long before one thought of looking for the quarters of an ancient city. However, towards the southern end of this green and flourishing spot the Temple of Concord rears itself, while on the east are a few remains of the Temple of Juno. Other ruins of some ancient buildings, which, lying in a straight line with those already spoken of, are scarcely noticed by the eye from above, while

it hurries over them southwards to the shore, or ranges over the level country, which reaches at least seven miles from the sea-mark. To-day we were obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of a stroll among the trees and wild rockets, and over this expanse, so green, so flourishing, and so full of promise for the husbandman, because our guide (a good-natured little parish priest) begged of us above all things to devote this day to the town.

He first showed us the well-built streets; then he took us to the higher points, from which the view, gaining both in extent and breadth, was still more glorious; and lastly, for an artistic treat, conducted us to the principal church. In it there is an ancient sarcophagus in good preservation; the fact of its being used for the altar has rescued it from destruction: Hippolytus, attended by his hunting companions and horses, has just been stopped by Phædra's nurse, who wishes to deliver a letter to him. As in this piece the principal object was to exhibit beautiful youthful forms, the old woman, as a mere subordinate personage, is represented very short and dwarfish, in order not to disturb the intended effect. Of all the alto-relievos I have ever seen, I do not, I think, remember one more glorious, and at the same time so well preserved, as this. Until I meet with a better, it must pass with me as a specimen of the most graceful period of Grecian art.

We were carried back to still earlier periods of art by the examination of a costly vase, of considerable size, and in excellent condition. Moreover, many relics of ancient architecture appeared worked up here and there in the walls of the modern church.

As there is no inn or hotel in this place, a kind and worthy family made room for us, and gave up for our accommodation an alcove belonging to a large room. A green curtain separated us and our baggage from the members of the family, who, in the more spacious apartment, were employed in preparing macaroni of the whitest and smallest kind. I sat down by the side of the pretty children, and had the whole process explained to me, and was informed that it is prepared from the finest and hardest wheat, called *Grano forte*. That sort, they also told me, fetches the highest price, which, after being formed into long pipes, is twisted into coils, and, by the tip of the fair artiste's fingers, made to assume a serpentine shape. The preparation is chiefly by the hand: machines and moulds are very little used.

They also prepared for us a dish of the most excellent macaroni, regretting, however, that at that moment they had not even a single dish of the very best kind, which could not be made out of Girgenti, nor indeed, out of their house. What they did dress for me appeared to me to be unequalled in whiteness and tenderness.

By leading us once more to the heights and to the most glorious points of view, our guide contrived to appease the restlessness which during the evening kept us constantly out of doors. As we took a survey of the whole neighborhood, he pointed out all the remarkable objects which on the morrow we had proposed to examine more nearly.

GIRGENTI,
Wednesday, April 25, 1787.

With sunrise we took our way towards the plain, while at every step the surrounding scenery assumed a still more picturesque appearance. With the consciousness that it was for our advantage, the little man led us, without stopping, right across the rich vegetation, over a thousand little spots, each of which might have furnished the locale for an idyllic scene. This variety of scene is greatly due to the unevenness of the country, undulating as it passes over hidden ruins, which probably were very quickly covered with fertile soil, as the ancient buildings consisted of a light muschel-tufa. At last we arrived at the eastern end of the city, where are the ruins of the Temple of Juno, of which every year must have accelerated the decay, as the air and weather are constantly fretting the soft stone of which it is built. To-day we only devoted a cursory examination to it, but Kniep has already chosen the points from which to sketch it to-morrow. The temple stands on a rock which is now much worn by the weather. From this point the city walls stretched in a straight line, eastwards, to a bed of limestone, that rises perpendicular from the level strand, which the sea has abandoned, after having shaped these rocks and long washed the foot of them. Hewn partly out of the native rock, and partly built of it, were the walls of ancient Agrigentum, from behind which towered a line of temples. No wonder, then, if from the sea the lower, middle, and upper towns presented together a most striking aspect.

The Temple of Concord has withstood so many centuries. Its light style of architecture closely approximates it to our present standard of the beautiful and tasteful; so that as

compared with that of Pæstum, it is, as it were, the shape of a god to that of a gigantic figure. I will not give utterance to my regrets that the recent praiseworthy design of restoring this monument should have been so tastelessly carried out, that the gaps and defects are actually filled up with a dazzling white gypsum. Consequently, this monument of ancient art stands before the eye, in a certain sense, dilapidated and disfigured. How easy it would have been to give the gypsum the same tint as the weather-eaten stone of the rest of the building! In truth, when one looks at the muschelkalk of which the walls and columns are composed, and sees how easily it crumbles away, his only surprise is that they have lasted so long. But the builders, reckoning on a posterity similar to themselves, had taken precautions against it. One observes on the pillars the remains of a fine plaster, which would at once please the eye and insure durability.

Our next halt was at the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. Like the bones of a gigantic skeleton, they are scattered over a large space, having several small cottages interspersed among them, and being intersected by hedgerows, while amidst them are growing plants of different sizes.

From this pile of ruins all the carved stone has disappeared, except an enormous triglyph, and a part of a round pilaster of corresponding proportions. I attempted to span it with outstretched arms, but could not reach round it. Of the fluting of the column, however, some idea may be formed from the fact, that, standing in it as in a niche, I just filled it up and touched it on both sides with my shoulders. Two and twenty men arranged in a circle would give nearly the circumference of such a column. We went away with the disagreeable feeling that there was nothing here to tempt the draughtsman.

On the other hand, the Temple of Hercules still showed some traces of its former symmetry. The pillars of the peristyles, which ran along the temple on its upper and lower side, lie parallel, as if they had all fallen together, and at once, from north to south, — the one row lying up the hill, the other down it. The hill may possibly have been formed by the ruined cells or shrines. The columns, probably held together by the architrave, fell all at once, being suddenly thrown down, perhaps by a violent wind, and lie in regular order, only broken into the pieces of which they were originally composed. Kniep was already, in imagination, pre-

paring his pencil for an accurate sketch of this singular phenomenon.

The Temple of Æsculapius, lying beneath the shade of a most beautiful carob-tree, and closely built upon by some mean farm-buildings, presented to our minds a most agreeable aspect.

Next we went down to Theron's Tomb, and were delighted with the actual sight of this monument, of which we had seen so many models, especially as it served for the foreground of a most rare prospect; for, from west to east, we looked on the line of rocks on which lay the fragments of the walls, while through the gaps of the latter, and over them, the remains of the temples were visible.

This view has, under Hackert's skilful hand, furnished a most delightful picture. Here, too, Kniep will not omit to make a sketch.

GIRGENTI, April 26, 1787.

When I awoke, Kniep was all ready to start on his artistic journey, with a boy to show him the way, and to carry his portfolio. I enjoyed this most glorious morning at the window, with my secret and silent, but not dumb, friend by my side. A devout reverence has hitherto kept me from mentioning the name of the mentor whom, from time to time, I have looked up and listened to. It is the excellent Von Riedesel, whose little volume I carry about with me in my bosom, like a breviary or talisman. At all times I have had great pleasure in looking up to those whom I know to be possessed of what I am most wanting in myself. And this is exactly the case here. A steady purpose, a fixed object, direct and appropriate means, due preparation and store of knowledge, an intimate connection with a masterly teacher, — he studied under Winckelmann, — of all these advantages I am devoid, as well as of all that follows from them. And yet I cannot feel angry with myself that I am obliged to gain by indirect arts and means, and to seize at once, what my previous existence had refused to grant me gradually in the ordinary way. Oh that this worthy person could, at this moment, in the midst of his bustling world, be sensible of the gratitude with which one, travelling in his footsteps, celebrates his merits, in that beautiful but solitary spot which had so many charms for him as to induce the wish that he might end his days there!

Oblitusque *suorum* obliviscendus et illis.

With my guide, the little parson, I now retraced our yesterday's walk, observing the objects from several points, and every now and then taking a peep at my industrious friend.

My guide called my attention to a beautiful institution of the once flourishing city. In the rocks and masses of masonry which served as bulwarks to ancient Agrigentum, are found graves, probably intended for the resting-place of the brave and good. Where could they more fitly have been buried, for the sake of their own glory, or for perpetuating a vivid emulation of their great and good deeds!

In the space between the walls and the sea there are still standing the remains of an ancient temple, which are preserved as a Christian chapel. Here, also, are found round pilasters, worked up with, and beautifully united to, the square blocks of the wall, so as to produce an agreeable effect to the eye. One fancies that one here discerns the very spot where the Doric style reached its perfection.

Many an insignificant monument of antiquity was cursorily glanced at; but more attention was paid to the modern way of keeping the corn under the earth in great vaulted chambers. Of the civil and ecclesiastical condition of the city, my guide gave me much information; but I heard of nothing that showed any signs of improvement. The conversation suited well with the ruins, which the elements are still preying upon.

The strata of the muschelkalk all incline towards the sea, — banks of rock strangely eaten away from beneath and behind, while the upper and front portions still remain, looking like pendent fringes.

Great hatred is here felt against the French, because they have made peace with the people of Barbary. They are even charged with betraying the Christians to the infidels.

From the sea there was an ancient gateway, which was cut through the solid rock. The foundation of the walls, which are still standing, rests as it were on steps in the rocks.

Our cicerone is Don Michaele Vella, antiquary, residing at the house of Signore Cerio, near St. Maria's.

In the planting of marsh-beans they proceed in the following way: Holes are made in the earth at a convenient dis-

tance from each other, and a handful of dung is thrown in. They then wait for rain, after which they put in the seed. The people here burn the bean-haulms, and wash their linen with the ashes. They never make use of soap. The outer shells of almonds are likewise burnt, and used instead of soda. They first of all wash the clothes with pure water, and then with the lye of these ashes.

The succession of their crops is, beans, wheat, and tumenia. By beans I mean the marsh-bean. Their wheat is wonderfully fine. Tumenia, of which the name is derived from bimenia, or trimenia, is a glorious gift of Ceres. It is a species of spring wheat, which is matured within three months. It is sown at different times, from the first of January to June, so that for a certain period there is always a crop ripe. It requires neither much rain nor great warmth. At first it has a very delicate leaf, but in its growth it soon overtakes the wheat, and at last is very strong. Wheat is sown in October and November, and ripens in June. The barley sown in November is ripe by the first of June. Near the coast it ripens sooner, but on the mountains more slowly.

The flax is already ripe. The acanthus has unrolled its splendid leaves. The *Salsala fruticosa* is growing luxuriantly.

On the uncultivated hills grows a rich sanfoin. It is farmed out, and then carried into the town in small bundles. In the same way, the oats which are weeded out of the wheat are done up for sale.

For the sake of irrigation, they make very pretty divisions with edgings, in the plots where they plant their cabbages.

The figs have put forth all their leaves, and the fruit is set. They are generally ripe by midsummer, when the tree sets its fruit again. The almond-trees are well loaded: a sheltered carob-tree has produced numberless pods. The grapes for the table are trained on arbors supported by high props. Melons set in March, and ripen by June. Among the ruins of Jupiter's temple they thrive vigorously without a trace of moisture.

Our vetturino eats with great zest raw artichokes and the turnip-cabbage. However, it is necessary to add, that they are more tender and more delicate than with us. When you walk through the fields the farmers allow you to take as many of the young beans, or other crops, as you like.

As my attention was caught by some hard, black stones, which looked like lava, my antiquary observed that they were from Ætna; and that at the harbor, or rather landing-place, many similar ones were to be found.

Of birds there are not many kinds native here: quails are the most common. The birds of passage are, nightingales, larks, and swallows. The rinnine — small black birds, which come from the Levant — hatch their young in Sicily, and then go farther or retire. The ridene come in December or January, and after alighting, and resting a while on Acragas, take their flight towards the mountains.

Of the vase in the cathedral one word more. The figures upon it are, a hero in full armor, seemingly a stranger, before an old man whom a crown and sceptre point out to be a king. Behind the latter stands a female figure, with her head slightly inclined, and her hand under her chin, — a posture indicating thoughtful attention. Right opposite to her, and behind the hero, is an old man who also wears a crown, and is speaking to a man armed with a spear, probably one of the body-guard of the former royal personage. This old man would appear to have introduced the hero, and to be saying to the guard, "Just let him speak to the king: he is a brave man."

Red seems to be the ground of the vase, the black to be laid on. It is only in the female's robe that red seems to be laid on the black.

GIRGENTI,
Friday, April 27, 1787.

If Kniep is to finish all he proposes, he must sketch away incessantly. In the mean time I walk about with my little antiquary. We took a walk towards the sea, from which Agrigentum must, as the ancients asserted, have looked extremely well. Our view was turned to the billowy expanse; and my guide called my attention to a broad streak of clouds, towards the south, which, like a ridge of hills, seemed to rest on the line of the horizon. "This," he said, "indicated the coast of Africa." About the same time another phenomenon struck me as singular. It was a rainbow, in a light cloud, which, resting with one limb on Sicily, threw its arch high against the clear sky, and appeared to rest with the other on the sea. Beautifully tinted by the setting sun, and

showing but little movement, it was to the eye an object as rare as it was agreeable. This bow, I was assured, was exactly in the direction of Malta; and perhaps its other limb rested on that island. The phenomenon, I was told, was of common occurrence. It would be singular if the attractive force of these two islands should thus manifest itself even in the atmosphere.

This conversation excited again the question I had so often asked myself: whether I ought to give up all idea of visiting Malta. The difficulties and dangers, however, which had been already well considered, remained the same; and we, therefore, resolved to engage our vetturino to take us to Messina.

But, in the mean time, a strange and peculiar whim was to determine our future movements. For instance, in my travels through Sicily, I had as yet seen but few districts rich in corn: moreover, the horizon had everywhere been confined by nearer or remoter lines of hills, so that the island appeared to be utterly devoid of level plains, and I found it impossible to conceive why Ceres had so highly favored this island. As I sought for information on this point, I was answered, that, in order to see this, I ought, instead of going to Syracuse, to travel across the island, in which case I should see cornfields in abundance. We followed this temptation of giving up Syracuse, especially as I was well aware that of this once glorious city scarcely any thing but its splendid name remained. And, at any rate, it was easy to visit it from Catania.

CALTANISETTA,
Saturday, April 28, 1787.

At last we are able to understand how Sicily gained the honorable title of the Granary of Italy. Shortly after leaving Girgenti, the fertile district commenced. It does not consist of a single great plain, but of the sides of mountains and hills, gently inclined towards each other, everywhere planted with wheat or barley, which present to the eye an unbroken mass of vegetation. Every spot of earth suited to these crops is so put to use and so jealously looked after, that not a tree is anywhere to be seen. Indeed, the little villages and farm-houses all lie on the ridges of the hills, where a row of limestone rocks (which often appear on the surface) renders the ground unfit for tillage. Here the women reside throughout the year, busily employed in spin-

ning and weaving; but the men, while the work in the fields is going on, spend only Saturday and Sunday at home, staying away at their work during the other days, and spending their nights under temporary straw sheds.

And so our wish was gratified — even to satiety. We almost wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the monotony of the scene.

After a long drive under the hot sun, through this wilderness of fertility, we were glad enough when, at last, we reached the well-situated and well-built Caltanisetta; where, however, we had again to look in vain for a tolerable inn. The mules are housed in fine vaulted stables; the grooms sleep on the heaps of clover which are intended for the animals' food; but the stranger has to look out for and to prepare his own lodging. If, by chance, he can hire a room, it has first of all to be swept out and cleaned. Stools or chairs, there are none; the only seats to be had are low little forms of hard wood; tables are not to be thought of.

If you wish to convert these forms into a bedstead, you must send to a joiner, and hire as many planks as you want. The large leathern bag, which Hackert lent me, was of good use now, and was, by way of anticipation, filled with cut straw.

But, above all things, provision must be made for your meals. On our road we had bought a fowl: our vetturino ran off to purchase some rice, salt, and spice. As, however, he had never been here before, he was for a long time in a perplexity for a place to cook our meal in, as in the post-house itself there was no possibility of doing it. At last an old man of the town agreed for a fair recompense to provide us with a hearth, together with fuel, and cooking and table utensils. While our dinner was cooking, he undertook to guide us round the town, and finally to the market-house, where the principal inhabitants, after the ancient fashion, met to talk together, and also to hear what we or other strangers might say.

We were obliged to talk to them of Frederick the Second; and their interest in this great king was such that we thought it advisable to keep back the fact of his death, lest our being the bearers of such untoward news should render us unwelcome to our hosts.

Geology by way of an appendix! From Girgenti, the muschelkalk rocks. There also appeared a streak of whitish earth,

which afterwards we accounted for. The older limestone formation again occurs, with gypsum lying immediately upon it. Broad flat valleys, cultivated almost up to the top of the hillside and often quite over it, the older limestone mixed with crumbled gypsum. After this appears a looser, yellowish, easily crumbling, limestone: in the arable fields you distinctly recognize its color, which often passes into darker, indeed occasionally violet, shades. About half-way the gypsum again recurs. On it you see growing, in many places, sedum, of a beautiful violet, almost rosy red; and on the limestone rocks, moss of a beautiful yellow.

The former crumbling limestone often shows itself; but most prominently in the neighborhood of Caltanisetta, where it lies in strata, containing a few fossils: there its appearance is reddish, almost of a vermilion tint, with little of the violet hue which we formerly observed near San Martino.

Pebbles of quartz I only observed at a spot about half-way on our journey, in a valley which, shut in on three sides, is open towards the east, and consequently also towards the sea.

On the left, the high mountain in the distance, near Camerata, was remarkable, as also was another, looking like a propped up cone. For the greatest half of the way not a tree was to be seen. The crops looked glorious, though they were not so high as they were in the neighborhood of Girgenti and near the coast; however, as clean as possible. In the fields of corn, which stretched farther than the eye could reach, not a weed to be seen. At first we saw nothing but green fields; then some ploughed lands; and lastly, in the moister spots, little patches of wheat, close to Girgenti. We saw apples and pears everywhere else; on the heights, and in the vicinity of a few little villages, some fig-trees.

These thirty miles, together with all that I could distinguish either on the right or left of us, was limestone of earlier or later formations, with gypsum here and there. It is to the crumbling and elaboration of these three together by the atmosphere that this district is indebted for its fertility. It must contain but very little sand, for it scarcely grates between the teeth. A conjecture with regard to the river Achates must wait for the morrow to confirm it.

The valleys have a pretty form; and although they are not flat, still one does not observe any trace of rain gullies, — merely a few brooks, scarcely noticeable, ripple along them, for all of them flow direct to the sea. But little of the red clover is to be seen; the dwarf palm also disappears here, as

well as all the other flowers and shrubs of the south-western side of the island. The thistles are permitted to take possession of nothing but the waysides: every other spot is sacred to Ceres. Moreover, this region has a great similarity to the hilly and fertile parts of Germany, — for instance, the tract between Erfurt and Gotha, — especially when you look out for points of resemblance. Very many things must combine in order to make Sicily one of the most fertile regions of the world.

On our whole tour we have seen but few horses: ploughing is carried on with oxen, and a law exists which forbids the killing of cows and calves. Goats, asses, and mules we met in abundance. The horses are mostly dapple-gray, with black feet and manes. The stables are very splendid, with well-paved and vaulted stalls. For beans and flax the land is dressed with dung: the other crops are then grown after this early one has been gathered in. Green barley in the ear, done up in bundles, and red clover in like fashion, are offered for sale to the traveller as he goes along.

On the hill above Caltanisetta I found a hard limestone with fossils: the larger shells lay lowermost, the smaller above them. In the pavement of this little town, we noticed a limestone with pectinites.

Behind Caltanisetta the hill subsided suddenly into many little valleys, all of which pour their streams into the river Salso. The soil here is reddish and very loamy, much of it unworked: what was in cultivation bore tolerably good crops, though inferior to what we had seen elsewhere.

Castro Giovanni,
Sunday, April 29, 1787.

To-day we had to observe still greater fertility, and want of population. Heavy rains had fallen, which made travelling any thing but pleasant, as we had to pass through many streams which were swollen and rapid. At the Salso, where one looks round in vain for a bridge, I was struck with a very singular arrangement for passing the ford. Strong, powerful men were waiting at the river-side. Of these, two placed themselves on each side of a mule, and conducted him, rider, baggage, and all, through the deep part of the river, till they reach a great bank of gravel in the middle: when the whole of the travellers have arrived at this spot, they are again conducted in the same manner through the second arm of the

stream; while the fellows, by pushing and shoving, keep the animal in the right track, and support him against the current.

On the water-side I observed bushes, which, however, do not spread far into the land. The Salso washes down rubbles of granite, — a transition of the gneiss, — and marble, both breccian and also of a single color.

We now saw before us the isolated mountain ridge on which Castro Giovanni is situate, and which imparts to the country about it a grave and singular character. As we rode up the long road which traverses its side, we found that the rock consisted of muschelkalk; large calcined shells being huddled together in heaps. You do not see Castro Giovanni until you reach the very summit of the ridge, for it lies on the northern declivity of the mountain. The singular little town, with its tower, and the village of Caltasceibetta, at a little distance on the left, stand, as it were, solemnly gazing at each other. In the plains we saw the bean in full blossom; but who is there that could take pleasure in such a sight? The roads here were horrible, and the more so because they once were paved, and it rained incessantly. The ancient *Enna* received us most inhospitably, — a room with a paved floor, with shutters and no window, so that we had either to sit in darkness or be again exposed to the beating rain, from which we had thought to escape by putting up here. We ate some remnants of our travelling provisions, and passed a most miserable night. We made a solemn vow never to direct our course again towards never so mythological a name.

Monday, April 30, 1787.

The road leading from Castro Giovanni was so rough and bad, that we were obliged to lead our horses down it. The sky before us was covered with thick and low clouds, while high above them a singular phenomenon was observable. It was striped white and gray, and seemed to be something corporeal; but how could aught corporeal get into the sky? Our guide enlightened us. This subject of our amazement was a side of Mount Ætna, which appeared through the opening clouds. Snow alternating with the crags formed the stripes: it was not, however, the highest peak that we saw.

The precipitous rock, on which ancient Enna was situated, lay behind us; and we drove through long, long, lonely valleys: there they lay, uncultivated and uninhabited, abandoned to the browsing cattle, which we observed were of a

beautiful brown color, not large, short-horned, clean-limbed, lank and lively as deer. These poor cattle had pasturage enough; but it was greatly encroached upon, and in some parts wholly taken possession of, by the thistles. These plants have here the finest opportunities to disperse their seed and to propagate their kind: they take up an incredible space, which would make pasture-land enough for two large estates. As they are not perennial, they might, if mowed down before flowering, be easily eradicated.

However, after having thus seriously meditated an agricultural campaign against the thistles, I must, to my shame, admit they are not altogether useless. At a lonely farm-house where we pulled up to bait, there were also stopping two Sicilian noblemen, who, on account of some law-suit, were riding straight across the country to Palermo. With amazement we saw both of these grave personages standing before a patch of these thistles, and with their pocket-knives cutting off the tops of the tall shoots. Then holding their prickly booty by the tips of their fingers, they peeled off the rind, and devoured the inner part with great satisfaction. In this way they occupied themselves a considerable time, while we were refreshing ourselves with wine (this time it was unmixed) and bread. The vetturino prepared for us some of this marrow of thistle-stalks, and assured us that it was a wholesome, cooling food: it suited our taste, however, as little as the raw cabbage at Segeste.

On the Road, April 30, 1787.

Having reached the valley through which the rivulet of St. Pacio winds it way, we found the district consisting of a reddish-black and crumbly limestone, many brooks, a very white soil, — a beautiful valley, which the rivulet made extremely agreeable. The well-compounded, loamy soil is in some places twenty feet deep, and for the most part of similar quality throughout. The crops looked beautiful; but some of them were not very clean, and all of them very backward as compared with those on the southern side. Here there are the same little dwellings, and not a tree, as was the case immediately after leaving Castro Giovanni. On the banks of the river, plenty of pasture-land, but sadly confined by vast masses of thistles. In the gravel of the river we again found quartz, both simple and breccian.

Molimenti, quite a new village, wisely built in the centre of beautiful fields, and on the banks of the rivulet St. Paolo.

The wheat in its neighborhood was unrivalled: it will be ready for cutting as early as by the 20th of May. In the whole district I could not discover as yet a trace of volcanic influence: even the stream brings down no pebbles of that character. The soil is well mixed, heavy rather than light, and has, on the whole, a coffee-brown and slightly violet hue. All the hills on the left, which enclose the stream, are limestone, whose varieties I had no opportunity of observing. They, however, as they crumble under the influence of the weather, are evidently the causes of the great fertility that marks the district throughout.

TUESDAY, May 1, 1787.

Through a valley, which, although by nature it was throughout alike destined to fertility, was unequally cultivated, we rode along very moodily because, among so many prominent and irregular shapes, not one appeared to suit our artistic designs. Kniep had sketched a highly interesting outline; but because the foreground and intermediate space were thoroughly revolting, he had with a pleasant joke appended to it a foreground of Poussin's, which cost him nothing. However, they made together a very pretty picture. How many "picturesque tours," in all probability, contain half-truths of the like kind.

Our courier, with the view of soothing our grumbling humor, promised us a good inn for the evening. And, in fact, he brought us to a hotel which had been built but a few years since, on the roadside, and, being at a considerable distance from Catania, cannot but be right welcome to all travellers. For our part, finding ourselves, after twelve days of discomfort, in a tolerable apartment, we were right glad to be so much at our ease again. But we were surprised at an inscription pencilled on the wall in beautiful English characters. The following was its purport: "Traveller, whoever you may be, be on your guard against the inn known in Catania by the sign of the Golden Lion. It is better to fall into the claws of all the Cyclops, Sirens, and Scylla together than to go there." Although we at once supposed that the well-meaning counsellor had, no doubt, by his mythological figures magnified the danger, we nevertheless determined to keep out of the reach of the "Golden Lion," which was thus proclaimed to us to be so savage a beast. When, therefore, our muleteer demanded of us where we would wish to put up in Catania, we answered, any

where but at the "Golden Lion!" Whereupon he ventured to recommend us to stop where he put up his beasts, only he said we should have to provide for ourselves just as we had hitherto done.

Towards Hybla Major, pebbles of lava present themselves, which the stream brings down from the north. Over the ferry you find limestone, which contains all sorts of rubble, hornstone, lava, and calx; and then hardened volcanic ashes, covered over with calcareous tufa. The hills of mixed gravel continue till you come near to Catania, at and beyond which place you find the lava flux from Ætna. You leave on the left what looks like a crater. (Just under Molimenti the peasants were pulling up the flax.) Nature loves a motley garb; and here you may see how she contrives gayly to deck out the dark bluish-gray lava of the mountains. A few seasons bring over it a moss of a high yellow color, upon which a beautiful red sedum grows luxuriantly, and some other lovely violet flowers. The plantations of cactus and the vine-rows bespeak a careful cultivation. Now immense streams of lava begin to hem us in. Motta is a beautiful and striking rock. The beans are like very high shrubs. The fields vary very much in their geological features, — now very gravelly, now better mixed.

The vetturino, who probably had not for a long time seen the vegetation of the south-eastern side of the island, burst into loud exclamations about the beauty of the crops, and with self-complaisant patriotism demanded of us if we ever saw such in our own country. Here, however, every thing is sacrificed to them: you see few if any trees. But the sight that most pleased us was a young girl, of a splendid but slight form, who, evidently an old acquaintance, kept up with the mule of our vetturino, chatting the while, and spinning away with as much elegance as was possible.

Now yellow tints begin to predominate in the flowers. Towards Misterbianco the cactuses are again found in the hedges; but hedges entirely of this strangely grown plant become, as you approach Catania, more and more general, and are even still more beautiful.

CATANIA, May 2, 1787.

In our quarters we found ourselves, we must confess, most uncomfortable. The meal, such as our muleteer could alone furnish, was none of the best. A fowl stewed in rice

would have been tolerable, but for an immoderate spice of saffron, which made it both yellow and unpalatable. The most abominable of bad beds had almost driven me a second time to bring out Hackert's leathern bag, and we therefore next morning spoke on this subject to our obliging host. He expressed his regret that it was not in his power to provide better for us; "but," he said, "there is, above there, a house where strangers are well entertained, and have every reason to be satisfied."

Saying this, he pointed to a large corner house, of which the part that was turned towards us seemed to promise well. We immediately hurried over to it, and found a very active personage, who declared himself to be a waiter, and who, in the absence of the landlord, showed us an excellent bedroom, with a sitting-room adjoining, and assured us, at the same time, that we should be well attended to. Without delay, we demanded, according to our practice, what was the charge for dinner, for wine, for luncheon, and other particulars. The answers were all fair; and we hastily had our trifles brought over to the house, and arranged them in the spacious and gilded buffets. For the first time since we left Palermo, Kniep found an opportunity to spread out his portfolio, and to arrange his drawings, as I did my notes. Then, delighted with our fine room, we stepped out on the balcony of the sitting-room to enjoy the view. When we had done looking at and extolling the prospect, we turned to enter our apartment, and commence our occupations, when, lo! over our head was a large golden lion, regarding us with a most threatening aspect. Quite serious we looked for a moment into one another's faces, then smiled, and laughed outright. From this moment, however, we began to look around us to see whether we could discover any of these Homeric goblins.

Nothing of the kind was to be seen. On the contrary, we found in the sitting-room a pretty young woman, who was playing about with a child, from two to three years old, who stood suddenly still on being hastily scolded by the vice-landlord. "You must take yourself off!" he testily exclaimed: "you have no business here." "It is very hard," she rejoined, "that you drive me away: the child is scarcely to be pacified in the house when you are away; and the signori will allow me, at least while you are present, to keep the child quiet." The husband made no reply, but proceeded to drive her away: at the door the child cried most

miserably, and at last we did most heartily wish that the pretty young madam had staid.

Warned by the Englishman, it was no art to see through the comedy: we played the *Neulinge*, the *Unschuldige;* he, however, with his very loving paternal feelings, prevailed very well. The child, in fact, was evidently very fond of him; and probably the seeming mother had pinched him at the door to make him cry so.

And so, too, with the greatest innocence possible she came and staid with him as the man went out to deliver for us a letter of introduction to the domestic chaplain of Prince Biscari. She played and toyed with the child till he came back, bringing word from the abbé that he would come himself, and talk with us on the matter.

CATANIA,
Thursday, May 3, 1787.

The abbé, who had come last night and paid his respects to us, appeared this morning in good time, and conducted us to the palace, which is of one story, and built on a tolerably high socle. First of all we visited the museum, where there is a large collection of marble and bronze figures, vases, and all sorts of such like antiques. Here we had once more an opportunity of enlarging our knowledge; and the trunk of a Jupiter, with which I was already acquainted through a cast in Tischbein's studio, particularly ravished me. It possesses merits far higher than I am able to estimate. An inmate of the house gave us all necessary historical information. After this we passed into a spacious and lofty saloon. The many chairs around and against the walls indicated that a numerous company was often assembled here. We seated ourselves in hope of a favorable reception. Soon afterwards two ladies entered, and walked several times up and down the room. From time to time they spoke to each other. When they observed us, the abbé rose: I did the same; and we both bowed. I asked, "Who are they?" and learned that the younger was the daughter of the prince, but the elder a noble lady of Catania. We resumed our seats, while they continued to walk up and down as people do in a market-place.

We were now conducted to the prince, who (as I had been already given to understand) honored me with a singular mark of his confidence in showing me his collection of coins, since, by such acts of kindness, both his father and himself had lost many a rare specimen; and so his general good

nature, and wish to oblige, had been naturally much contracted. On this occasion I probably appeared a little better informed than formerly, for I had learned something from the examination of Prince Torremuzza's collection. I again contrived to enlarge my knowledge, being greatly helped by Winckelmann's never failing clews, which safely led the way through all the different epochs of art. The prince, who was well informed in all these matters, when he saw that he had before him not a connoisseur, but an attentive amateur, willingly informed me of every particular that I found it necessary to ask about.

After having given to these matters considerable time, but still far less than they deserved, we were on the point of taking our leave, when the prince conducted us to the princess, his mother, in whose apartments the smaller works of art are to be seen.

We found a venerable, naturally noble lady, who received us with the words, "Pray, look round my room, gentlemen: here you still see all that my late husband collected and arranged for me. This I owe to the affection of my son, who not only allows me still to reside in his best room, but has even forbidden the least thing to be taken away or removed that his late father purchased for me and chose a place for. Thus I enjoy a double pleasure: not only have I been able these many years to live in my usual ways and habits, but have also, as formerly, the opportunity to see and form the acquaintance of those worthy strangers who come hither from widely distant places to examine our treasures."

She thereupon, with her own hands, opened for us the glass case in which the works in amber were preserved. Sicilian amber is distinguished from the northern by its passing from the transparent and non-transparent — from the wax and the honey-colored — through all possible shades of a deep yellow, to the most beautiful hyacinthian red. In the case there were urns, cups, and other things, for executing which, large pieces of a marvellous size must have been necessary: for such objects, and also for cut shells such as are executed at Trapani, and also for exquisitely manufactured articles in ivory, the princess had an especial taste, and about some of them she had amusing stories to tell. The prince called our attention to those of more solid value; and so several hours slipped away; not, however, without either amusement or edification.

In the course of our conversation, the princess discovered that we were Germans: she therefore asked us after Riedesel, Bartels, and Münter, all of whom she knew, and whose several characters she seemed well able to appreciate and to discriminate. We parted from her reluctantly; and she, too, seemed loath to bid us farewell. An insular life has in it something very peculiar to be thus excited and refreshed by none but passing sympathies.

From the palace the abbé led us to the Benedictine Monastery, and took us to the cell of a brother of the order, whose reserved and melancholy expression (though he was not of more than middle age) promised but little of cheerful conversation. He was, however, the skilful musician who alone could manage the enormous organ in the church of this monastery. When he had rather guessed than waited to hear our request, he complied with it in silence. We proceeded to the very spacious church, where, sitting down at the glorious instrument, he made the softest notes whisper through its remotest corners, or filled the whole of it with the crash of the loudest tones.

If you had not previously seen the organist, you would fancy that none but a giant could exercise such power: as, however, we were already acquainted with his personal appearance, we only wondered that the necessary exertion had not long since worn him out.

Soon after dinner our abbé arrived with a carriage, and proposed to show us a distant part of the city. Upon getting in we had a strange dispute about precedence. Having entered first, I had seated myself on the left-hand side. As he ascended, he begged of me to move, and to take the right-hand seat. I begged him not to stand on such ceremony. "Pardon me," he replied, "and let us sit as I propose; for, if I take my place on your right, everybody will believe that I am taking a ride with you; but if I sit on your left, it is thereby indicated that you are riding with me, — that is, with him who has, in the prince's name, to show you the city." To this nothing could, of course, be objected; and it was settled accordingly.

We drove up the streets where the lava, which in 1699 destroyed a great part of this city, remains visible to this day. The solid lava had been worked like any other rock: streets had even been marked out on its surface, and partly built. I placed under the seat of our carriage an un-

doubted specimen of the molten rock, remembering, that just before my departure from Germany the dispute had arisen about the volcanic origin of basalt. And I did so in many other places, in order to have several varieties.

However, if natives had not proved themselves the friends of their own land, — had they not even labored, either for the sake of profit or of science, to bring together whatever is remarkable in this neighborhood, — the traveller would have had to trouble himself long and to little purpose. In Naples I had received much information from the lava dealer, but still more information got I here from the Chevalier Gioeni. In his rich and excellently arranged museum I learned more or less correctly to recognize the various phenomena of the lava of Ætna: the basalt at its foot, stones in a changed state, — every thing, in fact, was pointed out to me in the most friendly manner. What I saw to be wondered at most were some zeolites from the rugged rocks which rise out of the sea below Jaci.

As we inquired of the chevalier which was the best course to take in order to ascend Ætna, he would not hear of so dangerous an attempt as trying to reach the summit, especially in the present season of the year. "Generally," he observed, begging my pardon, however, "the strangers who come here think far too lightly of the matter: we, however, who are neighbors of the mountain, are quite contented if, twice in our life, we hit on a very good opportunity to reach the summit. Brydone, who was the first to kindle by his description a desire to see this fiery peak, did not himself ascend it. Count Borch leaves his readers in uncertainty; but, in fact, even he ascended only to a certain height: and the same may be said of many others. At present the snow comes down far too low, and presents insuperable obstacles. If you would take my advice, you will ride very early some morning for Monte Rosso, and be contented with ascending this height. From it you will enjoy a splendid view of Ætna, and at the same time have an opportunity of observing the old lava, which, bursting out from that point in 1697, unhappily poured down upon the city. The view is glorious and distinct: it is best to listen to a description for all the rest."

CATANIA,
Friday, May 4, 1787.

Following this good counsel, we set out early on a mule; and, continually looking behind us on our way, reached at

last the region of the lava, as yet unchanged by time. Jagged lumps and slabs stared us in the face, among which a chance road had been tracked out by the beasts. We halted on the first considerable eminence. Kniep sketched with wonderful precision what lay before us. The masses of lava in the fore-ground, the double peak of Monte Rosso on the left, right before us the woods of Nicolosi, out of which rose the snow-capped and slightly smoking summit. We drew near to the Red Mountain. I ascended it. It is composed entirely of red volcanic rubbish, ashes, and stones, heaped together. It would have been very easy to go round the mouth of the crater, had not a violent and stormy east wind made my footing unsteady. When I wished to go a little way, I was obliged to take off my cloak; and then my hat was every moment in danger of being blown into the crater, and I after it. On this account I sat down in order to recover myself, and to take a view of the surrounding objects; but even this position did not help me at all. The wind came direct from the east, over the glorious land, which far and near, and reaching to the sea, lay below me. The outstretched strand, from Messina to Syracuse, with its bays and headlands, was before my eyes, either quite open, or else (though only in a few small points) covered with rocks. When I came down quite numbed, Kniep, under the shelter of the hill, had passed his time well, and with a few light lines on the paper had perpetuated the memory of what the wild storm had allowed me scarcely to see, and still less to fix permanently in my mind.

Returned once more to the jaws of the Golden Lion, we found the waiter, whom we had with difficulty prevented from accompanying us. He praised our prudence in giving up the thought of visiting the summit, but urgently recommended for the next day a walk by the sea to the rocks of Jaci, — it was the most delightful pleasure-trip that could be made from Catania; but it would be well to take something to eat and drink with us, and also utensils for warming our viands. His wife offered herself to perform this duty. Moreover, he spoke of the jubilee there was when some Englishmen hired a boat, with a band of music to accompany them, which made it more delightful than it was possible to form any idea of.

The rocks of Jaci had a strong attraction for me: I had a strong desire to knock off from them as fine zeolites as I had seen in Gioeni's possession. It was true we might reduce

the scale of the affair, and decline the attendance of the wife; but the warning of the Englishman prevailed over every other consideration. We gave up all thoughts of zeolites, and prided ourselves not a little on this act of self-denial.

CATANIA,
Saturday, May 5, 1787.

Our clerical companion has not failed us to-day. He conducted us to some remains of ancient architecture; in examining which, however, the visitor needs to bring with him no ordinary talent of restoration. We saw the remains of the great cisterns of a naumachy, and other similar ruins, which, however, have been filled up and depressed through the many successive destructions of the city by lava, earthquakes, and wars. It is only those who are most accurately acquainted with the architecture of the ancients that can now derive either pleasure or instruction from seeing them.

The kind abbé engaged to make our excuses for not waiting again on the prince, and we parted with lively expressions of mutual gratitude and good will.

TAORMINA,
Sunday, May 6, 1787.

God be thanked that all that we have here seen this day has been already amply described, but still more, that Kniep has resolved to spend the whole of to-morrow in the open air, taking sketches. When you have ascended to the top of the wall of rocks which rise precipitously at no great distance from the sea, you find two peaks, connected by a semicircle. Whatever shape this may have had originally from Nature, has been helped by the hand of man, which has formed out of it an amphitheatre for spectators. Walls and other buildings have furnished the necessary passages and rooms. Right across, at the foot of the semicircular range of seats, the scene was built; and by this means the two rocks were joined, and thus a most enormous work of nature and art was complete.

Now, sitting down at the spot where formerly sat the uppermost spectators, you confess at once that never did audience, in any theatre, have before them such a spectacle as you there behold. On the right, and on high rocks at the side, castles tower in the air: farther on, the city lies below you; and although its buildings are all of modern date, still, similar ones, no doubt, stood of old on the same site. After

this the eye falls on the whole of the long ridge of Ætna; then on the left it catches a view of the seashore, as far as Catania, and even Syracuse; and then the wide and extensive view is closed by the immense smoking volcano, but not horribly, for the atmosphere, with its softening effect, makes it look more distant and milder than it really is.

If now you turn from this view towards the passage running at the back of the spectators, you have on the left the whole wall of the rocks between which and the sea runs the road to Messina. And then, again, you behold vast groups of rocky ridges in the sea itself, with the coast of Calabria in the far distance, which only a fixed and atentive gaze can distinguish from the clouds rising rapidly from it.

We descended towards the theatre, and tarried a while among its ruins, on which an accomplished architect would do well to employ, at least on paper, his talent of restoration. After this I attempted to make a way for myself through the gardens to the city. But I soon learned by experience what an impenetrable bulwark is formed by a hedge of agaves planted close together. You can see through their interlacing leaves, and you think, therefore, it will be easy to force a way through them; but the prickles on their leaves are very sensible obstacles. If you step on these colossal leaves, in the hope that they will bear you, they break off suddenly; and so, instead of getting out, you fall into the arms of the next plant. When, however, at last we had wound our way out of the labyrinth, we found but little to enjoy in the city; though from the neighboring country we felt it impossible to part before sunset. Infinitely beautiful was it to observe how this countryside, of which every point had its interest, was gradually enveloped in darkness.

Below Taormina: on the seashore,
Monday, May 7, 1787.

Kniep, whom, by good luck, I brought with me hither, cannot be praised enough for relieving me of a burden which would have been intolerable to me, and which goes directly counter to my nature. He has gone to sketch in detail the objects of which he took a general survey yesterday. He will have to point his pencil many a time, and I know not when he will have finished. I shall have it in my power to see all these sights again. At first I wished to ascend the height with him; but then, again, I was tempted to remain here. I sought a corner like the bird about to build its nest.

In a sorry and neglected peasant's garden, I have seated myself on the trunk of an orange-tree, and lost myself in reveries. Orange-branches on which a traveller can sit, sounds rather strangely; but seems quite natural when one knows that the orange-tree, left to nature, sends out, at a little distance from the root, twigs which in time become decided branches.

And so, thinking over again the plan of the "Nausicaa," I formed the idea of a dramatic concentration of the "Odyssey." I think the scheme is not impracticable, only it will be indispensable to keep clearly in view the difference of the drama and the epopee.

Kniep has come down, quite happy and delighted, and has brought back with him two large sheets of drawing-paper, covered with the clearest outlines. Both will contribute to preserve in my mind a perpetual memory of these glorious days.

It must not be left unrecorded, that on this shore, and beneath the clearest sky, we looked around us, from a little balcony, and saw roses, and heard the nightingales. These we are told sing here during at least six months of the twelve.

From Memory.

The activity of the clever artist who accompanies me, and my own more desultory and feeble efforts, having now assured me the possession of well-selected sketches of the country and its most remarkable points (which, either in outline, or, if I like, in well-finished paintings, will be mine for ever), I yielded all the more to an impulse which has been daily growing in strength. I have felt an irresistible impulse to animate the glorious scenes by which I am surrounded, — the sea, the island, the heavens, — with appropriate poetical beings, and here, in and out of this locality, to finish a composition in a tone and spirit such as I have not yet produced. The clear sky, the smell of the sea, the halo which merges, as it were, into one, the sky, the headlands, and the sea, — all these afforded nourishment to my purpose; and whilst I wandered in those beautiful gardens, between blossoming hedges of oleander, and through arbors of fruit-bearing orange and citron trees, and between other trees and shrubs which were unknown to me, I felt the strange influence in the most agreeable way possible.

Convinced that for me there could be no better commentary on the "Odyssey" than even this very neighborhood, I purchased a copy, and read it, after my own fashion, with

incredible interest. But I was also excited by it to produce something of my own, which, strange as it seemed at the first look, became dearer and dearer, and at last took entire possession of me. For I entertained the idea of treating the story of Nausicaa as the subject of a tragedy.

It is impossible for me even to say what I should have been able to make of it, but I had quite settled the plan in my mind. The leading idea was to paint Nausicaa as an amiable and excellent maiden who, wooed by many suitors, but conscious of no preference, coldly rejected all advances, but falling in love with a remarkable stranger, suddenly alters her conduct, and compromises herself by an over-hasty avowal of her affection, and consequently gives rise to a truly tragic situation. This simple fable might, I thought, be rendered highly interesting by an abundance of subordinate motives, and especially by the naval and insular character of the locality, and of the personages where and among whom the scene would be laid, and by the peculiar tone it would thence assume.

The first act began with the game at ball. The unexpected acquaintance is made: the scruple to lead him herself into the city is already the harbinger of her love.

The second act unfolds the characters of the household of Alcinous, and of the suitors, and ends with the arrival of Ulysses.

The third is devoted entirely to exhibiting the greatness and merits of the new-comer; and I hoped to be able, in the course of the dialogue (which was to bring out the history of his adventures), to produce a truly artistic and agreeable effect by representing the various ways in which this story was received by his several hearers. During the narrative, the passions were to be heightened, and Nausicaa's lively sympathy with the stranger to be thrown out more and more by conflicting feelings.

In the fourth act, Ulysses (off the scene) gives convincing proofs of his valor; while the women remain, and give full scope to their likings, their hopes, and all other tender emotions. The high favor in which the stranger stands with all, makes it impossible for Nausicaa to restrain her own feelings, and she thus becomes irreparably compromised with her own people. Ulysses, who, partly innocent, partly to blame, is the cause of all this, now announces his intention to depart; and nothing remains for the unhappy Nausicaa, but in the fifth act to seek for an end of existence.

In this composition there was nothing but what I would have been able to depict from nature after my own experience. Even while travelling — even in peril — to excite favorable feelings, which, although they did not end tragically, might yet prove painful enough, and perhaps dangerous, and would, at all events, leave deep wounds behind; even the supposed accidents of describing in lively colors, for the entertainment of others, objects observed at a great distance from home, travelling adventurers and chances of life; to be looked upon by the young as a demigod, but by the more sedate as a talker of rhodomontade, and to meet now with unexpected favor, and now with unexpected rebuffs, — all this caused me to feel so great an attachment to this plan, that, in thinking of it, I dreamed away all the time of my stay at Palermo, and, indeed, of all the rest of my Sicilian tour. It was this that made me care little for all the inconvenience and discomfort I met with; for, on this classic ground, a poetic vein had taken possession of me, causing all I saw, experienced, or observed, to be taken and regarded in a joyous mood.

After my usual habit, good or bad, I wrote down little or nothing of the play; but worked in my mind most of it with all the minutest detail. And there, in my mind, pushed out of thought by many subsequent distractions, it has remained until this moment, when, however, I can recollect nothing but a very faint idea of it.

Tuesday, May 8, 1787.
On the road to Messina.

High limestone rocks on the left. They become more deeply colored as you advance, and form many beautiful caves. Presently there commences a sort of rock which may be called clay slate, or sandstone (graywacke). In the brooks you now meet pebbles of granite. The yellow apples of the solanum, the red flowers of the oleander, give beauty to the landscape. The little stream of Nisi brings down with it mica-pebbles, as do also all the streams we reached afterwards.

Wednesday, May 9, 1787.

Beaten by a stormy east wind, we rode between the raging sea on the right, and the wall of rocks from the top of which we were looking down yesterday; but this day we have been continually at war with the water. We had to

cross innumerable brooks, of which the largest bears the honorable title of river. However, these streams, as well as the gravel which they bring down with them, were easier to buffet with than the sea, which was raging violently, and at many places dashed right over the road, against the rocks, which threw back the thick spray on the travellers. It was a glorious sight, and its rarity made us quite ready to put up with all its inconvenience.

At the same time there was no lack of objects for the mineralogical observer. Enormous masses of limestone, undermined by the wind and waves, fall from time to time: the softer particles are worn away by the continual motion of the waves, while the harder substances imbedded in them are left behind; and so the whole strand is strewed with variegated flints verging on the hornstone. I selected and carried off many a specimen.

MESSINA,
Thursday, May 10, 1787.

And so at last we arrived in Messina, where, as we knew of no lodging, we made up our minds to pass the first night at the quarters of our vetturino, and look out for a more comfortable habitation in the morning. In consequence of this resolution, our first entrance gave us the terrible idea of entering a ruined city; for, during a whole quarter of an hour as we rode along, we passed ruin after ruin, before we reached the auberge, which, being the only new building that has sprung up in this quarter, opens to you from its first-story window a view of nothing but a rugged waste of ruins. Beyond the circle of the stable-yard not a living being of any kind was to be seen. During the night the stillness was frightful. The doors would neither bolt nor even close. There was no more provision here for the entertainment of human guests than at any other of the similar posting-stations: however, we slept very comfortably on a mattress which our vetturino took away from beneath the very body of our host.

FRIDAY, May 11, 1787.

To-day our worthy muleteer left us, and a good largesse rewarded him for his attentive services. We parted very amicably, after he had first procured us a servant to take us at once to the best inn in the place, and afterwards to show us whatever was at all remarkable in Messina. Our

first host, in order that his wish to get rid of us might be gratified as quickly as possible, helped to carry our boxes and other packages to a pleasant lodging nearer to the inhabited portion of the city, — that is to say, beyond the city itself. The following description will give some idea of it. The terrible calamity which visited Messina, and swept away twelve thousand of its inhabitants, did not leave behind it a single dwelling for the thirty thousand who survived. Most of the houses were entirely thrown down: the cracked and shaking walls of the others made them quite unsafe to live in. On the extensive meads, therefore, to the north of Messina, a city of planks was hastily erected, of which any one will quickly form an idea who has ever seen the Römerberg at Frankfort during the fair, or passed through the market-place at Leipzig; for all the retail houses and work-shops are open towards the street, and the chief business is carried on in front of them. Therefore, there are but few of the larger houses even that are particularly well closed against publicity. Thus they have been living for three years; and the habits engendered by such booth-like, hut-like, and, indeed, tent-like dwellings, has had a decided influence on the character of the occupants. The horror caused by this unparalleled event, the dread of its recurrence, impels them with light-hearted cheerfulness to enjoy to the utmost the passing moment. A dreadful expectation of a fresh calamity was excited on the 21st of April — only twenty days ago, that is — by an earthquake which again sensibly shook the ground. We were shown a small church where a multitude of people were crowded together at the very moment, and perceived the trembling. Some persons who were present at the time do not appear even yet to have recovered from their fright.

In seeking out and visiting these spots, we were accompanied by a friendly consul, who spontaneously put himself to much trouble on our account, — a kindness to be gratefully acknowledged in this wilderness more than in any other place. At the same time, having learned that we were soon about to leave, he informed us that a French merchantman was on the point of sailing for Naples. The news was doubly welcome, as the flag of France is a protection against the pirates.

We made our kind cicerone aware of our desire to examine the inside of one of the larger (though still one-storied) huts, and to see their plain and extemporized economy.

Just at this moment we were joined by an agreeable person, who presently described himself to be a teacher of French. After finishing our walk, the consul made known to him our wish to look at one of these buildings, and requested him to take us home with him and show us his.

We entered the hut, of which the sides and roof consisted alike of planks. The impression it left on the eye was exactly that of one of the booths in a fair, where wild beasts or other curiosities are exhibited. The timber-work of the walls and the roof was quite open. A green curtain divided off the front room, which was not covered with deals, but the natural floor was left just as in a tent. There were some chairs and a table, but no other article of domestic furniture. The space was lighted from above by the openings which had been accidentally left in the roofing. We stood talking together for some time, while I contemplated the green curtain, and the roof within, which was visible over it, when all of a sudden, from the other side of the curtain, two lovely girls' heads, black-eyed and black-haired, peeped over, full of curiosity, but vanished again as soon as they saw they were perceived. However, upon being asked for by the consul, after the lapse of just so much time as was necessary to adorn themselves, they came forward, and with their well-dressed and neat little bodies crept before the green tapestry. From their questions we clearly perceived that they looked upon us as fabulous beings from another world, in which most amiable delusion our answers must have gone far to confirm them. The consul gave a merry description of our singular appearance: the conversation was so very agreeable, that we found it hard to part with them. Not until we had got out of the door, it occurred to us that we had not seen the inner rooms, and, being entirely taken up with its fair inhabitants, had forgotten all about the construction of the house.

MESSINA,
Saturday, May 12, 1787.

Among other things, we were told by the consul, that although it was not indispensably necessary, still it would be as well to pay our respects to the governor, a strange old man, who, by his humors and prejudices, might as readily injure as benefit us: that it always told in his (the consul's) favor if he introduced distinguished personages to the governor; and besides, no stranger arriving here can tell whether

some time or other he may not somehow or other require the assistance of this personage. So, to please my friend, I went with him.

As we entered the ante-chamber, we heard in the inner room a most horrible hubbub. A footman, with a very punch-like expression of countenance, whispered in the consul's ear, "An ill day — a dangerous moment!" However, we entered, and found the governor, a very old man, sitting at a table near the window, with his back turned towards us. Large piles of old discolored letters were lying before him, from which, with the greatest sedateness, he went on cutting out the unwritten portion of the paper, — thus giving pretty strong proofs of his love of economy. During this peaceful occupation, however, he was fearfully rating and cursing away at a respectable-looking personage, who, to judge from his costume, was probably connected with Malta, and who, with great coolness and precision of manner, was defending himself, for which, however, he was afforded but little opportunity. Though thus rated and scolded, he yet with great self-possession endeavored, by appealing to his passport and to his well-known connections in Naples, to remove a suspicion which the governor, as it would appear, had formed against him as coming and going without any apparent business. All this, however, was of no use: the governor went on cutting his old letters, and carefully separating the clean paper, and scolding all the while.

Besides ourselves, there were about twelve other persons in the room, spectators of the bull-baiting, standing hovering in a very wide circle, and apparently envying us our proximity to the door as a desirable position, should the passionate old man seize his crutch, and strike away right and left. During this scene our good consul's face had lengthened considerably: for my part, my courage was kept up by the grimaces of a footman, who, though just outside the door, was close to me, and, as often as I turned round, made the drollest gestures to appease my alarm, by indicating that all this did not matter much.

And indeed the awful affair was quickly brought to an end. The old man suddenly closed it with observing that there was nothing to prevent him clapping the Maltese in prison, and letting him cool his heels in a cell. However, he would pass it over this time: he might stay in Messina the few days he had spoken of, but after that he must pack off,

and never show his face there again. Very coolly, and without the slightest change of countenance, the object of suspicion took his leave, gracefully saluting the assembly, and ourselves in particular, as he passed through the crowd to get to the door. As the governor turned round fiercely, intending to add yet another menace, he caught sight of us, and immediately recovering himself, nodded to the consul, upon which he stepped forward to introduce me.

The governor was a person of very great age: his head bent forward on his chest, while from beneath his gray shaggy brows, black sunken eyes cast forth stealthy glances. Now, however, he was quite different from what he had been a few moments before. He begged me to be seated; and still uninterruptedly pursuing his occupation, asked me many questions, which I duly answered, and concluded by inviting me to dine with him as long as I should remain here. The consul, as well satisfied as myself, nay, even more so, since he knew better than I the danger we had escaped, made haste to descend the stairs; and, for my part, I had no desire ever again to approach the lion's den.

MESSINA,
Sunday, May 13, 1787.

Waking this morning, we found ourselves in a much more pleasant apartment, and with the sun shining brightly, but still in poor, afflicted Messina. Singularly unpleasant is the view of the so-called Palazzata, a crescent-shaped row of real palaces, which for nearly a quarter of a league encloses and marks out the roadstead. All were built of stone, and four stories high. Of several, the whole front, up to the cornice of the roof, is still standing, while others have been thrown down as low as the first, or second, or third story; so that this once splendid line of buildings exhibits at present with its many chasms and perforations, a strangely revolting appearance, for the blue heaven may be seen through almost every window. The interior apartments in all are utterly destroyed and fallen.

One cause of this singular phenomenon is the fact, that the splendid architectural edifices erected by the rich tempted their less wealthy neighbors to vie with them, in appearance at least, and to hide, behind a new front of cut stone, the old houses, which had been built of larger and smaller rubble-stones, kneaded together and consolidated with plenty of mortar. This joining, not much to be trusted at any time,

was quickly loosened and dissolved by the terrible earthquake. The whole fell together. Among the many singular instances of wonderful preservation which occurred in this calamity, they tell the following: the owner of one of these houses had, exactly at the awful moment, entered the recess of a window, while the whole house fell together behind him; and there, suspended aloft, but safe, he calmly awaited the moment of his liberation from his airy prison. That this style of building, which was adopted in consequence of there not being any quarries in the neighborhood, was the principal cause why the ruin of the city was so total as it was, is proved by the fact that the houses which were of a more solid masonry are still standing. The Jesuits' College and Church, which are solidly built of cut stone, are still standing uninjured, with their original substantial fabric unimpaired. But whatever may be the cause, the appearance of Messina is most oppressive, and reminds one of the times when the Sicani and Siculi abandoned this restless and treacherous district, to occupy the western coast of the island.

After passing the morning in viewing these ruins, we entered our inn to take a frugal meal. We were still sitting at table, feeling quite comfortable, when the consul's servant rushed breathless into the room, declaring that the governor had been looking for me all over the city: he had invited me to dinner, and yet I was absent. The consul earnestly entreated me to go immediately, whether I had dined or not, — whether I had allowed the hour to pass through forgetfulness or design. I now felt, for the first time, how childish and silly it was to allow my joy at my first escape to banish all further recollection of the Cyclop's invitation. The servant did not let me loiter: his representations were most urgent and most direct to the point; if I did not go the consul would be in danger of suffering all that this furious despot might choose to inflict upon him and his countrymen.

Whilst I was arranging my hair and dress, I took courage, and, with a lighter heart, followed, invoking Ulysses as my patron saint, and begging him to intercede in my behalf with Pallas Athène.

Arrived at the lion's den, I was conducted by a fine footman into a large dining-room, where about forty people were sitting at an oval table, without, however, a word being spoken. The place on the governor's right was unoccupied, and to it was I conducted accordingly.

Having saluted the host and his guests with a low bow, I

took my seat by his side, excused my delay by the vast size of the city, and by the mistakes which the unusual way of reckoning the time had so often caused me to make. With a fiery look, he replied, that if a person visited foreign countries, he ought to make a point to learn its customs, and to guide his movements accordingly. To this I answered, that such was invariably my endeavor, only I had found that, in a strange locality, and amidst totally new circumstances, one invariably fell at first, even with the very best intentions, into errors which might appear unpardonable, but for the kindness which readily accepted in excuse for them the plea of the fatigue of travelling, the distraction of new objects, the necessity of providing for one's bodily comforts, and, indeed, of preparing for one's further travels.

Hereupon he asked me how long I thought of remaining. I answered that I should like, if it were possible, to stay here for a considerable period, in order to have the opportunity of attesting, by my close attention to his orders and commands, my gratitude for the favor he had shown me. After a pause he inquired what I had seen in Messina? I detailed to him my morning's occupation, with some remarks on what I had seen, adding that what most had struck me was the cleanliness and good order in the streets of this devastated city. And, in fact, it was highly admirable to observe how all the streets had been cleared by throwing the rubbish among the fallen fortifications, and by piling up the stones against the houses, by which means the middle of the streets had been made perfectly free and open for trade and traffic. And this gave me an opportunity to pay a well-deserved compliment to his excellency, by observing that all the Messinese thankfully acknowledged that they owed this convenience entirely to his care and forethought. "They acknowledge it, do they," he growled: "well, every one at first complained loudly enough of the hardship of being compelled to take his share of the necessary labor." I made some general remarks upon the wise intentions and lofty designs of government being only slowly understood and appreciated, and on similar topics. He asked if I had seen the Church of the Jesuits; and when I said no, he rejoined that he would cause it to be shown to me in all its splendor.

During this conversation, which was interrupted with a few pauses, the rest of the company, I observed, maintained a deep silence, scarcely moving except so far as was absolutely necessary in order to place the food in their mouths.

And so, too, when dinner was over, and coffee served, they stood round the walls like so many wax dolls. I went up to the chaplain, who was to show me the church, and began to thank him in advance for the trouble. However, he moved off, after humbly assuring me that the command of his excellency was in his eyes all-sufficient. Upon this I turned to a young stranger who stood near, who, however, Frenchman as he was, did not seem to be at all at his ease; for he, too, seemed to be struck dumb and petrified, like the rest of the company, among whom I recognized many faces who had been any thing but willing witnesses of yesterday's scene.

The governor moved to a distance; and, after a little while, the chaplain observed to me that it was time to be going. I followed him: the rest of the company had silently one by one disappeared. He led me to the gate of the Jesuits' Church, which rises in the air with all the splendor and really imposing effect of the architecture of these fathers. A porter came immediately towards us, and invited us to enter; but the priest held me back, observing that we must wait for the governor. The latter presently arrived in his carriage, and, stopping in the piazza, not far from the church, nodded to us to approach, whereupon all three advanced towards him. He gave the porter to understand that it was his command that he should not only show me the church and all its parts, but should also tell me in full the histories of the several altars and chapels; and, moreover, that he should open to me all the sacrists, and show me their remarkable contents. I was a person to whom he was to show all honor, and who must have every cause to speak well and honorably of Messina on his return home. "Fail not," he then said, turning to me with as much of a smile as his features were capable of, — "Fail not as long as you are here to be at my dinner-table in good time. You shall always find a hearty welcome." I had scarcely time to make him a most respectful reply before the carriage moved on.

From this moment the chaplain became more cheerful, and we entered the church. The castellan (for so we may well name him) of this fairy palace, so little suited to the worship of God, set to work to fulfil the duty so sharply enjoined to him, when Kniep and the consul rushed into the empty sanctuary, and gave vent to passionate expressions of their joy at seeing me again, and at liberty, who, they had believed, would by this time have been in safe custody. They had sat in agonies until the roguish footman (whom

probably the consul had well-feed) came and related with a hundred grimaces, the issue of the affair; upon which excessive joy took possession of them, and they at once set out to seek me, as their informant had made known to them the governor's kind intentions with regard to the church, and thereby gave them a hope of finding me.

We now stood before the high altar, listening to the enumeration of the ancient rarities with which it was inlaid: pillars of lapis lazuli fluted, as it were, with bronzed and with gilded rods; pilasters and panellings after the Florentine fashion; gorgeous Sicilian agates in abundance; with bronze and gilding perpetually recurring and joining the whole.

And now commenced a wondrous counterpointed *fugue*. Kniep and the consul, dilating on the perplexities of the late incident, and the showman, enumerating the costly articles of the well-preserved splendor, broke in alternately, both fully possessed with their subject. This afforded a two-fold gratification. I became sensible how lucky was my escape, and at the same time had the pleasure of seeing the productions of the Sicilian mountains, on which, in their native state, I had already bestowed attention, here worked up and employed for architectural purposes.

My accurate acquaintance with the several elements of which this splendor was composed, helped me to discover that what was called lapis lazuli in these columns was probably nothing but calcara, though calcara of a more beautiful color than I remember to have ever seen, and withal most incomparably pieced together. But even such as they are, these pillars are still most highly to be prized; for it is evident that an immense quantity of this material must have been collected before so many pieces of such beautiful and similar tints could be selected; and, in the next place, considerable pains and labor must have been expended in cutting, splitting, and polishing the stone. But what task was ever too great for the industry of these fathers?

During my inspection of these rarities, the consul never ceased enlightening me on the danger with which I had been menaced. The governor, he said, not at all pleased, that, on my very first introduction to him, I should have been a spectator of his violence towards the quasi Maltese, had resolved, within himself, to pay me especial attention; and, with this view, he had settled in his own mind a regular plan, which, however, had received a considerable check from my absence at the very moment in which it was first

to be carried into effect. After waiting a long while, the despot at last sat down to dinner, without, however, being able to conceal his vexation and annoyance, so that the company were in dread lest they should witness a scene either on my arrival or on our rising from table.

Every now and then the sacristan managed to put in a word, opened the secret chambers, which are built in beautiful proportion, and elegantly, not to say splendidly, ornamented. In them were to be seen all the moveable furniture and costly utensils of the church still remaining, and these corresponded in shape and decoration with all the rest. Of the precious metals I observed nothing, and just as little of genuine works of art, whether ancient or modern.

Our mixed Italian-German *fugue* (for the good father and the sacristan chaunted in the former tongue, while Kniep and the consul responded in the latter) came to an end just as we were joined by an officer whom I remembered to have seen at the dinner-table. He belonged to the governor's suite. His appearance was certainly calculated to excite anxiety, and not the less so as he offered to conduct me to the harbor, where he would take me to certain parts which generally were inaccessible to strangers. My friends looked at one another: however, I did not let myself be deterred by their suspicions from going alone with him. After some talk about indifferent matters, I began to address him more familiarly, and confessed that during dinner I had observed many of the silent party making friendly signs to me, and giving me to understand that I was not among mere strangers and men of the world, but among friends, and, indeed, brothers; and that, therefore, I had nothing to fear. I felt it a duty to thank and to request him to be the bearer of similar expressions of gratitude to the rest of the company. To all this he replied, that they had sought to calm any apprehensions I might have felt, because, well acquainted as they were with the character of their host, they were convinced that there was really no cause for alarm: for explosions like that with the Maltese were but very rare; and when they did happen, the worthy old man always blamed himself afterwards, and would for a long time keep watch over his temper, and go on for a while in the calm and assured performance of his duty, until at last some unexpected rencontre would surprise and carry him away by a fresh outbreak of passion.

My valiant friend further added, that nothing was more

desired by him and his companions than to bind themselves to me by a still closer tie; and therefore he begged that I would have the great kindness of letting them know where it might be done this evening, most conveniently to myself. I courteously declined the proffered honor, and begged him to humor a whim of mine, which made me wish to be looked upon during my travels merely as a man: if as such I could excite the confidence and sympathy of others, it would be most agreeable to me, and what I wished most; but that various reasons forbade me to form other connections.

Convince him I could not, for I did not venture to tell him what was really my motive. However, it struck me as remarkable, that, under so despotic a government, these kind-hearted persons should have formed so excellent and so innocent a union for mutual protection, and for the benefit of strangers. I did not conceal from him the fact, that I was well aware of the ties subsisting between them and other German travellers, and expatiated at length on the praiseworthy objects they had in view, and so only caused him to feel still more surprise at my obstinacy. He tried every possible inducement to draw me out of my incognito. However, he did not succeed, partly because, having just escaped one danger, I was not inclined for any object whatever to run into another; and partly because I was well aware that the views of these worthy islanders were so very different from my own, that any closer intimacy with them could lead to neither pleasure nor comfort.

On the other hand, I willingly spent a few hours with our well-wishing and active consul, who now enlightened us as to the scene with the Maltese. The latter was not really a mere adventurer: still, he was a restless person, who was never happy in one place. The governor, who was of a great family, and highly honored for his sincerity and habits of business, and also greatly esteemed for his former important services, was, nevertheless, notorious for his illimitable self-will, his unbridled passion, and unbending obstinacy. Suspicious, both as an old man and a tyrant, more anxious lest he should have, than convinced that he really had, enemies at court, he looked upon as spies, and hated, all persons who, like this Maltese, were continually coming and going, without any ostensible business. This time the red cloak had crossed him, when, after a considerable period of quiet, it was necessary for him to give vent to his passion, in order to relieve his mind.

WRITTEN PARTLY AT MESSINA, AND PARTLY AT SEA.
Monday, May 14, 1787.

Both Kniep and myself awoke with the same feelings: both felt annoyed that we had allowed ourselves, under the first impression of disgust which the desolate appearance of Messina had excited, to form the hasty determination of leaving it with the French merchantman. The happy issue of my adventure with the governor, the acquaintance which I had formed with certain worthy individuals, and which it only remained for me to render more intimate, and a visit I had paid to my banker, whose country-house was situated in a most delightful spot, — all this afforded a prospect of our being able to spend most agreeably a still longer time in Messina. Kniep, quite taken up with two pretty little children, wished for nothing more than that the adverse wind, which in any other case would be disagreeable enough, might still last for some time. Meanwhile, however, our position was disagreeable enough: all had to remain packed up, and we ourselves to be ready for starting at a moment's warning.

And so, at last, about mid-day the summons came; and we hastened on board, and found among the crowd collected on the shore our worthy consul, from whom we took our leave with many thanks. The sallow footman, also, pressed forward to receive his douceur. He was accordingly duly rewarded, and charged to mention to his master the fact of our departure, and excuse our absence from dinner. "He who sails away is at once excused," exclaimed he; and then turning round with a very singular spring, quickly disappeared.

In the ship itself things looked very different from what they had done in the Neapolitan corvette. However, as we gradually stood off from the shore, we were quite taken up with the glorious view presented by the circular line of the Palazzata, the citadel, and by the mountains which rose behind the city. Calabria was on the other side. And then the wide prospect northwards and southwards over the straits, — a broad expanse indeed, but still shut in on both sides by a beautiful shore. While we were admiring these objects, one after another, our attention was diverted to a certain commotion in the water, at a tolerable distance on the left hand, and still nearer on the right, to a rock distinctly separate from the shore. They were Scylla and Charybdis. These remarkable objects, which in nature stand so wide apart, but which the poet has brought so close together, have

furnished occasion to many to make grave complaints of the fabling of poetry. Such grumblers, however, do not duly consider that the imaginative faculty invariably depicts the objects it would represent as grand and impressive, with a few striking touches rather than in fulness of detail, and that thereby it lends to the image more of character, solemnity, and dignity. A thousand times have I heard the complaint that the objects for a knowledge of which we are originally indebted to description, invariably disappoint us when we see them with our own eyes. The cause is, in every case, the same. Imagination and reality stand in the same relation to each other as poetry and prose do: the former invariably conceives of its objects as powerful and elevated, the latter loves to dilate and expand them. A comparison of the landscape painters of the 16th century with those of our own day will strikingly illustrate my meaning. A drawing of Iodocus Momper, by the side of one of Kniep's outlines, would at once make the contrast intelligible.

With such and similar discourses we contrived to amuse ourselves; as the coasts were not attractive enough even for Kniep, notwithstanding his having prepared every thing for sketching.

As to myself, however, I was again attacked with sea-sickness; but this time the unpleasant feeling was not relieved by separation and privacy, as it was on our passage over. However, the cabin was large enough to hold several persons, and there was no lack of good mattresses. I again resumed the horizontal position, in which I was diligently tended by Kniep, who administered to me plenty of red wine and good bread. In this position our Sicilian expedition presented itself to my mind in no very agreeable light. On the whole, we had really seen nothing but traces of the utterly vain struggle which the human race makes to maintain itself against the violence of Nature, against the malicious spite of Time, and against the rancor of its own unhappy divisions. The Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the many other races which followed in succession, built and destroyed. Selinus lies methodically overthrown by art and skill; two thousand years have not sufficed to throw down the temples of Girgenti; a few hours—nay, a few minutes—were sufficient to overwhelm Catania and Messina. These sea-sick fancies, however, I did not allow to take possession of a mind tossed up and down on the waves of life.

At Sea,
Tuesday, May 15, 1787.

My hope of having a quicker passage back to Naples, or at least of recovering sooner from my sea-sickness, has been disappointed. Several times I attempted, at Kniep's recommendation, to go up on deck: however, all enjoyment of the varying beauty of the scene was denied me. Only one or two incidents had power to make me forget a while my giddiness. The whole sky was overcast with a thin, vapory cloud, through which the sun (whose disk, however, was not discernible) illuminated the sea, which was of the most beautiful blue color that ever was seen. A troop of dolphins accompanied the ship: swimming or leaping they managed to keep up with it. I could not help fancying, that in the deep water, and at the distance, our floating edifice must have seemed to them a black point, and that they had hurried towards it as to a welcome piece of booty and consumption. However that may be, the sailors did not treat them as kind guides, but rather as enemies: one was hit with a harpoon, but not hauled on deck.

The wind continued unfavorable; and, by continually tacking and manœuvring, we only just managed not to lose way. Our impatience at this only increased when some experienced persons among the passengers declared that neither the captain nor the steersman understood their business. The one might do very well as captain, and the other as a mariner: they were, however, not fit to be trusted with the lives of so many passengers and such a valuable freight.

I begged these otherwise most doughty personages to keep their fears to themselves. The number of passengers was very great, and among them were several women and children of all ages; for every one had crowded on board the French merchantman, without a thought of any thing but of the protection from the pirates which the white flag assured to them. I therefore represented to these parties that the expression of their distrust and anxiety would plunge in the greatest alarm those poor folks who had hitherto placed all their hopes of safety in the piece of uncolored and unemblazoned linen.

And in reality, between sky and sea this white streamer, as a decided talisman, is singular enough. As parting friends greet each other with their white waving handkerchiefs, and so excite in their bosoms a mutual feeling — which nothing else could call forth — of love and affection divided for a

while, so here in this simple flag the custom is consecrated. It is even as if one had fixed a handkerchief on the mast to proclaim to all the world, "Here comes a friend from across the sea.

Revived from time to time with a little wine and bread, to the annoyance of the captain, who said that I ought to eat what was bargained for, I was able at last to sit on deck, and occasionally take part in the conversation. Kniep managed to cheer me, for he could not this time, by boasting of the excellent fare, excite my energy: on the contrary, he was obliged to extol my good luck in having no appetite.

Wednesday, May 16, and Thursday, May 17, 1787.

And thus mid-day passed without our being able, as we wished, to get into the Bay of Naples. On the contrary, we were continually driven more and more to the west; and our vessel, nearing the island of Capri, kept getting farther from Cape Minerva. Every one was annoyed and impatient: we two, however, who could contemplate the world with a painter's eye, had enough to content us, when the setting sun presented for our enjoyment the most beautiful prospect that we had yet witnessed during our whole tour. Cape Minerva, with the mountains which abut on it, lay before our eyes in the brilliant coloring of sunset; while the rocks which stretched southwards from the headland had already assumed a bluish tint. The whole coast, stretching from the cape to Sorrento, was gloriously lit up. Vesuvius was visible: an immense cloud of smoke stood above it like a tower, and sent out a long streak southwards, — the result, probably, of a violent eruption. On the left lay Capri, rising perpendicularly in the air; and, by the help of the transparent blue halo, we were able distinctly to trace the forms of its rocky walls. Beneath a perfectly clear and cloudless sky, glittered the calm, scarcely rippling sea, which at last, when the wind died away, lay before us exactly like a clear pool. We were enraptured with the sight. Kniep regretted that all the colors of art were inadequate to convey an idea of this harmony, and that not even the finest of English pencils would enable the most practised hand to give the delicacy of the outline. I, for my part, convinced that to possess even a far poorer memorial of the scene than this clever artist could produce, would greatly contribute to my future enjoyment, exhorted him to strain both his hand and eye for the last time. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and produced a most

accurate drawing (which he afterwards colored); and so bequeathed to me a proof, that to truly artistic powers of delineation, the impossible becomes the possible. With equally attentive eyes we watched the transition from evening to night. Capri now lay quite black before us; and, to our astonishment, the smoke of Vesuvius turned into flame, as, indeed, did the whole streak, which, the longer we observed it, became brighter and brighter. At last we saw a considerable region of the atmosphere, forming, as it were, the back ground of our natural picture, lit up, and, indeed, lightening.

We were so entirely occupied with these welcome scenes, that we did not notice that we were in great danger. However, the commotion among the passengers did not allow us to continue long in ignorance of it. Those who were better acquainted with maritime affairs than ourselves were bittterly reproaching the captain and his steersman. By their bungling, they said, they had not only missed the mouth of the straits, but they were very nigh losing the lives of all the passengers intrusted to them, cargo and all. We inquired into the grounds of these apprehensions, especially as we could not conceive how, during a perfect calm, there could be any cause for alarm. But it was this very calm that rendered these people so inconsolable. "We are," they said, "in the current which runs round the island, and which, by a slow but irresistible ground-swell, will draw us against the rugged rocks, where there is neither the slightest footing, nor the least cove to save ourselves by.

Made more attentive by these declarations, we contemplated our fate with horror. For, although the deepening night did not allow us to distinguish the approach of danger, still we observed that the ship, as it rolled and pitched, was gradually nearing the rocks, which grew darker and darker upon the eye, while a light evening glow was still playing on the water. Not the slightest movement was to be discerned in the air. Handkerchiefs and light ribbons were constantly being held up, but not the slightest indication of the much desired breath of wind was discernible. The tumult became every moment louder and wilder. The women with their children were on deck praying, not indeed on their knees, for there was scarcely room for them to move, but lying close pressed one upon another. Every now and then, too, they would rate and scold the captain more harshly and more bitterly than the men, who were calmer, thinking over every

chance of helping and saving the vessel, They reproached him with every thing, which, during the passage up to this point, had been borne with silence, — the bad accommodation; the high passage-money; the scanty bill of fare; his own manners, which, if not absolutely surly, were certainly forbidding enough. He would not give an account of his proceedings to any one: indeed, ever since the evening before he had maintained a most obstinate silence as to his plans, and what he was doing with his vessel. He and the steersman were called mere money-making adventurers, who, having no knowledge at all of navigation, had managed to buy a packet with a mere view to profit, and now, by their incapacity and bungling, were on the point of losing all that had been intrusted to their care. The captain, however, maintained his usual silence under all these reproaches, and appeared to be giving all his thoughts to the chances of saving his ship. As for myself, since I had always felt a greater horror of anarchy than of death itself, I found it quite impossible to hold my tongue any longer. I went up to the noisy railers, and addressed them with almost as much composure of mind as the rogues of Malsesine. I represented to them, that, by their shrieking and bawling, they must confound both the ears and the brains of those on whom all at this moment depended for our safety, so that they could neither think nor communicate with one another. All you have to do, I said, is to calm yourselves, and then to offer up a fervent prayer to the Mother of God, asking her to intercede with her blessed Son to do for you what he did for his apostles when on Lake Tiberias. The waves broke over the boat while the Lord slept, but who, when, helpless and inconsolable, they awoke him, commanded the winds to be still, and who, if it is only his heavenly will, can even now command the winds to rise.

These few words had the best effect. One of the men with whom I had previously had some conversation on moral and religious subjects, exclaimed, "*Ah, il Balarmé! Benedetto il Balarmé!*" and they actually began, as they were already prostrate on their knees, to go over their rosaries with more than usual fervor. They were able to do this with the greater calmness, as the sailors were now trying an expedient, the object of which was, at any rate, apparent to every eye. The boat (which would not, however, hold more than six or eight men) was let down, and fastened by a long rope to the ship, which, by dint of hard rowing, they hoped to be able to

tow after them. And, indeed, it was thought that they did move it within the current; and hopes began to be entertained of soon seeing the vessel towed entirely out of it. But whether their efforts increased the counter-action of the current, or whatever it was, the boat with its crew at the end of the hawser was suddenly drawn in a kind of a bow towards the vessel, forming with the long rope a kind of bow, — or just like the lash of a whip when the driver gives a blow with it. This plan, therefore, was soon given up. Prayer now began to alternate with weeping, — for our state began to appear alarming indeed, — when from the deck we could clearly distinguish the voices of the goatherds (whose fires on the rocks we had long seen), crying to one another, "There is a vessel stranding below." They also said something else, but the sounds were unintelligible to me: those, however, who understood their patois, interpreted them as exclamations of joy, to think of the rich booty they would reap in the morning. Thus the doubt we had entertained whether the ship was actually nearing the rocks, and in any immediate danger, was unfortunately too soon dispelled; and we saw the sailors preparing boat-poles and fenders, in order, should it come to the worst, to be ready to hold the vessel off the rocks, — so long, at least, as their poles did not break, in which case all would be inevitably lost. The ship now rolled more violently than ever, and the breakers seemed to increase upon us. And my sickness returning upon me in the midst of it all, made me resolve to return to the cabin. Half stupefied, I threw myself down on my mattress, still with a somewhat pleasant feeling, which seemed to me to come over from the sea of Tiberias, for the picture in Merian's pictorial Bible kept floating before my mind's eye. And so it is: our moral impressions invariably prove strongest in those moments when we are most driven back upon ourselves. How long I lay in this sort of half stupor I know not, for I was awakened by a great noise overhead: I could distinctly make out that it was caused by great ropes being dragged along the deck, and this gave me a hope that they were going to make use of the sails. A little while after this Kniep hurried down into the cabin to tell me that we were out of danger, for a gentle breeze had sprung up; that all hands had just been at work in hoisting the sails, and that he himself had not hesitated to lend a hand. We were visibly getting clear off the rocks; and, although we were not entirely out of the current, there was now good hope of our

being able to make way against it. All was now still again overhead; and soon several more of the passengers came below to announce the happy turn of affairs, and to lie down.

When, on the fourth day of our voyage, I awoke early in the morning, I found myself quite fresh and well, just as I had been at the same period of the passage from Naples; so that on a longer voyage I may hope to get off free, after paying to the sea a three days' tribute of sickness.

From the deck I saw with no little delight the island of Capri, at a tolerable distance on our lee, and perceived that the vessel was holding such a course as afforded a hope of our being able ere long to enter the gulf, which, indeed, we very soon afterwards accomplished. And now, after passing a hard night, we had the satisfaction of seeing the same objects as had charmed us so greatly the evening before, in a reversed light. We soon left this dangerous insular rock far behind us. While yesterday we had admired the right hand coast from a distance, now we had straight before us the castle and the city, with Posilippo on the left, together with the tongues of land which run out into the sea towards Procida and Ischia. Every one was on deck: foremost among them was a Greek priest, enthusiastic in the praises of his own dear East, but who, when the Neapolitans on board, who were rapturously greeting their glorious country, asked him what he thought of Naples as compared with Constantinople? very pathetically replied, "*Anche questa è una città!*" (This, too, is a city.)

We reached the harbor just at the right time, when it was thronged with people. No sooner were our trunks and the rest of our baggage unshipped and put on shore, when they were seized by two lusty porters, who, scarcely giving us time to say that we were going to put up at Moriconi's, ran off with the load as if with a prize, so that we had difficulty in keeping them in view as they darted through the crowded streets and bustling piazzas. Kniep kept his portfolio under his arm; and we consoled ourselves with thinking that the drawings at least were safe, should these porters, less honest than the poor Neapolitan devils, strip us of what the breakers had spared.